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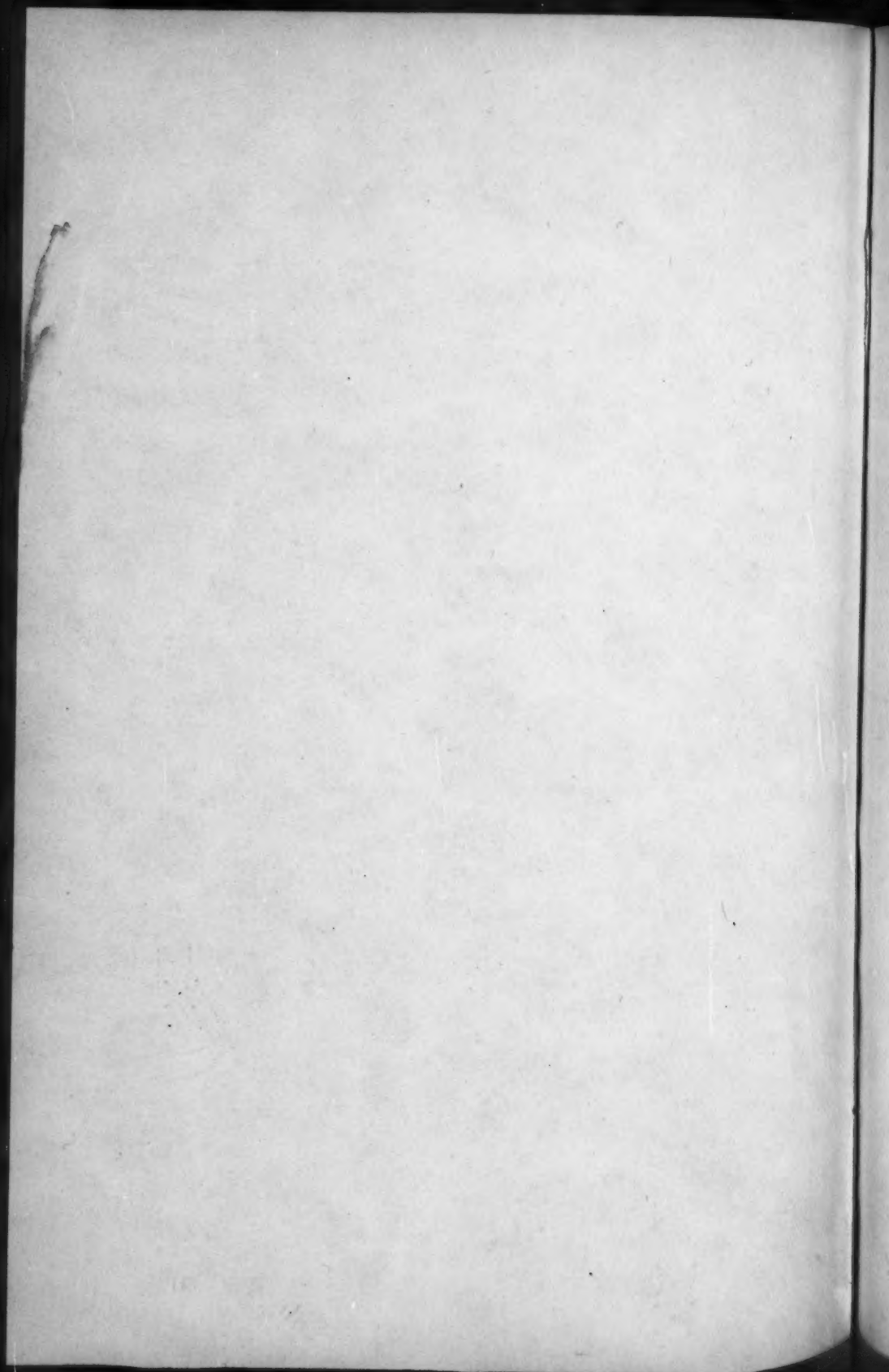
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## THE NEW STUDY OF CHILDREN.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES SULLY.

MAN has always had the child with him, and one might be sure that since he became gentle and alive to the beauty of things he must have come under the spell of the baby. We have evidence beyond the oft-quoted departure of Hector and other pictures of child-grace in early literature that baby-worship and baby-subjection are not wholly things of modern times. There is a pretty story taken down by Mr. Leland from the lips of an old Indian woman, which relates how Glooskap, the hero-god, after conquering all his enemies, rashly tried his hand at managing a certain mighty baby, Wasis by name, and how he got punished for his rashness.\*

Yet there is good reason to suppose that it is only within comparatively recent times that the more subtle charm and the deeper significance of infancy have been discerned. We have come to appreciate babyhood as we have come to appreciate the finer lineaments of nature as a whole. This applies, of course, more especially to the ruder sex. The man has in him much of the boy's contempt for small things, and he needed ages of education at the hands of the better informed woman before he could perceive the charm of infantile ways.

One of the first males to do justice to this attractive subject was the apostle of nature, Jean Jacques Rousseau. He made short work of the theological dogma that the child is born morally depraved, and can only be made good by miraculous appliances. His watchword, return to nature, included a reversion to the infant as coming virginal and unspoilt by man's tinkering from the hands of its Maker. To gain a glimpse of this primordial beauty before it was marred by man's awkward touch was something, and so Rousseau taught men to sit reverently at the feet of infancy, watching and learning.

For us of to-day who have learned to go to the pure springs of nature for much of our spiritual refreshment, the child has acquired a high place among the things of beauty. Indeed, his graces may almost be said to have been discovered by the modern poet. Wordsworth has stooped over his cradle intent on catching ere it passed the "visionary gleams" of "the glories he hath known." R. L. Stevenson and others have tried to put into language his day-dreamings, his quaint fancyings. Dickens and Victor Hugo have shown us something of his delicate quivering heart-strings; Swinburne has summed up the divine charm of "children's ways and wiles." The page of modern literature is indeed a monument of our child-love and our child-admiration.

\* Quoted by Miss Shiun. *Overland Monthly*, January, 1894.

Nor is it merely as to a pure untarnished nature that we go back admiringly to childhood. The æsthetic charm of the infant which draws us so potently to its side and compels us to watch its words and actions is, like everything else which moves the modern mind, highly complex. Among other sources of this charm we may discern the perfect serenity, the happy *insouciance* of the child-mind. The note of world complaint in modern life has penetrated into most domains, yet it has not, one would hope, penetrated into the charmed circle of childish experience. Childhood has, no doubt, its sad aspect :—

" Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of woe,  
Tutored by pain each source of pain to know."

Neglect and cruelty may bring much misery into the first bright years. Yet the very instinct of childhood to be glad in its self-created world, an instinct which, with consummate art, Victor Hugo keeps warm and quick in the breast of the half-starved, ill-used child Cosette, secures for it a peculiar blessedness. The true nature-child who has not become *blasé* is happy, untroubled by the future, knowing nothing of the nausea of disillusion. As we with hearts chastened by many experiences take a peep over the wall of his fancy-built pleasure, we seem to be carried back to a real golden age. With Amiel, we say, "*Le peu de paradis que nous apercevons encore sur la terre est du à sa présence.*" Yet the thought, which the same moment brings, of the fleeting of the nursery-visions, of the coming storm and stress, adds a pathos to the spectacle, and we feel as Heine felt when he wrote :—

" Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmuth  
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein."

With the growth of a poetic or sentimental interest in childhood there has come a new and different kind of interest. Ours is a scientific age, and science has cast its inquisitive eye on the infant. We want to know what happens in these first all-decisive two or three years of human life, by what steps exactly the wee amorphous thing takes shape and bulk, both physically and mentally. And we can now speak

of the beginning of a careful and methodical investigation of child-nature by men trained in scientific observation. This line of inquiry, started by physicians, as the German Sigismund, in connection with their special professional aims, has been carried on by a number of fathers and others having access to the infant, among whom it may be enough to name Darwin and Preyer.

This eagerness to know what the child is like, an eagerness illustrated further by the number of child-remiscences recently published, is the outcome of a many-sided interest which it may be worth while to analyze.

The most obvious source of interest in the doings of infancy lies in its primitiveness. At the cradle we are watching the beginnings of things, the first tentative thrustings forward into life. Our modern science is before all things historical and genetic, going back to beginnings so as to understand the later and more complex phases of things as the outcome of these beginnings. The same kind of curiosity which prompts the geologist to get back to the first stages in the building up of the planet, or the biologist to search out the pristine forms of life, is beginning to urge the student of man to discover by a careful study of infancy the way in which human life begins to take its characteristic forms.

The appearance of Darwin's name among those who have deemed the child worthy of study suggests that the subject is closely connected with natural history. However man in his proud maturity may be related to nature, it is certain that in his humble inception he is immersed in nature and saturated with her. As we all know, the lowest races of mankind stand in close proximity to the animal world. The same is true of the infants of civilized man. Their life is outward and visible, forming a part of nature's spectacle; reason and will, the noble prerogatives of human life, are scarce discernible; sense, appetite, instinct, these animal functions seem to sum up the first year of human life.

To the evolutionist, moreover, the infant exhibits a still closer kinship with the natural world. In the suc-

cessive stages of foetal development he sees the gradual unfolding of human lineaments out of a widely typical animal form. And even after birth he can discern new evidences of this genealogical relation of the "lord" of creation to his inferiors. How significant, for example, is the fact recently established by a medical man, Dr. Lionel Robinson, that the new-born infant is able, just like the ape, to suspend his whole weight by grasping a small horizontal rod.\*

Yet even as nature-object for the biologist the child presents distinctive attributes. Though sharing in animal instinct, he shares in it only to a very small extent. The most striking characteristic of the new-born offspring of man is its unpreparedness for life. Compared with the young of other animals the infant is feeble and incapable. He can neither use his limbs nor see the distance of objects as a new-born chick or calf is able to do. His brain-centres are, we are told, in a pitiable state of undevelopment, and are not even securely encased within their bony covering. Indeed, he suggests for all the world a public building which has to be opened by a given date, and is found, when the day arrives, to be in a humiliating state of incompleteness.

This fact of the special helplessness of the human offspring at birth, of its long period of dependence on parental or other aids—a period which probably tends to grow longer as civilization advances—is rich in biological and sociological significance. For one thing, it presupposes a specially high development of the protective and fostering instincts in the human parents, more particularly the mother—for if the helpless, wee thing were not met by these instincts what would become of our race? It is probable, too, as Mr. Spencer and others have argued, that the institution by nature of this condition of infantile weakness has reacted on the social affections of the race, helping to develop our pitifulness for all frail and helpless things.

Nor is this all. The existence of the infant with its large and imperative claims has been a fact of capital importance in the development of social customs. Ethnological researches show that communities have been much exercised with the problem of infancy, have paid it the homage due to its supreme sacredness, girding it about with a whole group of protective and beneficent customs.

Nevertheless, it is not to the mere naturalist that the babe reveals all its significance. Physical organism as it seems, more than anything else, hardly more than a vegetative thing, indeed, it carries with it the germ of a human consciousness, and this consciousness begins to expand and to form itself into a true human shape from the very beginning. And here a new source of interest presents itself. It is the human psychologist, the student of those impalpable, unseizable, evanescent phenomena which we call "states of consciousness," who has a supreme interest and a scientific property in these first years of a human existence. What is of most account in these crude tentatives at living after the human fashion is the play of mind, the first spontaneous manifestations of recognition, of reasoning expectation, of feelings of sympathy and antipathy, of definite persistent purpose.

Rude, inchoate, vague enough, no doubt, are these first groping movements of a human mind, yet of supreme value to the psychologist just because they are the first. For psychology has taken to the genetic path, and busies itself with trying to trace back the tangled web of human consciousness to its earliest and simplest pattern. If, reflects the psychologist, he can only get at this baby-consciousness so as to understand what is passing there, he will be in an infinitely better position to find his way through the intricacies of the adult consciousness. It may be that the baby-mind is not so perfectly simple, so absolutely primitive as it at first looks. Yet it is the simplest type of human consciousness to which we can have access. The investigator of the human consciousness can never take any known sample of the animal mind as his starting-

\* The *Nineteenth Century* (1891). Cf. the somewhat fantastic and not too serious paper by S. S. Buckman on "Babies and Monkeys" in the same journal (1894).

point, if for no other reason, for this, that while possessing many of the elements of the human mind it presents these under so unlike, so peculiar a pattern.

In this genetic tracing back of the complexities of man's mental life to their primitive elements in the child's consciousness questions of peculiar interest will arise. A problem which, though having a venerable antiquity, is still full of meaning, concerns the precise relation of the higher forms of intelligence and of sentiment to the elementary facts of the individual's life-experience. Are we to regard all our ideas, even that of God, as woven by the mind out of its experiences as Locke thought, or have we certain "innate ideas" from the first? Locke thought he could settle this point by observing children. To-day, when the philosophic emphasis is laid, not on the date of appearance of the "innate" intuition, but on its originality and spontaneity, this method of interrogating the child-mind may seem less promising. Yet, if of less philosophical importance than was once supposed, it has a high psychological importance. There are certain questions, such as how we come to see things at a distance from us, which can be approached most advantageously by a study of the child-mind. In like manner, I believe the growth of a moral sentiment, of that feeling of reverence for duty to which Kant gave so eloquent an expression, can only be understood by the most painstaking observation of the mental activities of the first years.

There is, however, another and in a sense a larger source of psychological interest in studying the processes and development of the infant mind. It was pointed out above that to the evolutionary biologist the child exhibits man in his kinship with the lower sentient world. This same evolutionary point of view enables the psychologist to connect the unfolding of an infant's mind with something which has gone before, with the mental history of the race. According to this way of looking at infancy the successive phases of its mental life are a brief *résumé* of the more important features in the slow upward progress of the species. The periods

dominated successively by sense and appetite, by blind wonder and superstitious fancy, by a calmer observation and a juster reasoning about things, these steps mark the pathway both of the child-mind and of the race-mind.

This being so the first years of a child, with their imperfect verbal expression, their crude fanciful ideas, their seizures by rage and terror, their absorption in the present moment, acquire a new and antiquarian interest. They mirror for us, in a diminished, distorted reflection no doubt, the probable condition of primitive man. As Sir John Lubbock and other anthropologists have told us, the intellectual and moral resemblances between the lowest existing races of mankind and children are numerous and close. When, for example, a child is affected with terror at the first sight of the vast surging sea, or when he talks of having seen his dream "on his pillow," or when he alternately treats his toy idols with credulous affection and sceptical disgust, do we not seem to see reflections of the savage mind? When, again, a child invents a rain-god or "rainer," or explains thunder as a noise made by God hammering something or treading heavily on the floor of the sky, are we not carried back to the hoary mythologies of the race?

Yet this way of viewing childhood is not merely of anthropological interest. In spite of the fashionable Weismannism of the hour there are evolutionists who hold that in the early manifested tendencies of the child we can discern signs of a hereditary transmission of the effects of ancestral experiences and activities. His first manifestations of rage, for example, are pretty certainly a survival of actions of remote ancestors in their life and death struggles. The impulse of obedience, which is as much a characteristic of the child as that of disobedience, may in like manner be regarded as a transmitted rudiment of a habit slowly acquired by generations of socialized ancestors. This idea of an increment of intelligence and moral disposition earned for the individual, not by himself but by his ancestors, has its peculiar interest. It gives a new meaning to human progress to suppose that



the dawn of infant intelligence, instead of being a return to a primitive darkness, contains from the first a faint light reflected on it from the lamp of racial intelligence which has preceded; that, instead of a return to the race's starting-point, to the lowest form of the school of experience, it is a start in a higher form, the promotion being a reward conferred on the small beginner for the exertions of his ancestors. Psychological observation will be well employed in scanning the features of the infant mind, in order to see whether they yield evidence of such ancestral dowering.

So much with respect to the rich and varied scientific interest attaching to the movements of the child-mind. It only remains to touch on a third main interest in childhood, the practical or educational interest. The modern world, while erecting the baby into an object of æsthetic contemplation, while bringing to bear on him the bull's-eye lamp of scientific investigation, has become sorely troubled by the momentous problem of rearing him. What was once a matter of instinct and unthinking rule-of-thumb has become the subject of profound and perplexing discussion. Mothers—the right sort of mothers, that is—feel that they must know *au fond* this small speechless creature, which they are called upon to direct into the safe road of manhood. And professional teachers, more particularly the beginners in the work of training children, whose task is in some respects the most difficult and the most honorable, have come to see that a clear insight into child-nature and its spontaneous movements must precede any intelligent attempt to work beneficially upon this nature. In this way the teacher has lent his support to the savant and the psychologist in their investigation of infancy. More particularly he has betaken him to the psychologist in order to discover more of the native tendencies and the governing laws of that unformed child-mind which it is his in a special manner to form.

The awakening in the modern mind of this keen and varied interest in childhood has led, and is destined to lead still more, to the observation of

infantile ways. This observation will, of course, be of very different value according as it subserves the contemplation of the humorous or other æsthetically valuable aspect of child-life, or as it is directed toward a scientific understanding of child-nature. Pretty anecdotes of children which tickle the emotions may or may not add to our insight into the peculiar mechanism of their minds. There is no necessary connection between smiling at infantile drolleries and understanding the laws of infantile intelligence. Indeed the mood of merriment, if too exuberant, will pretty certainly swamp for the moment any desire to understand.

The observation which is to further understanding, which is to be acceptable to science, must itself be scientific. That is to say, it must be at once guided by foreknowledge, especially directed to what is essential in a phenomenon and its surroundings or conditions, and perfectly exact. If anybody supposes this to be easy he should first try his hand at the work, and then compare what he has seen with what Darwin or Preyer has been able to discover.

How difficult this is may be seen even with reference to the outward physical part of the phenomena to be observed. Ask any mother untrained in observation to note the first appearance of that complex facial movement which we call a smile, and you know what kind of result you are likely to get. The phenomena of a child's mental life, even on its physical and visible side, are of so subtle and fugitive a character that only a fine and quick observation is able to cope with them. But observation of children is never merely seeing. Even the smile has to be interpreted as a smile by a process of imaginative inference. Many careless onlookers would say that a baby smiles in the first days from very happiness, when another and simpler explanation of the movement is forthcoming. Similarly it wants much fine judgment to say whether an infant is merely stumbling accidentally on an articulate sound or is imitating your sound. A glance at some of the best memoirs will show how enormously difficult it is to be sure of a right in-

terpretation of these early and comparatively simple manifestations of mind.

Things grow a great deal worse when we try to throw our scientific lasso about the elusive spirit of a child of four or six and catch the exact drift of its passing thought. Children are, no doubt, at this age frank before the eye of love, and their minds are vastly more accessible than that of the dumb dog who can only look his ardent thoughts. Yet they are by no means so open to view as is often supposed. All kinds of shy reticences hamper them; they feel unskilled in using our cumbersome language; they soon find out that their thoughts are not as ours, but often make us laugh. And how carefully are they wont to hide from our sight their nameless terrors, physical and moral. Much of the deeper childish experience can only reach us years after it is over through the faulty medium of adult memory—faulty even when it is the memory of a Goethe, a George Sand, a Robert Louis Stevenson.\*

Even when there is perfect candor and the little one does his best to instruct us as to what is passing in his mind by his "whys" and his "I 'sposes," accompanied by the most eloquent of looks, we find ourselves over and again unequal to comprehending. Child-thought follows its own paths—"roads," as Mr. Rudyard Kipling has well said, "unknown to those who have left childhood behind." Who would venture to say offhand what a child means by some of his odd questions, as when he solemnly asks, "Where do all the days go to, mamma?" or, "Why is there such a lot of things in the world if no one knows all these things?" or, "Mamma, why isn't Edna Belle me, and why ain't I Edna Belle?"

This being so it might well seem arrogant to speak of any "scientific" investigation of the child-mind; and, to be candid, I may as well confess that

I think we are a long way off from a perfectly scientific account of it. Our so-called theories of children's mental activity have too often been hasty generalizations from imperfect observations. Children are probably much more diverse in their ways of thinking and feeling than our theories suppose. But of this more presently. Even where we meet with a common and comparatively observable trait we are far as yet from having a perfect comprehension of it. I at least believe that children's play, about which so much has confidently been written, is but imperfectly understood. Is it serious business, half-conscious make-believe, more than half-conscious acting, or, no one of these, or all of them by turns?

Yet if I really believed that the child is incomprehensible I should not be writing this essay. The naturalist discusses the actions of the lower animals, confidently attributing intelligent planning here, and a germ of vanity, or even of moral sense, there. And it would be hard were we forbidden to study the little people that are of our own race, and are a thousand times more open to inspection. Really good work has already been done here, and one should be grateful. At the same time it seems to me of the greatest importance to recognize that it is but a beginning; that the child which the modern world has in the main discovered is after all only half discovered; that if we are to get at his inner life, his playful conceits, his solemn broodings over the mysteries of things, his way of responding to the motley show of life, we must carry this work of noting and interpreting to a much higher point.

Now, if progress is to be made in this work we must have specially qualified workers. All who know anything of the gross misunderstandings of children of which many so-called intelligent adults are capable will bear me out when I say that a certain gift of penetration is absolutely indispensable here. If any one asks me what the qualifications of a good child-observer amount to, I may perhaps answer, for the sake of brevity, "A divining faculty, the offspring of child-love, per-

\* In these days of published reminiscences of childhood it is quite refreshing to meet with a book like Mr. James Payn's *Gleams of Memory* which honestly confesses that its early recollections are almost nil.

fectured by scientific training." Let us see what this includes.

That the observer of children must be a diviner, a sort of clairvoyant reader of their secret thoughts, seems to me perfectly obvious. Watch half-a-dozen men who find themselves unexpectedly ushered into a room tenanted by a small child, and in a few seconds you can pick out the diviners, the persons who, just because they have in themselves something akin to child-nature, seem able at once to get into touch with children. It is probable that women's acknowledged superiority in knowledge of child-nature is owing to their higher gift of sympathetic insight. This faculty, so far from being purely intellectual, is very largely the outgrowth of a peculiar moral nature to which the life of all small things, and of children more than all, is always sweet and congenial. It is very much of a secondary or acquired instinct, that is, an unreflecting intuition, the product of a large experience. For the child-lover, like other lovers, seeks the object of his love, and is never so happy as when associating with children, and sharing in their thoughts and their pleasures. And it is through such habitual intercourse that there forms itself the instinct or tact by which the significance of childish manifestation is at once unerringly discerned.

There is in this tact or fineness of spiritual touch one constituent so important as to deserve special mention. I mean a lively memory of one's own childhood. If in order to read a child's mind we need imagination, and if all imagination is merely readjustment of individual experience, it follows that the skilled decipherer of infantile character *must* be in touch with his own early feelings and thoughts. And this is just what we find. The vivacious, genial woman who is never so much at home as when surrounded by a bevy of eager-minded children, is a woman who remains young in the important sense that she retains much of the freshness and unconventionality of mind, much of the gayety and expansiveness of early life. Conversely, one may feel pretty sure that a woman who retains a vivid memory of her

childish ideas and feelings will be drawn to the companionship of children. After reading their autobiographies, one hardly needs to be told that Goethe carried into old age his quick responsiveness to the gayety of the young heart, and that George Sand in her later years was never so happy as when gathering the youngsters about her.\*

Yet valuable as is this gift of sympathetic insight, it will not, of course, secure that methodical, exact kind of observation which is required by science. Hence the need of the second qualification, psychological training. By this is meant that special knowledge which comes from studying the principles of the science, its peculiar problems, and the methods appropriate to these, together with the special skill which is attained by a methodical practical application of this knowledge in the actual observation and interpretation of manifestations of mind. Thus a woman who wishes to observe to good effect the mind of a child of three must have a sufficient acquaintance with the general course of the mental life to know what to expect, and in what way the phenomena observed have to be interpreted. Really fine and fruitful observation is the outcome of a large knowledge, and anybody who is to carry out in a scientific fashion the observation of the humblest phase of a child's mental life must already know the child-mind as a whole, so far as psychology can as yet describe its characters, and determine the conditions of its activity.

And here the question naturally arises: "Who is to carry out this new line of scientific observation?" To begin with the first stage of it, who is to carry out the exact methodical record of the movements of the infant? It is evident that qualification or capacity is not all that is necessary here; capacity must be joined by opportunity before the work can be actually begun.

It has been pointed out that the pioneers who struck out this new line

\* Since this was written the authoress of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* has shown us how clear and far-reaching a memory she has of her childish experiences.



of experimental research were medical men. The meaning of this fact is pretty apparent. The doctor has not only a turn for scientific observation, he is a privileged person in the nursery. The natural guardians of infancy, the mother and the nurse, exempt him from their general ban on the male. He excepted, no man, not even the child's own father, is allowed to meddle too much with that divine mystery, that meeting point of all the graces and all the beatitudes, the infant.

Consider for a moment the kind of natural prejudice which the inquirer into the "characters" of the infant has to face. Such inquiry is not merely passively watching what spontaneously presents itself; it is emphatically experimental, that is, the calling out of reactions by applying appropriate stimuli. Even to try whether the new-born babe will close its fingers on your finger when brought into contact with their anterior surface may well seem impious to a properly constituted nurse. To propose to test the little creature's sense of taste by applying drops of various solutions, as acids, bitters, etc., to the tongue, or to provoke ocular movements to the right or to the left, would pretty certainly seem a profanation of the temple of infancy, if not fraught with danger to its tiny deity. And as to trying Dr. Robinson's experiment of getting the newly-arrived treasure to suspend his whole precious weight by clasping a bar, it is pretty certain that, as women are at present constituted, only a medical man could have dreamt of so daring a feat.

There is no doubt that baby-worship, the sentimental adoration of infant ways, is highly inimical to the carrying out of a perfectly cool and impartial process of scientific observation. Hence the average mother can hardly be expected to do more than barely to tolerate this encroaching of experiment into the hallowed retreat of the nursery. Even in these days of rapid modification of what used to be thought unalterable sexual characters one may be bold enough to hazard the prophecy that women who have had scientific training will, if they happen to become

mothers, hardly be disposed to give their minds at the very outset to the rather dry and teasing work, say, of making an accurate scientific inventory of the several modes of infantile sense-capacity, and the alterations in these from day to day.

It is for the coarser-fibred man, then, to undertake much of the earlier experimental work in the investigation of child-nature. And if fathers will duly qualify themselves they will probably find that permission will, little by little, be given them to carry out investigations, short, of course, of anything that looks distinctly dangerous to the little creature's comfort.

At the same time it is evident that a complete series of observations of the infant can hardly be carried out by a man alone. It is for the mother, or some other woman with a pass-key to the nursery, with her frequent and prolonged opportunity of observation, to do most of the work of a careful and methodical registering of mental progress. Hence the importance of enlisting the mother, or her female representative, as collaborateur, or at least as assistant. Thus, supposing the father is bent on ascertaining the exact dates and the order of appearance of the different articulate sounds, which is rather a subject of passive observation than of active experiment, he will be almost compelled to call in the aid of one who has the considerable advantage of passing a good part of each day near the child.\*

As the small thing grows and its nervous system becomes more stable and robust, more in the way of research may of course safely be attempted. In this higher stage the work of observation will be less simple and involve more of special psychological knowledge. It is a comparatively easy thing

\* The great advantage which the female observer of the infant mind has over her male competitor is clearly illustrated in some recent studies of childhood by American women. I would especially call attention to a study by Miss M. W. Shinn, of the University of California, *Notes on the Development of a Child* (the writer's niece), where the minute and painstaking record (e.g. of the child's color-discrimination and visual space exploration) points to the ample opportunity of observation which comes more readily to women.

to say whether the sudden approach of an object to the eye of a baby a week or so old calls forth the reflex known as blinking; it is a much more difficult thing to say what are the preferences of a child of twelve months in the matter of simple forms, or even colors.

The problem of the order of development of the color-sense in children looks at first easy enough. Any mother, it may be thought, can say which colors the child first recognizes by naming them when seen, or picking them out when another names them. Yet, simple as it looks, the problem is in reality anything but simple. Professor Preyer went to work methodically with his little boy of two years in order to see in what order he would discriminate colors. Two colors, red and green, were first shown, the name added to each, and the child was asked, "Which is red?" "Which is green?" Then other colors were added and the experiments repeated. According to these researches, this particular child first acquired a clear discriminative awareness of yellow. Preyer's results have not, however, been confirmed by other investigators, as M. Binet of Paris, who followed a similar method of inquiry. Thus, according to Binet, it is not yellow but blue which carries the day in the competition for the child's preferential recognition. What, it may be asked, is the explanation of this? Is it that children differ in the mode of development of their color-sensibility to this extent, or can it be that there is some fault in the method of investigation?

It has been recently suggested that the mode of testing color-discrimination by naming is open to the objection that a child may get hold of one name-sound as "red" more easily than another as "green," and that this would facilitate the recognition of the former. If in this way the recognition of a named color is aided by the retention of its name, we must get rid of this disturbing element of sound. Accordingly, new methods of experiment have been attempted in France and America. Thus Professor Baldwin investigates the matter by placing pairs of colors opposite the child and noting

which is most frequently reached out to. He has tabulated the results of a number of repetitions of this simple way of testing childish preference, and agrees with Binet that blue comes in for the first place in the child's discriminative recognition. It is, however, easy to see that this method has its own characteristic defects. Thus, to begin with, it evidently does not directly test a child's ability to distinguish colors, but only his preferential liking for or interest in colors. And even as a test of selective preference it is very liable to be misapplied. Thus, supposing that the two colors are not equally bright, then the child will grasp at one rather than at the other because it is a brighter object, and not because it is of a particular color. Again, if one color fall more into the first and fresh period of the exercise when the child is observant and eager to seize, whereas another falls more into the second period when he is tired and disinclined to respond, the results will, it is evident, give too much value to the former. Similarly, if one color were brought in at longer intervals of time than another it would have more attractive force as introducing an element of novelty.

Enough has been said to show how very delicate a problem we have here to deal with. And if scientific men are still engaged in settling the point how the problem can be best dealt with, it seems hopeless for the amateur to dabble in the matter.

I have purposely chosen a problem of peculiar complexity and delicacy in order to illustrate the importance of that training which makes the mental eye of the observer quick to analyze the phenomenon to be dealt with so as to take in all its conditions. Yet there are many parts of this work of observing the child-mind which do not make so heavy a demand on technical ability, but can be done by any intelligent observer prepared for the task by a reasonable amount of psychological study. I refer more particularly to that rich and highly interesting field of exploration which opens up when the child begins to talk. It is in the spontaneous utterances of children, their first quaint uses of words, that

we can best watch the play of the instinctive tendencies of thought. Children's talk is always valuable to a psychologist, and for my part I would be glad of as many anecdotal records of their sayings as I could collect.

Here, then, there seems to be room for a relatively simple and unskilled kind of observing work. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that even this branch of child-observation requires nothing but ordinary intelligence. The saying which it is so easy to report has had its history, and the observer who knows something of psychology will look out for facts, that is to say, experiences of the child, or suggestions made by others' words, which throw light on the saying. No fact is really quite simple, and the reason why some facts look so simple is that the observer does not include in his view all the connections of the occurrence which he is inspecting. The unskilled observer of children is apt to send scraps, fragments of facts, which have not their natural setting. The value of psychological training is that it makes one as jealously mindful of wholeness in facts as a housewife of wholeness in her porcelain. It is, indeed, only when the whole fact is before us, in well-defined contour, that we can begin to deal with its meaning. Hence, though those ignorant of psychology may assist us in this region of fact-finding, they can never accomplish that completer and exacter kind of observation which we dignify by the name scientific.\*

One may conclude, then, that women are likely to become valuable laborers in this new field of investigation, provided that they acquire a genuine scientific interest in babyhood and a

fair amount of scientific training. That a large number of women will get so far as, I think, doubtful; the sentimental or æsthetic attraction of the baby is apt to be a serious obstacle to a cold matter-of-fact examination of it as a scientific specimen. The natural delight of a mother in every new exhibition of infantile cleverness is liable to blind her to the exceedingly modest significance of the child's performances as seen from the scientific point of view. Yet, as I have hinted, this very fondness for infantile ways may, if only the scientific caution is added, prove a valuable excitant to close and patient study. And so, perhaps, one may say that if ever those small helpless beings, whom Rousseau thought to be about the most misunderstood things in creation, come to be properly understood of their elders, it is women who will contribute most to this desirable result.

I have assumed here that what is wanted is careful study of individual children as they may be got at in the nursery. And these records of individual children, after the pattern of Professor Preyer's monograph, are, I think, our greatest need. We are wont to talk rather too glibly about that abstraction, "the child," as if all children rigorously corresponded to one pattern, of which pattern we have a perfect knowledge. Mothers at least know that this is not so. Children of the same family will be found to differ very widely (within the comparatively narrow field of child-traits), as, for example, in respect of practical matter-of-factness, of fancifulness, of inquisitiveness, and so forth. Thus, while it is probably true that most children at a certain age are greedy of "the pleasures of imagination," nature, in her well-known dislike of monotony, has taken care to make a few of them decidedly unimaginative. We need to know much more about these variations; and what will best help us here is a number of careful records of infant progress, embracing examples not only of different sexes and temperaments, but also of different social conditions and nationalities. When we have such a collection of monographs, we shall be in a much better position

\* Since writing the above I have had my opinion strongly confirmed by reading a record of sayings of children carried out by women students in an American Normal College. (*Thoughts and Reasonings of Children*, classified by H. W. Brown, Teacher of Psychology in State Normal School, Worcester, Mass., with Introduction by E. H. Russell, Principal. Reprinted from *Pedagogical Seminary*.) Many of the quaint sayings noted down lose much of their psychological point from our complete ignorance of the child's home-experience, companionships, and school training.

to fill out the hazy outline of our abstract conception of childhood with definite and characteristic lineaments.

At the same time I am willing to allow that other modes of observation are possible and in their way useful. This applies to older children who pass into the collective existence of the school-class. Here the teacher may take up the work of child-observation by carrying out a statistical inquiry into the more important traits of the young mind. Investigations like those carried out in Berlin, Boston, and elsewhere, into the "contents" of the minds of children on entering the elementary school, that is to say, their knowledge, or rather ignorance, of common things, have their special practical value as an unprepared-for entrance examination, and are of psychological interest as well. Such lines of statistical inquiry might no doubt be further developed and possibly systematized into something like a methodical registration of the successive stages in the normal child's mental development. For much of this statistical observation, however, *e.g.*, careful measurements of sense-capacity and memory-power, special methods are required, as well as carefully devised sys-

tems of tests, such as those provided by Mr. Francis Galton.

These observations of the child-mind on a large scale would of course be of peculiar practical interest to the teacher as telling him what sort of a mind he is likely to have to deal with. Yet even from the practical point of view statistical records are not enough. The rich diversity of child-nature makes it imperative that the teacher should study his pupils as new individuals, so as to know their characteristic tendencies and lackings of tendency. And from a non-practical point of view such a study of the individual is likely to be more interesting and instructive through its greater fulness and life-likeness. So that I cannot refrain in closing this paper from expressing the wish that in these days of literary collaboration some duly qualified mother, aided by a quick-eyed and sympathetic young teacher, may soon give us the history of a child's mind. For this it is not needful to go in search of a highly-gifted or a preternaturally comic specimen. The quite commonplace child has a mind which is well worth depicting if only the artist's hand is directed by a perfect knowledge of his subject.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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### LOUIS PASTEUR.

BY PATRICK GEDDES AND J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

THOUGH there are kindly and thoughtful folk to whom the name of Pasteur has been a lifelong "red rag," and to whom it is a principle fixedly to oppose all that is tainted with vivisection or inoculation, even they must allow, if they take fair account of Pasteur's life and labors, that he was not always vivisectioning or inoculating, that much of his work had nothing to do with either of these unpleasant operations, and that he has, apart from debated questions, done much to make the world richer and happier. We should ourselves be more enthusiastic, and shall be; but we make this initial recognition of possible dissent, from a conviction that it is neither trivial nor simply dealt with. Nor, indeed, can

it be dealt with at all until the two parties take somewhat greater pains to understand one another.

To many a creative genius—poet, painter, musician, or inventor—death comes as an absolute full stop, as far as the continuity of his work is concerned. There may be immortality, but not continuance. It is otherwise, however, in the rarer cases of those to whose beneficent life is given the supreme fruition that it shall in a real sense continue after the individual has ceased to be. This reward is Pasteur's. For though he could not, of course, wholly throw his mantle over his school, endowing them with all his insight, practical sense and experimental genius, he had, years before his death, given



them the keys with which he had himself opened so many doors. Discover the secret of tartrate fermentation, and the elucidation of a dozen others is but a matter of patience; overcome the silkworm disease, and some day diphtheria will be added to the list of solved problems; inoculate for splenic fever, and the cure of tuberculosis comes within sight. Though Pasteur is dead, his life thus continues.

It has been given to few to make so many discoveries of practical importance, after any one of which it might have been said he has deserved well of his country and paid his debt to mankind. He reformed the practice of vinegar-making and brewing, cured wine of its disorders, saved the silk industry not of France alone but of Europe, and showed how to drive out or to tame the germs of some of the most formidable diseases. But from the first, when he studied tartrates, to the last, when he wrestled with hydrophobia, his labors had two aspects—practical importance and speculative interest; and while we recognize that no man of science has been of greater economic service to his country, we must not forget how he changed the whole theory of fermentation, and played at least an important part in establishing the germ theory of disease.

### I. PERSONAL.

As the journals have of late discussed Pasteur's personal and private life with so much more detail than is possible to us, who have only once interviewed the great man, we need only recapitulate very briefly the outstanding facts; the more so as the main and most authoritative source to which all writers must be indebted is found in the account of Pasteur's Life and Labors by his son-in-law (M. Radot), made available in Lady Claud Hamilton's translation (London, 1885).

Pasteur was born (December 27, 1822) in the *Rue des Tanneurs* of the little town of Dôle, in the Jura. His father had been a soldier, decorated on the field of battle, but he had left the ferment of war for the ferment of peace, and Louis Pasteur was thus a tanner's son. But this father was bookish and thoughtful, and the mother at

once enthusiastic and shrewd, and there is no lack of evidence that they knew a great trust was given them in their child. When Louis was three years old the family removed to Arbois, where, by-and-by, the boy went to school, and, as one would expect, played truant freely, often angling, often making telling portraits of the neighbors. From Arbois he went for a year to the College of Besançon, where he rose at four in the morning, and gained his Bachelor of Letters diploma. It was there that his enthusiasm for chemistry was awakened. Leaving Besançon, where he had been a tutor as well as a student, he sat for the entrance examination to the *École Normale* in Paris. He passed fourteenth on the list; but, as this did not satisfy him, he withdrew for a year, worked hard by himself, was coached by an old schoolmaster, familiarly known as *Père Barbet*, and in the following year (1843) entered the famous school fourth on the list. There he studied chemistry under M. Balard, but, like his fellow-students, he also attended M. Dumas' course at the Sorbonne. Among others who influenced him much was M. Delafosse (a pupil and colleague of the famous mineralogist, *Abbé Haüy*), who infected Pasteur with his own enthusiasm for molecular physics. Soon becoming known as a man of promise, he was called to Strasburg as Assistant Professor of Chemistry, and there he married the rector's daughter, *Mlle. Marie Laurent*. At the age of thirty-two he was appointed Dean of the *Faculté des Sciences* at Lille, where the distilling industry of the district stimulated his already awakened interest in fermentation, and led to the famous series of researches in which he dealt successively with vinegar, wine, and beer. After three years' work at Lille, he was appointed (1857) as Director of Scientific Studies in his old college, the *École Normale*, in Paris—an institution which has had on its staff no small proportion of the best scientific men of France. In those days, however, science was still rather at a discount. "It was the period when Claude Bernard lived in a small damp laboratory, when M. Berthelot, though known through his great labors,

was still nothing more than an assistant in the Collège de France." Thus Pasteur had to be content with a garret laboratory, some ten feet square, equipped at his own expense!

In 1865 he began the investigation of the calamitous silkworm disease, and in three years had virtually overcome it. But the *Peau de Chagrin* sadly shrinks with each fulfilment of our ambitions, and as the Nemesis of persistent overwork Pasteur had an attack of hemiplegia (1868). When in the midst of his labors spending much of his time in a hot greenhouse where the silkworms were kept, his physician had told him, "if you continue living in that place it may mean death; it certainly means paralysis." "Doctor," answered Pasteur, "I cannot give up my work; I am within sight of the end; I feel the approach of discovery. Come what may, I shall have done my duty." He was spared, however, to do more for his country, and even in the following year, when resting at the Prince Imperial's villa at Trieste, he vindicated practically the success of his work on silkworms by making for the villa a net profit of 26,000,000 fr., and that at a place "where for ten years the silk harvest had not sufficed to pay the cost of eggs."

Then came the year of the catastrophe: the strenuous spirit which well-nigh mortal illness had failed to bend was almost broken, and for a moment he lost heart for usual work amid the national grief. French patriotism, however, ever rises above despair, and work soon began afresh, stimulated now to a new intensity, more perfervid yet more tenacious than ever. The student of contemporary history is familiar with the splendid reaction of Germany after what seemed the crushing disaster of Jena, and knows the part the universities took in it, and how seeds then sown sprang up not only in the armed victors of 1812-1814-1815, but more slowly in the fairer and more peaceful development of the German Universities, with all that they imply. But in England, in Germany, in France itself, people have still far too little appreciated the intensity of the resolution of the best men of 1870

—"Il faut refaire la patrie"—or know how much deeper, if less obvious, this has been than the much exaggerated cry of revenge, or even than the natural and inevitable desire for the recovery of the lost provinces, though these include French Lorraine as well as Teutonic Alsace. English and German writers are never weary of telling us of the decadence of France, or thanking Heaven that we are not as these Frenchmen; but there is another, if less prominent, side of French life and thought, as those who know it from within can testify, but which even the most cursory visitor to the great *expositions* of '78 or '89, the most careless tourist through the wine country, the most casual reader of French reviews should surely have seen. And it is as part of this national renaissance, which is fundamentally not military but industrial, fundamentally not artistic or even scientific but moral, that Pasteur's life, work, and example, like those of many another quiet and non-political worker, have been given. This renaissance is still of course only incipient, for a nation's life is not remade in a single generation only; yet those are but superficial observers who can see in the strangely mixed present of France only the fruition of the evils of her past, but ignore the springing seed.

After the war Pasteur returned to his work at the Sorbonne, where he had been appointed Professor of Chemistry, and to his laboratory at the École Normale. The rest of his life is practically the story of his scientific work, of which his discoveries in connection with splenic fever and rabies are the most outstanding events. His was a temperament which made many enemies, but many friends also; and in his later years he had the satisfaction of seeing a school grow up around him—a reward greater than all the honors he received. Yet these were not small, for in 1889, as the result of almost world-wide homage, the Pasteur Institute was opened. Its "*Annales*" contain the proof of industry but little abated by old age, and of a masterly power of inspiring others.

After a period of partial disablement, and another attack of paralysis, Pas-

teur died on the 28th of September last, in a quaint old house at Garches, which had been placed at his disposal for special researches. Thus he died, as he lived, in his laboratory; and if, as one of his countrymen puts it, there is one word more than another which his life suggests, it is the word *Labour*.\*

## II. SCIENTIFIC WORK.

The course of Pasteur's scientific work is one of remarkably natural and logical sequence. As the veteran M. Chevreuil long ago said in the Academy of Sciences, "It is by first examining in their chronological order the researches of M. Pasteur, and then considering them as a whole, that we appreciate the rigor of his conclusions, and the perspicacity of a mind which, strong in the truths which it has already discovered, sweeps forward to the establishment of what is new." We shall therefore summarize the record of his greatest achievements.

As was natural in a pupil of Dumas, Balard, and Delafosse, Pasteur's first important piece of work was chemical and crystallographic, and we may best understand its spirit by recalling the work of Delafosse's master in mineralogy, the Abbé Haüy, who is still remembered for that bold attempt to visualize the ultimate structure of the crystal, to penetrate the inmost secret of its architecture, which also reappears in another way in the work of Mendeljeff. Pasteur's puzzle concerned the tartrates and paratartrates of soda and ammonia. These two salts are alike in chemical composition, in

crystalline form, in specific gravity, and so on, but they differ in behavior. Thus, as Biot had shown, a solution of tartrate deflects the plane of polarized light passed through it, while a solution of the paratartrate does not. The salts are the same, yet they behave differently. A note to the Academy from the famous chemist Mitscherlich emphasized the entire similarity of the two salts, and this acted as an additional stimulus to Pasteur. He succeeded in distinguishing the minute facets which even Mitscherlich had missed, he proved that the paratartrate is a combination of a left-handed and a right-handed tartrate, and did much else which only the expert chemist could duly explain. Biot was first doubtful, then delighted; Arago, who had also busied himself with these matters, moved that Pasteur's paper be printed in the memoirs of the Academy, and Mitscherlich himself congratulated the young discoverer who had tripped him up.

Already, then, in this minute and laborious piece of work we may detect that ultra-microscopic mental vision, and that rigorous accuracy so characteristic of the man. Yet it is interesting to observe that at this early stage he was sowing his wild oats of speculation. Impressed by the strange rotation of the plane of polarization exhibited by these organic salts, he deduced therefrom an hypothesis of molecular disymmetry, and hazarded the view that this was a fundamental distinction between the organic and the inorganic. For various reasons, neither chemist nor biologist would nowadays accept this distinction; but it is hard to tell what Pasteur might have made of this inquiry had not circumstances, regretted at the time, directed his attention to very different subjects.

Being thus known in connection with tartrates, Pasteur was one day consulted, so the story goes, by a German manufacturer of chemicals, who was puzzled by the fermentation of his commercial tartrate of lime, which contained some admixture of organic impurities. Pasteur undertook to look into the matter, and probably deriving some hint from the previous work of Cagniard Latour, and Schwann who had

\* As to Pasteur's philosophic and religious conceptions we have a little information, though he who suffered so much in silence was not likely to talk of his faith. "Happy is he," he once said, "who has a god in his heart, an ideal of beauty, to which obedience is rendered; the ideal of art, the ideal of science, the ideal of country, the ideal of the Gospel virtues, these are the living sources of great thoughts and great actions." His utterances at the Edinburgh Tercentenary, and at his reception at the Academy are well known. There is another more dogmatic utterance of his, which we quote from an article by M. Jean Songère: "Quand on a bien étudié, on revient à la foi du paysan breton. Si j'avais étudié plus encore, j'aurais la foi de a paysanne bretonne."



demonstrated the yeast-plant which causes alcoholic fermentation, he demonstrated the micro-organism which fermented the tartrate of lime. He extended this discovery to other tartrates, and made the neat experiment of showing how the common blue mould (*Penicillium glaucum*), sown in paratartrate of ammonia, uses up all the right-handed tartrate, and leaves the left handed salt alone, its identical chemical composition notwithstanding. These and similar inquiries led him to tackle the whole question of fermentation, but his transference to Lille had probably much to do with this. For, as one of the chief industries of the district is making alcohol from beet-root and grain, Pasteur's practical sense led him to devote some of his lectures to fermentation; here, as always, as his biographer reminds us, wishful to make himself directly useful to his hearers.

The prevalent theory of fermentation, before Pasteur took the subject in hand, was that of Willis and Stahl, revised and elaborated by Liebig. According to this theory, nitrogenous substances in a state of decomposition upset the molecular equilibrium of fermentable matter with which they are in contact. What Pasteur did was to show that lactic, butyric, acetic, and some other fermentations, were due to the vital activity of micro-organisms. In spite of Liebig's prolonged opposition, Pasteur carried his point; and although some of his detailed interpretations have since been revised, it is universally admitted that he changed the whole complexion of the fermentation problem. It must, of course, be borne in mind that his theory of the vital nature of many fermentations does not apply to soluble ferments or enzymes—such as diastase and pepsin—which are chemical substances, not living organisms. Part, indeed, of the opposition to Pasteur's views was due to the fact that this distinction between organized and unorganized ferments was not at the time clearly drawn. Perhaps, indeed, we are as yet by no means out of the wood.

In the course of his work on fermentation, Pasteur made an important theoretical step by distinguishing the micro-

organisms which require the presence of free oxygen, from forms which are able to live apart from free oxygen, obtaining what they require by splitting up oxygen-containing compounds in the surrounding medium. These he termed aerobic and anaerobic respectively. Practically, this piece of work immediately led to what is known as the Orleans process of making vinegar. Some years later, after he had returned to Paris, he followed this up by his studies on wine, in the course of which he tracked various wine-diseases to their sources, and showed how deterioration might be prevented by raising the wine for a minute to a temperature of 50° C. The wine-tasters of Paris gave their verdict in his favor.

The old notion of spontaneous generation still lingered in some quarters, and in 1858 Pouchet had given new life to the question by claiming before the Academy of Sciences that he had succeeded in proving the origin of microscopic organisms apart from pre-existing germs. But Pasteur knew more than Pouchet as to the insidious ways of germs: he showed the weak point of his antagonist's experiments, and gained the prize, offered in 1860 by the Academy, for "well-contrived experiments to throw new light upon the question of spontaneous generation." As every one knows, the victory was with Pasteur, but the idea is an old and recurrent one, and dies hard. Thus, not many years afterward, Pasteur and Tyndall had to fight the battle over again with Bastian. The important result of what seems at first sight an abstract discussion has been not only an increased knowledge of the distribution and dissemination of bacteria, but the establishment of the fundamental conditions and methods of experimental bacteriology.

The transition from the study of ferments to the study of diseases was forced upon Pasteur by the pressure of a social event, the threatened collapse of the silk husbandry in France. But it was none the less a quite natural extension of his work; it was but a further inquiry into the part which micro-organisms play in nature. In 1849, after an exceptionally good year, a strange disease broke out in the silk-

worm nurseries in the south of France. The silkworms would not feed, or they failed in their last moulting; they died soon after birth, or even the eggs would not hatch; in short, everything went wrong. The disease spread and became an epidemic; and year after year the pest spoiled the silk farmer's harvest. All sorts of remedies were tried in vain; the only relief was found in the importation of fresh stock. Spain, Italy, and other European countries suffered, and at length in 1864 it was said that Japan alone was free from the disease. The industry, so important in some departments of France, was threatened with entire collapse; and to many *pébrine* had already spelt ruin. Memorials to the Senate led to the appointment of a Commission, with M. Dumas as its secretary. It was he who thought of appealing to his old student, Pasteur, and who eventually succeeded in persuading him to leave his ferments and enter upon a new path. The story has often been told that when Pasteur objected, saying that he had never even handled a silkworm, Dumas replied, that was so much the better; it meant freedom from preconceptions.

As a matter of fact, however, Pasteur had his preconception, and the right one. The fermentations he had studied were due to micro-organisms, why not also this disease? And he was also aware that some Italian naturalists had discovered "peculiar microscopic corpuscles" in the diseased eggs, worms, and moths. A few hours after his arrival in Alais, on June 6, 1865, Pasteur demonstrated these corpuscles, and the first step was thus secure. With unsparing industry he traced them through all the phases of the insect's life; he infected the silkworms by spreading some of the corpuscular matter on the leaves they ate; he inoculated others and showed how they infected their neighbors by scratching them; he dealt in a similar way with a second disease called *flacherie*; and, finally, as the outcome of his work—which is still a remarkable object-lesson, as it then was for himself, as to the treatment of other contagious diseases—he came to the conclusion that the only escape from the

scourge was through the isolation of the healthy stock and the rigid elimination of the diseased. "If you use eggs," he said, "produced by moths, the worms of which have proved their health by climbing with agility up to the twigs on which they form their cocoons, if they have shown no signs of *flacherie* between the fourth moulting and this time, and which do not contain the least germ of *pébrine*, then you will succeed in all your cultivations." The art of distinguishing the healthy and unhealthy was soon learned, and in spite of the usual opposition, Pasteur and the microscope saved the silk industry.

As soon as his health had partially recovered from the attack of paralysis already mentioned, Pasteur returned to his study of ferments, and did for beer what he had already done for wine. He distinguished from the true yeast plant other micro-organisms, apt to be associated with it, which cause sourness and other diseases of beer. A prime condition of good beer is obviously therefore good yeast; the brewer therefore must learn to use his microscope. That the important brewers soon took the hint goes without saying; rapidly the microscope has found its place—in result and often in daily application—in the brewery; and it is now making its way into the bakery and the dairy as well.

Getting next to closer grips with life and death, Pasteur attacked the problem of splenic fever or anthrax. To this disease many animals, sheep, cattle, horses, and the like are liable; and in pastoral countries it may spread rapidly, and has often attained the dimensions of a plague. Thus the Ostiak herdsman who was rich in countless head of reindeer may find himself reduced to poverty in a season, or the Hungarian shepherd prince well-nigh lose his flocks. Nor is man exempt. As far back as 1850 Davaine and Rayer had observed microscopic rods in the blood of animals which had died from splenic fever, but they did not follow up their discovery; in 1863, doubtless stimulated by Pasteur's researches on micro-organisms, Davaine had affirmed that the microbe was the cause of the disease, but his conclusion

did not meet with general acceptance; again thirteen years elapsed, and in 1876 Dr. Koch made his first step to fame by satisfactorily proving that splenic fever was due to *Bacillus anthracis*.

Pasteur confirmed Koch's work with independent observations and experiments and advanced beyond it. Thus with his usual insight he explained that the immunity of birds from anthrax was due to their high temperature ( $41^{\circ}$ – $42^{\circ}$  C.), which is near the limit ( $44^{\circ}$  C.) at which the multiplication of *Bacillus anthracis* is inhibited in infusions. He chilled a fowl to  $37^{\circ}$  or  $38^{\circ}$  C., and inoculated it; it died in twenty-four hours. Again he inoculated a chilled fowl, let the fever develop, placed the bird wrapped in cotton wool in a chamber at  $45^{\circ}$  C., and saved it. As Professor Tyndall says in his vivid sketch of Pasteur's work: "The sharpness of the reasoning here is only equalled by the conclusiveness of the experiment, which is full of suggestiveness as regards the treatment of fevers in man." The current explanation of relapsing fevers is in fact dependent upon this.

A minor episode concerning fowl-cholera is important here in following the logical progress of Pasteur's work. As others had done, he recognized the microbe at work; but he did more, he tamed it. By cultivating it exposed to air, he produced an attenuated or weakened form, and by inoculating fowls with this he saved them from falling victims should they afterward become infected with the "untamed" or virulent form. Jenner had, of course, reached a parallel result, protecting us from the virulence of small-pox by inoculations with the milder microbe of cow-pox; but it should be carefully noticed that Pasteur's method was quite different. He attenuated the virus of the dreaded disease itself, and inoculated with that—a striking instance of *similia similibus curantur*.

With this new clew he returned to splenic fever, cultivated the bacillus exposed to air at a temperature of  $42^{\circ}$ – $43^{\circ}$  C.—at which no spores are formed—and obtained again an attenuated virus. Confident of each step, he boldly accepted the test of a public ex-

periment, which resulted in what we may call the victory of Méhun. The Society of Agriculture there placed at his disposal sixty sheep and ten cows; ten sheep were to receive no treatment, twenty-five were to be inoculated with the attenuated vaccine; and these, along with the other twenty-five, were eventually to be infected with the virus of virulent splenic fever; similarly with the cows. On June 2, 1881, over two hundred experts and others met at Méhun to witness the result. Out of the twenty-five sheep which had not been vaccinated, twenty-one were dead; two others were dying; the non-vaccinated cows were fevered and off their food; the vaccinated cows had not suffered an elevation of temperature, and were eating quietly. One cannot wonder at "the shout of admiration" which arose from the witnesses of this dramatic experiment. The result was a wide use of vaccine and a reduction of the mortality from splenic fever, which yearly gives the economic justification of the literal hecatomb of its initiation.

To what he had thus achieved in connection with splenic fever, Pasteur made another important addition. He showed by careful experiments that when animals which had died of anthrax were buried in certain soils, the splenic germs lived, on; the earth-worms brought them to the surface in their castings, and dissemination recommenced. Therefore, as he said, "we should never bury animals in fields destined either for cultivation, for forage, or for sheep pasture." When it is possible, a sandy soil should be chosen for the purpose, or any poor calcareous soil, dry, and easily desiccated—in a word, soil not suited to the existence of earth-worms. Thus Darwin and Pasteur meet in the study of earth-worms and the part they play in the intricate web of life. The part of worms in spreading other epidemics—e.g., yellow fever—is now also under investigation.

Opposition was an ever recurrent factor in Pasteur's life. He had to fight for his crystallographic and chemical theories, and for his fermentation theory; he had to fight against the theory of spontaneous generation, and

for his practice of inoculating as a preventive against splenic fever; he had to fight for each step. But no part of his work has met with so much opposition and adverse criticism as that concerning hydrophobia, though it is easy to exaggerate the importance of the discussion, in which Pasteur himself took little part. Feeling ran high in this country; hence, when it was announced that Pasteur—surely best qualified to speak—was to write the article Hydrophobia in "Chambers's Encyclopædia," a shower of letters inundated the office; hence the article in question includes an editorially-demanded summary of the grounds of the opposition by one of ourselves, and to which therefore we may refer the reader.

While avoiding controversy and partisanship as far as may be, the question remains, What did Pasteur do in regard to hydrophobia? His claims are to have proved, first of all, that the disease was particularly associated with the nervous system. The virus is usually spread through the saliva, but it is not found in the blood or lymph, and it has its special seat in the nerves, brain, and spinal cord. Secondly, he showed that the virus might be attenuated in its virulence. The spinal cord of a rabbit which has died of rabies is, when fresh, powerfully virulent, but when exposed for a couple of weeks to dry air at a constant temperature of 23°–24° C. it loses its virulence. Thirdly, he showed that inoculation with the attenuated virus rendered an animal immune from infection with rabies. To make the animal immune it has first to be inoculated with infected spinal cord fourteen days old, then with that of thirteen days, and so on till inoculation with almost freshly infected spinal cord is possible. In this way the animal becomes refractory to the infection, and if it be bitten it will not die. Fourthly, he showed that even if the organism had been bitten, it was still possible to save it, unless the wounds were near the head—that is, within close reach of the central nervous system. For in the case of a superficial wound, say on hand or leg, the virus takes some considerable time to spread, and

during this period of spreading and incubation it is possible to forestall the virus by inoculation with that which has been attenuated. In this case there is obvious truth in the proverb, "*Bis dat qui cito dat.*" And the outcome was that while out of a hundred persons bitten, nineteen or twenty will, in ordinary circumstances, die, "the mortality among cases treated at the Pasteur Institute has fallen to less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent." According to another set of statistics, a mortality of 40 per cent. has been reduced to 1.3 per cent.; and of 1673 patients treated by Pasteur's method only 13 died.

As to the adverse criticism of Pasteur's inoculation against rabies, it consists, first and second, of the general argument of the anti-vivisectionists and the anti-vaccinationists, and thirdly, of specific objections. To the two former the school of Pasteur, of course, replies that the value of human life answers the one, and the results of experience the other; but on these controversies we cannot enter here. The main specific objections we take to be three—that as the micro organism of rabies has not really been seen, the theory and practice of Pasteur's anti-rabic method lack that stability which is desirable; that the statistics in favor of the Pasteur procedure have been insufficiently criticised; that there have been failures and casualties, sometimes of a tragic nature. In regard to this last point—that deaths have occurred as the result of the supposed cure, instead of from the original infection—we may note that the *possibility* of such casualties was admitted by the English Investigation Committee (1887), while, on the other hand, Dr. Armand Ruffer, who speaks with much authority, denies with all deliberateness that there is any known case in which death followed as the result of Pasteur's treatment.

Microscopic verification is, of course, most desirable, and statistics are proverbially difficult of criticism. But, on the whole, we think it likely that those who, like ourselves, are not medical experts will incline to believe that Sir James Paget, Dr. Lauder Brunton, Professor George Fleming, Sir Joseph Lister, Dr. Richard Quain, Sir Henry



Roscoe, and Professor Burdon Sander-son must have had grounds for saying, in the report which they presented to Parliament in 1887, "It may, hence, be deemed certain that M. Pasteur has discovered a method of protection from rabies comparable with that which vaccination affords against infection from small-pox."

### III.

So far a summary of Pasteur's personal life and scientific work, but is it not possible to make a more general and rational estimate of these? So much was his life centred in Paris that most are probably accustomed to think of him as a townsman; but it is more biologically accurate to recognize him as a rustic, sprung from a strong, thrifty stock of mountain peasants. Nor can his early rustic environment of tanyard and farm, of village and country-side, be overlooked as a factor in developing that practical sense and economic insight which were so conspicuous in his life work. The tanner's son becomes the specialist in fermentation; the country boy is never throughout his life beyond hail of the poultry-yard and the farm-steading, the wine-press and the silk nursery; brought up in the rural French atmosphere of careful thrift and minute economies, all centred not round the mechanism or exchange of town industries, but round the actual maintenance of human and organic life, he becomes a great life-saver in his generation.

In short, as we might almost diagrammatically sum it up, the shrewd, minutely careful, yet inquiring rustic, eager to understand and then to improve what he sees, passes in an ever-widening spiral from his rural centre upward, from tan-pit to vat and vintage, from manure-heaps, earthworms, and water-supply to the problems of civic sanitation. The rustic tragedies of the dead cow and the mad dog excite the explanation and suggest the prevention of these disasters; from the poisoning of rats and mice he passes to suggestive experiments as to the rabbit-pest of Australia, and so in other cases from beast to man, from village to State. And on each radius on which he paused he left either a method or a

clew, and set some other inquirer at work. On each radius of work he has left his disciples; for he founded not only an Institute, but a living school, or indeed whole schools of workers. We think of him, then, not only as a thinking rustic, but as one of the greatest examples in science of the Rustic as Thinker—a type of thinker too rare in our mechanical and urban generation, yet for whom the next generation waits.

As to his actual legacy to the world, let us sum it up briefly. There is the impulse which he gave, after the successful organization of his own Institute, to the establishment in other countries of similar laboratories of preventive medicine, and, one may also say, of experimental evolution. There is his educative work at Strasburg and Lille, at the *École Normale* and the Sorbonne, and, above all, in the smaller yet world-wide circle of his immediate disciples. To general biology his chief contribution has been the demonstration of the part which bacteria play, not only in pathological and physiological processes, but in the wider drama of evolution. To the chemist he has given a new theory of fermentation; to the physician many a suggestive lesson in the etiology of diseases, and a series of bold experiments in preventive and curative inoculation, of which Roux's treatment of diphtheria and Professor Fraser's new remedy for snake-bite are examples at present before the public; to the surgeon a stable foundation, as Lister acknowledged, for antiseptic treatment; to the hygienist a multitude of practical suggestions concerning water-supply and drainage, disinfection and burial. On brewer, distiller, and wine-maker he has forced the microscope and its results; and he has shown both agriculturist and stock-breeder how some, at least, of their many more than ten plagues may be either averted or alleviated.

In short, he has played a foremost part in the war against bacteria, in the elimination of the eliminators. But this raises the further question, too wide for discussion here—What processes of intelligent selection are to take the place of those too indis-

criminating ones which are disappearing before the rapid progress of preventive medicine and hygiene? Here is the best evidence and measure of

scientific discovery, that it raises new questions; in Pasteur's case, one essential to the future civilization.—*Contemporary Review*.

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### HAVANA.

WHEREVER the eye rests the scene is wholly unfamiliar to Northern eyes. On the green hills the graceful, umbrella-like palms and cocoanuts and the huge-leaved bananas fling their branches to the breeze. The houses, that are separated from the city and scattered about the surrounding shores, are low and rambling, and are either white, or, more odd still, blue, or pink, or green. Hardly has the great anchor rattled and splashed into the waters of the tranquil harbor before the ship is besieged by the most irregular-looking small boats. They are short and broad, and so strong that one might feel safe at sea in one. Each has an awning upon an arched frame over the after-part to shield the passenger from the sun's rays, and these awnings are painted, like the houses, in one bright color or another, so that altogether they make the scene picturesque, and call to mind the hues of an Italian water view. Into one of these boats you descend, and your boatman, spreading a small sail, guides you to the landing before you have satisfied yourself with staring at the tropic vegetation, the swarm of boats, the men-of-war, the white forts, and the bareheaded women and coolly-clad men who have come out from the city in other boats to greet your fellow-passengers. Perhaps you do not notice it at once, but you are able to see farther and better than at home, for the air is usually as clear as crystal. You will notice, later on, that the sky is similarly clear, and as for the nights, they are beautiful beyond description. At the landing you find a cab convenient, and a hackman who will take you on any short journey for twenty cents. When comfort is considered, it will be found that riding in one of these comfortable victorias is far cheaper than walking.

You tell the coachman to drive you

to one of the principal hotels. There are several that more or less nearly approach Cuban perfection: the Pasaje, Telegrafo, San Carlos, Inglaterra, America, or Europe; terms, \$3 to \$5 a day. Drive slowly, for from whatever part of the world you may come, rest assured you will never before have encountered such streets, houses, stores, or customs as will now be noticeable on every hand. The streets are very narrow; the sidewalks are seldom more than two feet wide in the older parts of the city; the houses are mainly broad and low, three-story buildings being rare and one-story structures quite common. You notice that everything is made to serve comfort and coolness. Instead of having panes of glass, the windows are open and guarded by light iron railings, and the heavy wooden doors are left ajar. You see into many houses as you pass along, and very cool and clean they look. There are marble floors, cane-seated chairs and lounges, thin lace curtains, and glimpses of courts in the centre of each building, often with green plants or gaudy flowers growing in them between the parlor and the kitchen. You will find much the same plan at your hotel. You may walk in at the doors or the dining-room windows, just as you please, for the sides of the house seem capable of being all thrown open; while in the centre of the building you see the blue sky overhead. Equally cool do all the inhabitants appear to be, and the wise man who consults his own comfort will do well to follow the general example. Even the soldiers wear straw hats. The gentlemen are clad in underwear of silk or Lisle thread and suits of linen, drill, or silk, and the ladies are equally coolly appparelled. Havana is a dressy place, and you will be astonished at the neatness and style to which the tissue-like goods worn there are made to conform.

But come and see the apartment you are to rest in every night. Ten to one the ceiling is higher than you ever saw one in a private house, and the huge windows open upon a balcony overlooking a verdant plaza. The floor is of marble or tiling, and the bed is an ornate iron or brass affair, with a tightly stretched sheet of canvas or fine wire netting in place of the mattresses you are used to. You could not sleep on a mattress with any proper degree of comfort in the tropics. There is a canopy with curtains overhead, and everything about the room is pretty certain to be scrupulously clean. Conspicuous there and everywhere else that you go is a rocking-chair. Rocking-chairs are to be found in rows in the houses and in regiments in the clubs.

You will want to purchase some things, and the best shopping streets are Obispo Street, O'Reilly Street, and Ríela, commonly called Muralla Street. The shopkeepers have a way of throwing the entire fronts of their stores open in most cases, while in others, behind plate-glass in true New York style, are exposed fine collections of jewelry, silks, dry goods, bonnets, pictures, or *bric-à-brac*. You will notice that the Havanese have solved the bothersome American problem how to prevent storekeepers from littering and blocking the sidewalk with goods. They have solved it simply by making the sidewalk too small to put anything on. Those irrepressible men and women who are ever on the alert to make profitable purchases in foreign lands will find bargains in Spanish laces, fans, and parasols, in the light goods that men wear, in the Spanish wines and liquors, and the Cuban cigars and jellies. The cheap street, like the Eighth Avenue or Bowery of New York, is Principe Alfonso, which your driver will know better if you call it Monte. You will notice with surprise that every store, instead of bearing the title of the proprietary firm, is called by a fancy name—viz. *El Pueblo*, *Las Delicias*, *El Gallo*, or more commonly by women's names, such as *Rosita*, *Adelina*, *Antonia*, or *America*. *America* is a woman's name in Cuba. They are great advertisers, and the sign "Post

no bills" in Spanish is commoner than you expect to find it outside of Boston. Those storekeepers do best who put awnings across the streets, and thus display their names and confer a public benefit as well. Shade is perfect coolness in Cuba. The sun is hot there, not damp and suffocating as here, but dry and tingling; and you step out of it beneath a tree or awning, and are cool at once. Then the mornings and evenings are delightful, and you will find these the best hours for your sight-seeing expeditions.

Havana is the metropolis of the West Indies. It has more life and bustle than all the rest of the Archipelago put together. If you are German, English, Scotch, Dutch, American, French, or whatever you are, you will find fellow-countrymen among its quarter of a million souls. There is a public spirit there which is rare in those climes. The theatres astonish you by their size and elegance. They are the Tacon, Payret, Nuevo Liceo, Verano, Cervantes, and the Circus, called *Circo de Jane*. Some of these have five galleries, and one, the Tacon, can accommodate 6,000 persons at a ball or 3,000 in the seats. It ranks forth in size in the world. The Verano is a tropical establishment all open at the sides, and the Circus can be thrown open to the sky. The aristocratic club is the Union, but the popular one is the Casino Español, whose club-house is a marvel of tropical elegance and beauty. Nearly all these attractions are on or near the broad, shady, and imposing thoroughfare, the Prado—a succession of parks leading from the water opposite the Morro Castle almost across the city. In one or another of these parks a military band plays on three evenings of the week, and the scene on such occasions is wholly new to English eyes. It is at such times that one may see the beautiful Spanish and Cuban women. They do not leave their houses in the heat of the day unless something requires them to do so, and when they do they remain in their carriages, and are accompanied by a servant or elderly companion. So strict is the privacy with which they are surrounded, that you shall see them shopping without quitting their carriages, waited on by



the clerks, who bring the goods out to the vehicles.

But when there is music under the laurels or palms the señoritas, in their light draperies, and wearing nothing on their heads save the picturesque mantilla of old Spain, assemble on the paths, the seats, the sidewalks, and in the carriages, and there the masculine element repairs and is very gallant indeed. Here you will listen to the dreamy melody of these latitudes, Spanish love-songs and Cuban waltzes so softly pretty that you wonder all the world does not sing and play them. On other nights the walk or drive along the Prado is very interesting. You pass some of the most elegant of the houses, and notice that they are two stories high, and that the family apartments are on the upper stories, so that you miss the furtive views of the families at meals, and of ladies reclining in the broad-tiled window sills, that you have in the older one-story sections of the city. When you see the carriages in the broad, stone-floored hallways, you are reminded of the story of the youth who came back from Havana to New York, and informed his friends that "in Havana they have the carriages in the front parlor, and cigars grow on trees."

"No," said a Cuban girl who was present. "That is not so. Cigars do not grow on trees there."

But it is no more fair to say that the carriages are in the parlors than it would be to say the same thing of the English basement houses that were popular when building-room was not so dear in New York as it is now; for it will be remembered that they contained a carriage-way, and, indeed, were in many respects very like these two-story Cuban houses. The smooth, stuccoed fronts of these houses, the huge, barred windows, which permit everything to be thrown open to the breeze, the inviting balconies overhead, and the general cleanness of the interiors, will greatly interest you. The parks along the way are very pretty, especially that of Isabella II., whose statue looks a little like Victoria's; and the Indian Park, in which is a fountain embracing a statue of an Indian princess, the most artistic and am-

bitions public work in the city. One block away, immediately behind the Hotel Pasaje, is a very great curiosity, a piece of the old wall of Havana. It marks the line between the old and the new city, and indicates the rapid growth of the newer portion. In this neighborhood also is the Tacon Market, one of the largest and finest in the world. Do not miss a sight of its tropical commodities. Eat sparingly of the fruits, and remember that those who understand them are content with the refreshing juices of such of them as the pineapple, mango, and orange, and do not attempt to eat the pulp. The green cocoanuts that you see in such profusion are not full of meat like the ripe ones you get in America: they are merely vessels full of a cool, refreshing water. Drink all you want of it: it is cooling and nourishing. In any of the *cafés* that are so plentiful in the city you can get a big glass of *agua de coco* for a few pence. Tamarind-water is another excellent drink to be had at all refreshment counters. It cools the blood and regulates the stomach. Lemonade, which they make of juicy little limes, is also an excellent refreshment. Ice, made by man and not by Nature, is as plentiful as in New York. There are other markets—the Colon and the Cristina—and you should see them both in order to realize the wonders of this most rich and fertile soil and magic climate.

For expeditions on foot you have many points near at hand. First, there is the short walk to the cathedral. It is rather a shabby-looking edifice outside, for the volcanic stone so abundant in Cuba has not been plastered over, as is usually the case; but the surprise will be all the greater when you enter and see how costly and beautiful the interior is. The altar is exceptionally magnificent, and beside it rest the remains of him they call Cristobal Colon, known to all the rest of the world as Christopher Columbus. Persons of the sort who disbelieve in anything, from the miracle of Jonah and the whale to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, will tell you that Columbus' ashes are somewhere else; but the weight of evidence is against that theory. A few steps distant is

the oratory, El Templete, a monument to mark the spot where, in distant centuries, the first Mass ever said in Havana was celebrated. It is not so easy to believe, as they tell you, that the beautiful tree in the enclosure is the identical one under which the celebration took place; but the spot is especially interesting from the fact that, when Columbus' remains were first brought to Havana, it was in this little temple that they were deposited. But do not leave the cathedral without having asked one of the clergy to let you look at the treasures stored in the anteroom to the left of the altar. This is one of the most notable sights in Cuba. In the closets are utensils of silver and gold in use before the altar on feast days; and one cupboard contains a triumph of the silversmith's art. It is a Gothic tower of the most elaborate and artistic design, all in pure silver, and ornamented with gold, jewels, and delicate filigree work. In the numerous drawers along the walls are the dresses worn by the clergy on special occasions, garments of silk and satin, encrusted or embroidered with gold and silver, and set with precious stones.

In this neighborhood are other old churches; the big Government House and its little park, hemmed in by the bustle of down-town trade; the Fish Market, and the Mole, a covered *levée* about a mile in length, at which you landed, and which you will find interesting if you visit it again. Here, exposed as you are not accustomed to see them, are the products of all nations, newly removed from incoming vessels mainly by means of lighters, because of the scarcity of wharf room. It is a market place where, in the morning, you will see a great crowd of merchants, boatmen, laborers, gathered to buy and sell, and, to employ and tender service. The bales and boxes, you see, are captured as resting-places by the boatmen, hackmen, and even the soldiers and custom house men, and you begin to be impressed by something that you will do well to profit by—the fact that, as a rule, everybody takes life easily, and makes his habits and his business conform to the general custom. Business men go to their counting rooms early and do not leave

them until late in the afternoon, except to breakfast at half-past ten or eleven o'clock. All Cuba, when it first gets up in the morning, takes a cup of coffee, and partakes of but two meals during the day—breakfast before noon and dinner at five or six o'clock. Accustom yourself to the same rule. Bathings should be indulged in between coffee and breakfast.

To see the utmost possibilities of comfortable living in Havana do not content yourself with driving in company with the fashionable folk in the Paseo de Carlos III., the beautiful, almost Parisian boulevard leading to the Captain-General's residence, but continue on to Cerro and Jesus de Monte, two fashionable suburbs of the city. In Cerro are some of the most palatial residences in Cuba. Great white houses they are, embowered in the verdant and gaudy splendor of well-kept tropic gardens, cooled by broad verandas whose roofs are supported by pretty Grecian pillars, and under which, in perfect enjoyment of the clear yet perfumed air, are gathered the young and old in the inevitable rocking-chairs. Pass by in the evening, and peep in where the mellow light of shaded lamps falls upon oriental rugs, soft laces, marble floors, rare and costly carvings and paintings, and upon the quiet families of blonde women and dark-skinned men bent over embroidery, books, or newspapers, or sipping ices and listening to the soft melody of the country: is there not something in all this for us business-ridden Britons to envy as well as admire? Vedado, also, should be visited. It compares with Cerro as Hoboken does with Brooklyn; but, though not aristocratic, it is very pretty. Then, for a longer and more rural expedition one should see the new Water Works, which are regarded as among the most notable engineering achievements of the time.

Then there is Marianao (pronounced Marry-a-now), a pretty place, loved for its cool breezes and its handiness to the seaside, where there are bathing booths and little restaurants for excursionists. You go there by rail in quick time. Chorrera, a quaint fishing hamlet at the mouth of the Almendares River, is equally accessible: Here you may see

the simple houses and interesting customs of the peasantry, as well as the odd vegetation and luxuriant verdure of the country. In the other direction, by taking the ferry to Regla, and a coach from there, is reached the interesting town of Guanabacoa, which rejoices in a mineral spa. Puentes Grandes, which means the Big Bridge, is a popular picnicing place; and another interesting journey is that one out to the mysterious old fort or castle upon a little rocky isle a few miles west of the city. The American Consul will cheerfully equip you with permits to see the famous fortifications. A more considerable journey, and yet one that can be quickly and easily accomplished, is that into the Vuelta Abajo, where the world-famous tobacco for the best cigars is raised. But far more interesting, and easily accomplishable between coffee and breakfast, is a trip to a sugar plantation. A permit can easily be got, but it must be obtained in Havana. The writer was equipped with one admitting him to the Toledo plantation, only half-an-hour distant on the Marianao Railroad. First he saw the mansion of the planter, a grand establishment, bigger than most city blocks, only one story in height, yet taller than a two-story-and-basement building at home. It rose out of a beautiful garden like a palace of marble, and seemed eloquent of comfort as well as of the wealth and magnificence that, alas! have not, in most cases, withstood the trials of a revolution at home and an intense competition abroad. A gateway led into the estate, and here the porter took our permit and bade us follow the inviting road that led between waving fields of bright-green cane. At short distances broad roads intersected the fields to permit the laborers to gather the product and transport it easily. And here was an old-fashioned plantation slave scene—a cane break swarming with negroes. It was wonderful to see the men handle the machetes—broad, long, one-edged knives, the size of small swords. The glistening blades moved with the swiftness of thought. With one blow the cane-stalk was cut close to the ground, with another the leafy top was cut off, and then, as each man

tossed a cane from him, he dealt it another blow in mid air and cut it in two. Other men and some women gathered up the canes, stripped them of leaves, and loaded wagons with them. A picturesque throng they were, thinly clad and hard at work, yet stout and strong and happy looking, and all standing on the very threshold of liberty. The cane was transported to the mill house—a vast, open building, distinguished by a tall smoking chimney and the loud hum of unceasing industry. Into a great run-way the cane was piled, and down that it slid into the jaws of two great rollers that squeezed and crushed the juices from it and cast out the dry and mangled stalks, while a flood of raw liquid sugar poured into the troughs below. On a second flooring overhead was the row of huge boilers or kettles, through a series of which this juice must pass before it is resolved into sugar; and finally were seen the centrifugal machines, from which it issued in small, dry, light-brown crystals, to be packed in bags by the long line of negroes at work there. The heavy odor of the sugar, not unlike the smell of malt, though sweeter, pervaded the great building, which, despite the boilers and kettles, was cool and pleasant. Then there were the slave quarters—a hollow square walled in by dormitories two stories high, with a store full of supplies of clothing, medicines, and food, and a hospital room and nursery, and ever so many half-nude, shiny black piccaninnies playing about. The shaded, cool house of the administrator or superintendent, where the plantation doctor, mounted on a big American horse, was paying a morning visit, was also picturesque.

But you will be a long while in Havana before you will have seen all these curious sights. Havana itself is a mine of pleasure and a museum of curiosities. You will not care to bustle around when you get there as you do in America, or Switzerland, or Canada. The very atmosphere bids you rest and enjoy yourself. And not only that, it is medicinal, curative, and strengthening. Here are men and women, almost crippled at home and in the United States by rheumatism, now forgetful of their ailment and its vanished pains.

Here throat and lung troubles, no longer harassed by damp breezes and sudden changes of temperature, are cured without medicine in a month, after the best physicians at home have failed to remove them. Here is a climate as reliable as the coming of day and night, never as cool as springtime in England or as hot as midsummer in London. When snow and ice bind up all nature in our country the thermometer daily points to 65° or 70° in Havana; the grass and cane and foliage are brilliantly green, the flowers are blooming, the fruit is ripening, the birds are chanting in the boughs, and day and night succeed day and night under a sky seldom even flecked by clouds. The winter passes, the spring comes, and the mercury slowly rises 5° to 10°, and 75° to 80° is the temperature. The foliage takes on a darker green, the cane is harvested, the fruit is plucked, and the country-sides grow slightly brown for need of the long-awaited rain. When May is well ushered in the heat comes, and those Cubans who can afford it, together with those Americans who are able to enjoy perpetual summer, quit the verdant isle for Europe or the United States. Then the rainy season begins, and the days are very hot by contrast with the cool breezy nights.

From October until May Havana is an earthly paradise for tired or ill or weak or pleasure-loving Americans, and thousands who go there are satisfied not to leave it except to return to their homes. Unceasing is the interest one feels in this strange city. Hour after hour, and day after day may be spent in that climate, seated before the hotel, or at one's bedroom window, or on a balcony, merely watching the odd scenes constantly spread to the gaze. Soldiers in uniforms of a sort of blue jean, and with broad-brimmed straw hats, are as numerous here as horses in New York. They pass in couples, squads, or companies. The music of their bands rouses you in the morning and soothes you at night. There are four sorts of policemen, and in the lazy mood you will possess it will interest you for many days to learn to distinguish one sort from another and the name that each sort goes by. Do not

let their presence mar your anticipations. They will not trouble you. You will be as free from interference or restraint in Havana as in London—far freer. They still maintain the useless, old-fogey night watch, composed of men in glazed hats and dark uniforms, each equipped with a lantern, and carrying a staff something like a boat-hook and a spear combined. The lumbering carts, the long trains of horses or mules coming in from the country laden with fruit, vegetables, jerked beef, or what not; the milkmen carrying the milk in little cans packed away in panniers on a horse's back; the butchers vending their meat from wagons with lattice-work sides; the Chinese carrying their wares balanced at the ends of a pole upon one shoulder, like animated scales moving through the streets; the children selling "panales"—little cakes of flaky sugar, to be melted in a glass of water and drank: a habit which reminds one of the old saying that, "for those who like that sort of thing, one would think that would be just the sort of thing they would like." These are but a few of the queer sights. Very interesting, also, are the thin but swift little Cuban horses; and, whether you will or not, the vendors of lottery tickets will claim your attention. In the street, in the store, at your meals, at your window, in the cars—in short, wherever you are, except when you are in a private house or in your bed—these remarkably enterprising peddlers will plead with you to try your luck. Chances in several lotteries are sold in Havana—viz. the Havana, Madrid, Kentucky, Mexico, and Porto Rico, and a large semi-idle portion of the population hawk the tickets about. The cigar and cigarette factories, whose brands are world famous, are objects of interest to the tourist, and the proprietors are not averse to exhibiting their establishments. The deft touch and rapid movement of the skillful Cuban cigarmakers is interesting to most persons, and the modern machinery for turning out thousands of cigarettes in an hour would surprise a professional machinist.

Then there is the Carnival period before Lent, when all Havana lends



itself to jollity, and visitors have many opportunities to observe the Cuban dancing—a dreamy sort of poetry materialized. Sundays are observed rather as feast days than solemn occasions; and then the bull-fights, theatres, circus, and opera may be enjoyed, as well

as the evening music in the park. And all the time one is certain to enjoy good food, luscious fruits, excellent attendance, and the kindness of a very polite and hospitable community.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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### MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

THE conditions under which missionary work is carried on in China are peculiar, and are but imperfectly understood by those who have never visited the country and been brought into personal contact with the Chinese. The population is divided into two sharply defined classes, the very rich and the very poor; the middle classes, which are a distinctive feature of most other countries, are in China an insignificant quantity. But though the poor with all their ignorance and superstitiousness are the more amenable to external influences, for good as well as for bad, they betray, in common with their rulers, a most rooted aversion to foreigners. The days of Chinese exclusiveness have departed, never, we believe, to return; but the supreme self-complacency of the people as a whole, their lofty pretensions, their affectation of goodness, wisdom, and more or less beneficent power, are still one of their most striking characteristics, and while naturally more marked in the words and actions of the official class, may still be detected in the most wretched coolie who loads a ship's bunkers with coal. The latter's inborn animosity toward strangers does not of course show itself much outside China, where the conditions are naturally reversed. It rather develops into an unuttered contempt, and a determination to get the better of the foreigner in every conceivable way, even if it be only in the washing of linen. In China itself this animosity is fanned and kept alive by the expressed contempt and the active opposition of the governing classes. For among his many good and bad qualities the average Chinaman possesses that of being quick to take a hint. If his masters are passive (which is not often the case) in their

attitude toward Europeans, he also is passive: if his masters show active dislike, he does the same; and the result is in its mildest form the flinging of mud and stones, and in its worst such outbreaks as that which occurred the other day at Kucheng. This outbreak supplies us with a good illustration of the quality to which we have referred. When the lawless classes in one city, instigated by official sanction, commit outrages with impunity, their friends in other cities are always ready to emulate their example. Had the Government promptly ordered an open inquest without fear or favor at Kucheng, there would have been no trouble at Foochow nor fear of any at Canton.

China, as all the world knows, has a very ancient civilization and a very high moral code. It is only within comparatively recent years that the light of Christianity has been carried there. Confucianism has no doubt wrought much good in its time, but it has outlived its moral power; its body is there still, but such soul as it had seems to have departed out of it. Confucius threw no light on any of the questions which have a world-wide and eternal interest; he gave no real impulse to religion; he had no sympathy with progress. It does not seem, however, as if Dr. Legge's prophecy that his influence would wane is likely soon to be fulfilled. Putting Christianity aside for the moment, China would assuredly fare better if she followed out her great philosopher's principles. It is because her people preach so glibly of morality and virtue, and neglect to practise them, that the Empire is the morally rotten body that we see it to be. The assumption of universal philanthropy and far-reaching philosophic principles, which are brought out even

in all the official documents, must appear to any straightforward man to be the very apotheosis of cant, when these high professions are viewed in the light of actual accomplishment. Even their teachers, with all their magnificent platitudes, were extremely ignorant and narrow-minded men. It has been said of them, and said rightly, that they knew nothing outside China, that they had no imagination, and that they did not wish to learn. The Empire of the Son of Heaven was enough for them, and satisfied their highest aspirations. To such men, and to the disciples of such men, what did it signify what the Fan Kwei, the Foreign Devils, thought or did, so long as they kept away and gave no trouble; or, if they were bound to come, so long as they acknowledged the sovereignty of the Emperor by performing the recognized ceremonies? It is easy, when one has grasped the real situation, to understand the attitude of the educated Chinese to Christian missions. "Who are these barbarian beasts," they ask, "that they should aspire to lead us into the right paths? They send us for their own benefit a poisonous drug; where is their benevolence? They send their fleets and armies to despoil other nations; what becomes of their pretensions to rectitude? They allow men and women to mix in society and to walk arm-in-arm through the streets; where is their morality? They reject the doctrines of the ancient kings; where is their wisdom? Deficient, therefore, in four out of the five cardinal virtues, how can these barbarians expect to reform others?" We have seen this argument advanced in a score or more of Chinese tracts. Will any one, who has been in the country and studied the people for even a brief space of time, say that he has never heard the same argument advanced by his native friends?

It must be apparent that, under such adverse conditions as these, the task of our missionaries in China is an unusually difficult one; and it is most creditable to their zeal and to the fervor of their convictions that these exceptional difficulties should have even increased their numbers. Bringing the beauties of Christianity to the

heart of a Chinese is a vastly different matter from bringing the same to, let us say, a South Sea Islander. In the one instance you have a gross and idolatrous savage, who more often than not has a feeling of admiration for a white man, provided he is not a trader; when you have gained that savage's good-will, half the battle for Christianity has been won. In China you have a people whose settled conviction it is that the ultimate purpose of your presence there is to kill them off and confiscate their property; who hardly discriminate between missionaries and other Western people, but class them all in the one hated category of Foreigners; and who have their own striking religious beliefs and rites. The predominant religion of Taouism is consecrated by the practice of centuries and the adhesion of their own forefathers. Both these considerations count for much, count for everything, in fact, with the Chinese. They are the most conservative nation in the world, and they are strict in the worship of their ancestors. Their conservatism is proverbial; and it is one of their most grievous charges against our civilization, and our pretensions to teach them a more excellent way, that we bury our progenitors in cheap deal coffins, and do not so much as offer sacrifice to their manes or provide them with the fare to the next world. No one, of course, ever made the mistake of expecting the T'sung-li-Yamén to co-operate with the propagandists from the West in their endeavors to introduce Christianity. It is doubtful if the central Government could do much, even were it ever so well disposed. The country is too large, the means of communication with the outlying provinces are too slow and primitive to make the thing possible, even granted the good intentions; and the good intentions are notoriously wanting. It required the energetic reprisals of the European Governments for the cruel massacre of Tientsin in 1870 to convince the T'sung-li-Yamén of the advisability of giving something more substantial than a mere promise of protection to foreigners, which was intended to be broken on the first opportunity. In connection with those mas-

sacres the Government issued a memorandum defining its attitude toward the missionaries. It professed no hostility to them or to the object which brought them to the country; but it complained,—and the charge was levelled more particularly against the Roman Catholic missionaries, who were specifically named—that the converts were not drawn from a moral class. The result, it affirmed, was that this boasted religion had come to be thought lightly of among the more respectable members of the community. Its unpopularity had been greatly increased by the conduct of the converts, who, “relying upon the influence of the missionaries, oppress and take advantage of the common people [those who had not accepted Christianity];” and yet more by the conduct of the missionaries themselves, who, when collisions occurred between Christians and the others, invariably upheld the former in their conflict with the authorities. “This indiscriminating enlistment of proselytes,” they went on, “has gone so far that the rebels and criminals of China, pettifoggers and mischief-makers, and such like, take refuge in the profession of Christianity for the purpose of creating disorder. This has deeply dissatisfied the people, and their dissatisfaction, long felt, grows into animosity, and their animosity into deadly hostility. The populations of different localities . . . do not know that there is any distinction between [different religious propagandists among] the nations of the West. They include them all under the one denomination of foreigners, and thus any serious collision that occurs compromises all foreigners in China.” To control the missionaries, and to prevent so far as possible any troubles between them and the populace, the Tsung-li-Yamèn submitted eight articles to the following effect: (1) the Yü-Ying Tang, or infant asylums, should be abolished, or failing that, the sphere of their labors should be restricted to the children of native Christians unable to rear them; (2) women should under no circumstances be admitted into the chapels (or establishments), nor should female missionaries be allowed in China; (3) missionaries

residing in China should be amenable to Chinese law and usage; (4) where Chinese and foreigners lived together in the same locality, the one law should be impartially administered to both; (5) the passports of the French missionaries, authorizing them to proceed to any province to preach and teach, should state distinctly and precisely the province and the prefecture; (6) before accepting any man as a convert, missionaries should satisfy themselves as to his moral character; (7) missionaries should be forced to obey the established laws (or respect the dignity) of China; (8) the authorities should, “in the interests of peace,” be consulted on the question of purchasing land for the erection of chapels, etc., and the missionaries should not have the right to demand the restitution of any chapel they might be pleased to indicate.

There are two or three interesting questions in regard to these proposals. Let it be stated at once that the first, fifth, and eighth did not concern British Protestant missions. It was pointed out at the time to the Chinese authorities by Lord Granville that converts, simply by becoming converts, were not exempted from the obligations of their natural allegiance or from the jurisdiction of the local authorities. This disposed of the assertion that the missionaries upheld their converts in their opposition to the ruling powers. As to the charge that native rogues were attracted to the Christian fold by the prospect of making profit out of their professed conversion, it is to be feared there was something in it, though not so much as the Tsung-li-Yamèn tried to make out. This is one of the troubles our missionaries have to encounter wherever they go; but, even if we had not ample proof to the contrary, it would be a monstrous injustice to suppose that the ranks of converts were made up even largely of the criminal classes. We have yet to be persuaded, moreover, that the missionaries do not well to bestow particular attention upon these classes. As for the implication of connivance between the missionaries and the pettifoggers, etc., to defeat the ends of Chinese justice, that also is an



assumption altogether unwarranted. Here and there may possibly be found a teacher with much zeal and little discretion, who deals less delicately than he might with Chinese prejudices; but if there has ever been any interference, and that has still to be proved, it has never gone further than a protest against some glaring wrong or some diabolical cruelty aimed at a native for no other reason than that he was a Christian. Chinese punishments cannot be paralleled in the world for brutality. Much odium, having its origin in the disapproval of the Mandarins and in the sneers and innuendoes of the Taouist priests, attaches to a convert to Christianity; and if he is not under the immediate wing of the missionaries, his lot is pretty sure to be a hard one. But one of the most striking features of missionary work in China is the loyalty and devotion of the bulk of the native converts. If proof be required, it may be found in the minutes of the Consular investigation into the cause of the outbreaks at Wuhu and Wuhsueh in 1891. Missionary reports may possibly be partial, but this official document is not. It proves, beyond doubt, that in the riots at the latter place, when a Wesleyan minister named Argent and an Imperial Customs officer named Green were killed, the natives attached to the various missions performed excellent service in protecting the European ladies and children from the fury of their countrymen.

The second of the proposals put forward by the T'sung-li-Yamén is very curious and significant. It is an offence to Chinese propriety that men and women should associate freely; and the idea of the latter going about the country and penetrating into strange houses is utterly repugnant to them. Personally, though they are undoubtedly of much value in the conduct of the missions, we are inclined to think that the prevalent impression as to their moral character,—or to put it bluntly their want of moral character—militates very powerfully against their influence for good. Curiously enough, women were the involuntary causes of the massacres at Tientsin and at Wuhsueh in 1891, and of the dis-

turbances at Wuhu in the month (May) preceding the affair at Wuhsueh. It is fair to state here that it was the action of the Sisters of Mercy attached to the French Catholic missions which stirred the popular fury in each instance. Among the many singular superstitions of the Chinese people is one which corresponds closely to the *miaumai* of the Hindoos; a belief that Western physicians use the eyes, brains, and hearts of infants in the concoction of their medicines and of those magical potions which are to be used in the fulness of time to kill off the inhabitants of China preparatory to the confiscation of their land. This absurd belief probably originated from their own practices in this direction. The Chinese, as their law-books show, are firm believers in witchcraft by spells and drugs, and those parts of the human frame which we have mentioned are frequently employed by them in the way of medicines; a practice, by the way, not unknown in our own country even in the eighteenth century. One of the great works of the Sisters was the saving of infant life. Female babies in China are held in very poor estimation, and are frequently thrown out to die or given away to any persons so misguided as to desire the possession of them. The object of the Sisters was in every way commendable. They sought to prevent a deplorable waste of human life; or, if their care could not avail to save the poor little wasted bodies, they sought at least to save their souls. They gathered into their infant asylums all the children they could find. It was proved that their methods were not always beyond reproach, but the end, they argued, justified any means. The deaths were very numerous, not unnaturally, considering the neglected condition of the children when received. A rumour spread that the Foreign Devils were employing professional kidnappers to obtain infants for the sake of their eyes, hearts, and brains. The educated classes are, in all that pertains to physiological knowledge, as ignorant and as superstitious as the common people. The popular rage broke out; some bodies, which were exhumed, seemed to afford confirmation of the

charges; the official classes and the secret societies fanned the flame; and the result was that every French man and woman in Tientsin were killed, and all the property belonging to them and to their mission destroyed. The nuns were subjected to foul outrage after death, and their bodies thrown into the Peiho river. The French were virtually the only sufferers, though some Russian property was damaged and two Russians killed under the impression that they were French; but the prompt action of the foreign representatives at Peking, a little further up the river, frightened the T'sung-li Yamên, and the riots were quelled.

The old story about Knai-tse, or baby-stealers, was, as we have hinted, at the bottom of the outbreak at Wuhu on May 12th, 1891, and of the outbreak at Wuhsueh on June 5th following. The Koloa-Hui, one of the many secret societies with which China is honeycombed, was an active instigator of the former, and probably also of the latter. A proclamation was posted about the streets of Wuhu after the riot, in which direct reference was made to the allegations of kidnapping as the sole cause of the disturbances. In regard to the origin of the troubles at Wuhsueh, we will quote the deposition of a native Christian named Hsiung Chialien, servant to Mr. Warren, as taken before Consul Gardner of Hankow.

At about six in the evening of the 5th of June, a Chinaman was seen in Wuhsueh carrying four Chinese female babies. He was asked what he was doing with them. He said he was taking them down to Kiukiang, to the Roman Catholic mission, to be made into medicine. I saw the man and the babies; they were just outside the Wesleyan mission. The people attacked the man. The man said he came from Kwang-chi. When the people attacked the man he escaped to the Lung Ping-sze's official residence, and told the Lung Ping-sze that he was taking the children to the Roman Catholic mission to be educated, they being the children of Catholic parents. There was a mob around Lung Ping's residence. He told the mob that if any of them wanted to make a complaint against the man he must enter his name formally on the charge-sheet. No one would give his name as plaintiff. The Lung Ping-sze thereupon refused to take action, and said the man might take the children to Kiukiang. When the man got outside the mob again attacked him, and one of the children was

crushed to death. The children were all under one year old; the dead child was opposite the Wesleyan mission. Some one suggested that the Wesleyan missionaries were going to make medicine of it, and then the Wesleyan mission was attacked. The door of Mrs. Protheroe's house was broken open, and afterward Mrs. Boden's house was attacked. The mob broke first into the pantry, upset the lamps, which set fire to the place, and then broke into the sitting-room and set that room on fire. They beat the three ladies, and one of the mob seized one of Mrs. Protheroe's children. I got the child away. The ladies and children escaped to the residence of the Makowsos, who refused them admittance. Afterward they ran to a vegetable garden, and a poor person allowed them to hide in his hut. Only two (Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Boden) hid in the hut. Mrs. Protheroe and three children got to the Yamên on the Weh Fu. On the way to the Yamên I met Mr. Argent and Mr. Green, and begged them to turn back, as every one had left the Wesleyan mission, but they would not. When they got near the chapel Mr. Argent tried to take refuge in a shoemaker's shop. The mob destroyed the shop and struck Mr. Argent over the head, and gave him a severe wound. I said to the mob, "Don't strike the foreigner; strike me." The shoemaker asked the mob not to strike Mr. Argent in his shop. The mob then dragged Mr. Argent into the street, and killed him. Meanwhile Mr. Green ran into a pond near. He was in the pond about two hours. The mob said if he would come out they would not beat him. He came out, and they beat him to death with stones.

If there is one class of foreigners which the Chinese populace hates more than another it is the Jesuit missionaries. The Fathers have always been very active, and the nuns, as we have hinted, have not always been careful to consider Chinese susceptibilities or to conceal their abhorrence of the wholesale murders of female infants; they probably never realized that they were seriously credited with collecting children to make medicine of them. But it must not be assumed that the Roman Catholic propagandists are the only ones suspected of these practices. As we have said, the bulk of the Chinese make little or no distinction between any of the Western nations or between different religious sects; to them all are interlopers with but one aim, the confiscation of Chinese lands for their own special benefit. The deposition of Hsiung, which was proved to be in every particular true, shows how quick a mob is to level the epithet baby-stealers against all foreigners in-

discriminately. That the latest series of riots had its origin in the usual way seems to be confirmed by the Canton Correspondent of *The Daily News*. "A day or two before the work of destruction commenced," he wrote on July 17th, "an anonymous placard was posted on the walls of Cheng-tu city, warning the people not to let their children go into the streets, as the foreigners were on the hunt for them, desiring to kidnap and kill them that they might obtain an extract from their bodies to manufacture foreign drugs. This was the lighting of the fuse. When the riot was in full career, the Taotai put out this proclamation, using some of the very words of the previous placard: 'We have obtained unquestionable proof that these foreigners do beguile and kidnap small children. But you soldiers and people, don't get too excited. As for us, we will show no mercy to these kidnappers when we get hold of them.'" And a letter from the Rev. William Owen, a member of the London Mission, printed in *The Manchester Guardian* of August 20th, is to the same effect. "In Chen-tu [Cheng-tu], long before the riot, all sorts of rumors about the foreigners were in circulation. Condensed milk was shown round as the brains of Chinese children, prepared for the devilish appetite of the foreigner. Gelatine, of native manufacture and eaten by the people themselves, when found in a mission-building was said to be the essence of Chinese children, who had been boiled down to procure the jelly. Blood-stains were said to be seen on the walls of mission-premises. A Chinese child was reported to have had his tongue cut out by the foreigner." Mr. Owen was at Cheng tu, so he may be supposed to speak from what he has himself seen and heard. He tells us that the Cheng-tu missionaries, after much trouble, managed to get a small escort of soldiers to Chungking; and he adds that, up to the time his letter was written, twelve cities and towns, in some of which there were as many as four missionary societies at work, had been visited by the rioters and the missions sacked. All the evidence seems to point to the fact that the series of riots, beginning

at Cheng-tu and ending at Kucheng, in which the Rev. R. W. Stewart and others lost their lives, had their origin in the stories of baby-stealing. The fact that some female missionaries were killed is almost sufficient proof of that.

The close resemblance between the document posted at Cheng-tu and previous proclamations which have heralded previous outbreaks points to a common agency. This agency is that of the secret societies. We know already that the Vegetarian Society, as it is called, instigated the attack at Kucheng. The placard which appeared on the walls of the Wuhu in May, 1891, enumerating charges of kidnapping and recommending the people to rise as one man on a certain day, and completely destroy all the property belonging to both Protestant and Catholic missions on Yihchishan, was the work of the Koloa-Hui, another secret society with identical aims; and after full investigation by Consul Gardner, it seems indubitable that the wretched business at Wuhsueh was organized by the same society,—that is to say, it suborned the villain who carried the four babies through the streets, and set a native woman to create a disturbance outside the Roman Catholic mission on the pretext that the Sisters had stolen her children. These secret societies are very numerous and powerful bodies with very definite aims, and the Mandarins and other officials are either members of them or are in strong sympathy with their objects. Whatever the ostensible purpose of the societies, one and all have the same ultimate purpose, to foment an insurrection which will lead to the expulsion of the alien dynasty which rules them, and of the hated barbarians from the West who are endeavoring to elbow them out of their own country. The apathy of the Mandarins in punishing rioters, and their marked disinclination to afford protection to missionaries, are both referable to their own anti-foreign sympathies and to their fear of the summary vengeance of the secret societies. The Chinese have a mania for plotting on the quiet, and probably it is only their constitutional dislike to strong action that has prevented a general uprising.

The case for missions in China was stated in the newspapers, at the time of the Kucheng riots, by Mr. Eugene Stock, Editorial Secretary of the Church Missionary Society; and no one probably, save those who are entirely inimical to all missionary effort, will deny the cogency of his arguments, or fail to recognize the logic of the position of the Christian Churches in fulfilling the injunction of their Master. One need not describe this attitude in detail, because it is sufficiently well understood both by those who sympathize with it and those who dislike it. Two points, however, are worth particular attention. Ought women to be sent to China? and are the missionaries sufficiently careful not to inflame the passions of the people needlessly? Little can be added to what we have already said about female missionaries; but we must reiterate our conviction, which will be shared by nearly all laymen who have visited China, that the hostile feelings they indisputably excite almost completely nullify the good they would be capable of accomplishing under more favorable conditions. Their enthusiasm and devotion, their bravery and (as a general thing) their tact, their tireless and unceasing labors in lonely provinces where everything but their own steadfast belief in their cause tells against them, make their relative failure all the more pathetic. Still, badly as Chinese men think of the Western woman who goes

about among them unrestrained, the Chinese women are more amenable to feminine influences, when once their natural prejudice has been removed, and there is a marvellously wide field here for female energy. It is possible that our women do more good among their own sex in China than we are generally disposed to admit; but it is certain their presence is an abomination to the people at large, and until China has properly awakened, sporadic outbreaks with more or less serious results are inevitable. The other question, as to the discretion of the missionaries of both sexes, has occupied the attention of successive ministers to Peking and of consuls at the various Treaty ports any time during the past thirty years or more. After all, it must be remembered that China belongs to the Chinese, and that we, when we penetrate beyond the Treaty ports, are only received on sufferance. The authorities do not want us there, and they would turn us out if they could and if they dared. Given a rooted antipathy to foreigners and a missionary whose zeal outruns his discretion, and a disturbance is the most natural result in the world. It speaks well for the qualities of the men we send out to preach the Gospel in China that collisions with the officials and the people have, in circumstances tending very readily to enmity, been so relatively few and the converts so relatively numerous.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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## INTERVIEWING IN PRACTICE.

BY FRANK BANFIELD.

DURING the last two or three years I have had the honor to conduct many interviews—between one and two hundred in number—as the representative of certain leading London newspapers. The persons with whom I have conversed for newspaper purposes have been of all classes—Peers, Members of Parliament, Colonial Governors, Foreign Princes, famous Journalists, distinguished Military men, Divines, Lord Mayors, and included among them are a leading Anarchist, a Charwoman, an

Undertaker, and a Turncock. I mention this, not in the spirit of the warrior who is ostentatious of his scalps, but simply in proof that I have had opportunities of forming opinions, at first hand, on the subject I have chosen for this article. I shall make no attempt to dogmatize for others, but try to extract, in my own way, certain lessons from a consideration of my personal experiences, which may prove, I hope, of general interest.

Some two years ago I was sitting in



conversation with the present Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Curzon had paused to watch me get down a note. "Mr. Banfield," said he suddenly, "you should write shorthand." I said nothing; but I was not of his opinion. Shorthand, to my thinking, would be rather a hindrance than an aid to the construction of an effective interview. Still, Mr. Curzon's misapprehension of the matter is not peculiar to himself. Sir John Gorst, a few weeks later, observed to me:

"How very nice it would be if public men could always sit down after dinner like this, and deliver their speeches from an arm-chair without the noise and heat and racket of a public meeting."

Of course the notion was an impossible one, as many public men "read" vilely, however well they may sound, and would never have obtained quite their present distinction but for the stimulus of an alert, excited, and roughly critical audience. Sir John's idea, however, was plainly that, as an interviewer, my concern was merely the reporting of his utterance. That was not my opinion, and what was published was very much a conversation.

An interview is not a speech. If a statesman declaim to one poor creature in a drawing-room, his oration will probably be tamer than it is wont to be in the reading. If a man wants to publish an allocution of this kind, he should write it out and give it to me, or any one else—a news agency for example—and it will be "flimsied" to most of the English daily papers, whose conductors would, of course, use their own discretion as to how much or how little of it they would use. But in no sense of the word could such a performance be properly classified under the heading of the interview. It is an affair of one person, a very Jupiter Olympus possibly; but an interview is an affair of two. Two brains, two personalities, two points of view come in visible contact, and, just in proportion as this dual play is adequately rendered, is the interview bright and pleasant reading, or dull and lifeless. Co-operation is essential for the best sort of interview, by which

I do not mean the kind of co-operation which exists between the almost automatic shorthand clerk and his master, but the temporary alliance of two intelligent men on level terms, for the production of what is an article in more or less dialogue form.

Now, among the most satisfactory of my interviewees was a very different man from either of the two distinguished statesmen I have mentioned. One of the most keenly critical of London editors wrote me, with reference to the outcome of my collaboration with this person: "Many thanks for the excellent interview, which I publish to-day." The conversation I had described was held with Signor Enrico Malatesta, a well-known Anarchist. Now, Malatesta contributed as much to the success of the interview as I did. In fact, for two hours we labored pleasantly together, one wild, rainy winter's night, in a small dingy bedroom at the top of three pair of stairs, in Islington. We only paused to light our pipes, or consult a French-English dictionary. My effort consisted in trying to get at the bottom of his opinions, the substratum of fact and inference on which they rested, while Malatesta was most industrious in patient endeavor to elucidate himself for the information of an educated and highly intelligent section of the English public. At the time of this interview he spoke scarcely any English, though he had read a good deal in our language. We conversed in French, therefore; still Malatesta insisted on examining carefully every English word I used to render him; more than once he was not quite satisfied, and appealed to his dictionary in search of a term, which expressed his meaning better. Then he asked me what I thought of his discovery; and, of course, if his word would do at all, I substituted it for my own. And so we argued, smoked, wrote and thumbed our reference-book, and the result was a real live conversation, after reading which no intelligent man could fail to understand the position of the active section of the Anarchists. If Signor Malatesta had posed against his mantel-piece and dictated a tirade, into which I had been only permitted to interject perfunctory

remarks, instead of an interesting article, which my editor was glad to publish, one might have produced something turgid and obscure and dull as ditch-water—a short oration instead of the cream of an intensely argumentative and earnest talk. If, in a few prefatory words, one is happy in indicating the atmosphere and surroundings of the conversation, no form of journalistic literature is more readable than such an interview.

Journalists will thoroughly understand the point I have been endeavoring to make. Indeed, I have interviewed some of the more distinguished of my colleagues. They, of course, invariably comprehended that the interview was a conversation, only they, as a rule, preferred to do the whole of it themselves. "Now you had better ask me so-and-so," one would say, or "Here is a good question for you to put," and when I had obeyed, would ripple along like a descriptive article, or surge forward like a strenuous leader. I knew my great brother-in-arms was showing me how the thing ought to be done, how a journalistic master would go about the work. Still, I venture to think that attitude a mistake, though I was not altogether sorry to obtain easily what I knew would be fairly readable copy. Still, I fancy that an air of artificiality pervades such an interview, of which even the non-journalistic reader is more or less conscious, though he might be puzzled to analyze his perception of a fact. Among those who have thus rendered me a more than efficient aid I may mention, in this connection, Dr. Joseph Parker, for that great man prides himself on being a journalist as well as a preacher. I arrived, rather later than the appointed time, in order to talk with him on the subject of the action of the Bishops toward the Welsh Suspensory Bill. I found him in his study, a large and handsome room, well-lined with books. At a table, littered with papers and works of reference, he sat down for a moment and carefully considered a bundle of manuscript.

"While waiting for you," said he, "I have put together a few notes on the subject."

Then he rose to his feet, and said :—

"Now you say to me, don't you,— 'Are you in favor of the Welsh Bill?' You say that, don't you?"

"Yes," said I, "I say that, Dr. Parker."

"Then I say—'Heart and soul. It is right in its meaning and right in the time of its introduction. I am in favor of universal Disestablishment.'"

And so we went through the whole interview, which Dr. Parker had obligingly prepared for me. He handed me his manuscript when he had made an end of his reading. I put it in my pocket, and subsequently wrote out a neat copy of it, and posted the result of my facile labor to its destination. I must confess to being rather amused than satisfied by the whole proceeding. The practical outcome was a dialogue between Dr. Parker and a quite imaginary person, devised by himself. If we had collaborated after the manner of the Malatesta interview, I should have put the Doctor a little more on the defensive, where his own principles were concerned, and the interview would have been less of a caracoling, triumphal procession. I could have suggested points which would have told for the Bishops. I might have been demolished, but from the clash of ideas, the verve of the victorious disputant, the mild protest of unconvinced defeat, an air of reality would have come into the article, in which I am afraid it was somewhat wanting. In form it was all right; artistically, I have no doubt, it was not open to much criticism, but it lacked that essential saving salt of the genuine interview, which redeems it from the commonplace, and informs it with life, even when the literary workmanship may leave much to be desired, namely, the manifest, unmistakable contact of two minds, each looking at the subject from its own standpoint.

If it is worth the while of a public man to grant an interview at all, it is certainly worth his while that it should be done well, and it can only be done well, if he condescends to step down from his pedestal, and co-operate almost *en collègue* with the interviewer. In the first place, the interviewer, who has had a large experience in his craft, is a specialist. He is more likely than

the interviewee to understand the conditions which go to the construction of a successful interview, and therefore he should be allowed a tolerably free hand as regards form and arrangement. Personally, of course, I always take stock as rapidly as I can of the interviewee and consult his humor in everything. After all, he is the person most intimately concerned with the success of the joint production, as it is his name with which the public is concerned, and not that of the interviewer, who is almost invariably anonymous. I am always in his debt for the concession of the interview, and, if he wishes it, he must be largely master of its manner. I am only suggesting that the wisest plan, after the original act of gracious condescension has been committed, is to forget, for the brief hour of the interview, that you are Jupiter and the other man a black-beetle. Don't imagine that he is necessarily unversant with affairs, political or literary. Why, a rising politician actually explained to me how a most elementary word should be spelled. Quite of his own motion too! I was in no difficulty whatever. In my soul, I remember that I began to sibilate "Prig," but I subdued quickly the nascent naughtiness.

Apart, moreover, from the question of collaboration in the interchange of ideas, I am strongly of opinion that the most eminent specialist gains by friction with the salutary ignorance of the interviewer. I am not now thinking of absolute ignorance, but of just such a comparative ignorance as is to be found in the average, fairly well-informed general reader. The specialist on education or foreign affairs, or what not, is often quite at sea as to the limits both of the knowledge and the ignorance of even the general intelligent public. He is laboriously clear where exegesis is not necessary, and skips lightly along where delay and elucidation are desirable. The interviewer, in such a case, if he takes pleasure in regarding his work seriously, will strive to play the part of interpreter between omniscience and a less complete knowledge. He will ask for further information or for the clearing up of a phrase, just where the ordinary reader

of the interview would like to do so, feeling that the waters are getting deep and dark. He will point out what seems to him a flaw in the line of reasoning, so as to give the interviewee an opportunity of setting himself right with the more critical public, which else might misjudge him. In a word, he will strive to render the specialist entirely lucid for the average man of the world. Now with all respect for specialists, this is just what they very often are not.

Or again, take one of our pro-consuls or a traveller, who is fresh from some distant place, which is for the moment the object of popular curiosity. He is often quite unable to make choice of the right facts from among the mass of his experience. He underrates the value of the seemingly trivial, and has a vicious tendency toward the duller sort of detail. His life in England is probably spent with people who are also, in great measure, specialists in his branch of sectional knowledge. His ordinary conversation with them assumes a large amount of common information, and so, when he comes face to face with the general public, he is none the worse for being filtered through the interviewer. He is thus saved from the error either of talking as if the public knew everything, or as if it knew nothing. Moreover, the interviewer should be instinctively curious about the same facts as his readers, and have them in his mind right through the conversation—almost feel them urging him on to this or that question, and realize that, for the nonce, he is their responsible mouth-piece as well as that of his paper.

And a large number of my interviewees have entered into the work of the interview in a thoroughly right spirit. Among the most satisfactory of them was the late Mr. William Saunders, the Member for Walworth in the last Parliament. Many people were curious to know precisely on what grounds Mr. Saunders took up an attitude of quasi-hostility to Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill. Various theories explanatory of the phenomenon were afloat in the summer of 1893. Although I had not previously enjoyed the privilege of intimacy with

Mr. Saunders, during the whole period between the suggestion of the interview and its completion, he was the amiable, conciliatory, almost fascinating collaborator. I could bring all my dogs with me to our friendly meeting, and when I protested that that was too, too much, his injunction was, "Bring 'Jack.'" The time chosen was one when we might be sure of two hours' quiet, uninterrupted *tête-à-tête* at Streatham. I can see him now, in his brown velvet coat, stretched out at full length on his back upon a couch in the dining-room of his Streatham residence. He had wheeled me up an arm-chair till it came just abreast his knee. He gave me *carte blanche* as to time and questions, received with meekness the caresses of "Jack," who had established himself on a chair at his shoulder, in a word, did his best to make my work easy and plain before me. And Mr. Saunders was a man who was not without shrewdness where journalists were concerned. He had a certain dry humor—very dry, perhaps—and as he leant affably upon my arm after the interview, showing me round his place, there was the raw material of the smile in a portion of his conversation at least. I was neither puffed up nor carried away by this *calinerie*. It was purely the representative of the great paper that was caressed. The humble individual was recognized as having a transitory importance as an interpreter, as an advertiser perhaps. And the late Mr. Saunders was right. If he was in error at all it was in supposing that the interviewer was not fully cognizant of the business-like considerations that prompted his admirable attitude.

Of course, the interviewee may throw himself into the interview with the exhausting enthusiasm of the egotist, which is very trying, to say the least of it. I recall another Member of the late Parliament, who kept me for three long hours writing, correcting, re-correcting his utterance, till I was dead beat. It was one hundred and eighty minutes' unbroken concentration on the work of shaping and re-shaping his views to what he thought was the best advantage. I read his statements aloud over and over again to him, and

*ad nauseam*, my own interlarded observations always causing a slight tremor of impatience to flicker across his striking features. I had not grudged the time, if my place in the collaboration had been adequately recognized. As it was, I knew that the outcome of all this straining and striving for three hours would be depressing for every one except the interviewee. However, at the close of our long council, a pleasant human episode amply made up for the weary waste of time I had had to endure.

"You read, of course, my speech on the Second Reading?" he asked.

"I am afraid," said I, "that I missed that pleasure."

"It filled more than a column of *The Times*," said he, and, then rising, went over to a table, from which he took a copy of the paper in question, brought it back, opened and scanned it with much satisfaction.

"It's a pity you haven't read it," said he.

"I shall be very glad to hear it now," said I.

My interviewee began to read in a sonorous voice, well calculated to bring out the beauties of his oration. I leaned back in my chair meditating a few moments' mental rest, but not expecting the real refreshment I got. I was roused from a semi-reverie by a rapturous "cheers," and, looking quickly at my interviewee, I saw that he was dilating with the memory of his triumph. He omitted no "hear, hear," though each was lightly emphasized, but there was all the exuberance of a great joy in his rendering of the word "cheers." He seemed so completely to have forgotten me, to be so utterly absorbed in his speech, that I surrendered myself unreservedly to the delight of watching him, and my facial expression, I fear, had become too frankly appreciative and indicated too plainly my mood of mind. All would have gone well but that, just when the peroration was within measurable distance, two bracketed "loud cheers" followed each other with too brief an interval between them. The first "loud cheers" pleased me immensely, and the second even more than the first. Unhappily, at this moment my



legislator looked up, and I had not time to constrain my features, and above all my eyes to the reverend wonder, awe, and admiration which I knew by instinct that he must expect to find there. I was saddened at once, when I saw a brilliant blush mantle his features. I would not for the world wound the feelings of a man who had done me no harm. In fact, I had but a moment before been rejoicing with one who rejoiced, as I now reddened in sympathy with one who reddened. It was a mere accident, a miscalculation on my part, that had done the mischief. Anyway, the peroration was spoiled both for him and for me. He still went gamely on, but, as Lord Byron says,

"Soul was wanting there."

There were no more "hear, hears," "cheers," "loud cheers," "loud and continued cheering" to break the hurried delivery of that masterpiece. He even heaved a sigh of relief as he went galloping in at the finish. When he had folded up *The Times*, and I had put my note-book in my pocket, we rose to our feet. After a moment's embarrassed pause, he leant forward, poked me gently in the chest with one forefinger, and said: "You rascal!" It was a remark which one might have been justified in taking exception to, but I understood him and smiled appreciatively. If he had allowed me to conduct the conversation more in the spirit of that poke in the chest, it would have proved much better reading, and his dignity in the eyes of the world would have in no way suffered.

But then, alas, these obvious considerations are not always present to the wise and prudent. More often they are revealed to babes. I remember well, when I had occasion in October, 1894, to see the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, on the subject of the controversy between himself and Mr. Riley as leaders of the warring educational parties, he once began a statement thus:—

"As I was about to observe, when you cut in with," etc. Now, it is just this "cutting in" which gives vivacity to an interview, even if one can only indicate the conflict between an exuberant loquacity and a grave and sol-

emn sententiousness. The humor of the shock of such conversational elements irradiates the whole article, and renders what would be for the sterner digestion of specialists, a source of good-natured amusement to the shrewder general reader, who is pleased at being able to combine assimilation of useful knowledge with an occasional smile. It is those, however, who are most conscious of their entire perfection, who blend blood, brains, specialism, knowledge, social status, and superiority to antiquarian prejudice in one whole of awe-inspiring completeness, whose Achilles' heel is frequently to be found in an absence of a sense of humor, for one can scarcely call humor the simper of contempt at the slightest manifestation of weakness on the part of inferior mortals.

And talking of humor, reminds me that I had the honor and privilege of a newspaper conversation of one hour's duration with that prince of humorists, M. Alphonse Daudet, and to the creator of *Tartarin*, *Bompard* and *Numa Roumestan*, my homage paid was very genuine. He impressed me as being personally as charming as his books lead one to suppose him to be, and he "interviewed" well. He entered into the spirit of the thing, his bright and beautiful eyes always on the point apparently of welling over with the fun that darkled and glimmered in them. He was sympathetic, willing to aid, and knew exactly when I had got as much copy as I needed. I mention him because he was not always fairly treated by the interviewers. I do not mean the English interviewers. Indeed, nothing could be more admirable in tone and method, more charming in point of style than Mr. Robert Sherard's rendering of a conversation between himself and M. Daudet, which appeared in *The Daily Chronicle*. I am thinking of certain foreign interviewers who, I should imagine, gave to their reports of their interviews with M. Daudet a color and a tone if nothing else, when he was speaking of this country and its inhabitants, which were originally wanting to his remarks. At least, I should be both surprised and disappointed if I discovered that I was not right in this supposition. If

M. Daudet criticised us unfavorably, I feel sure the expression of his view was redeemed from a repulsive harshness by an excellent vein of banter, which the foreign interviewer for his own purposes took occasion to gloss over.

And this brings me to an important point. The methods of the English interviewer must not be confounded with those which would appear occasionally to find favor with certain of his colleagues across the Channel and the Atlantic. I know that, as for myself, I have never wilfully attributed to any public man anything he did not say. What he said has always been given in his exact words, and I am sure that the same thing is true of the interviewing representative of any English paper of standing. I have not, when contending for the proper prominence of the interviewer in the interview, meant for a moment to suggest that he should trifle with truth or accuracy in his report of the observations of the interviewee. Indeed, I have lost, more than once, a good interview by suppressing, at the latter's request, what would have been very desirable features in a published article. "For God's sake, don't put that down," said a great pro-consul to me, as my pencil was advancing on a nimble path. There was a sigh of regret, a remorseless crossing out, and a meek waiting for the next utterance of Verres. And as regards that interview, if I remember rightly, the published portion was about a third of the material I had got in my note-book. A certain Oriental diplomatist kept me for two hours laboring with him through an interpreter, and then at the end suddenly asked, "Why are you making those notes? I told the interpreter they were to form the basis of my article." "To appear in a newspaper?" "Yes, what did his Excellency suppose I wanted them for, else?" And then the diplomatist rose to his feet, and gesticulated wildly, saying, "No, no, no, I am afraid of the Russians;" and that in English, after going through the farce of a couple of hours' interpretation. I have my notes now, but, of course, the interview was never published. I scarcely fancy he would have fared so well at

the hands of some American or French interviewers. And, as a matter of fact, I rather felt myself to be victimized, for the intent of my visit had been fully explained by letter, and an appointment made by His Excellency's secretary beforehand. Moreover, I derived no useful information from His Excellency to compensate me for the circumstances under which I was privileged to make his acquaintance. Still his views on Oriental politics remained where they were, as far as I was concerned, since I did not wish to be the innocent cause of his death by strangling, decapitation, or what not, when he returned home to his native land. On the whole, therefore, I should maintain that the English interviewer is a person much more frequently sinned against than sinning in the matter of good faith.

Possibly I may seem to lay myself open to the charge of desiring an egotistic intrusion of my own opinions or fleeting impressions, where they are not needed. That is only a seeming, however. If a special interview is desired by a newspaper of importance, the person, honored with a commission to do it, is expected to do it in his own way, to give the article the coloring more or less, that his work usually has. It is understood, perfectly, that there are many men, not unknown to the public, who require just that amount of friction and guidance which a practised journalist can supply, if a column mainly concerned with their personal opinions is to make palatable and pleasant reading. Of course there are magnates on whose slightest utterance the world waits with bated breath; but there are many public men who are not magnates of this water. Their distinction is recognized by a considerable section of the public, while their dulness is only impartially and properly appraised by journalists. Certain persons of this class "work up" into a very fair interview, where the accident of a day for a moment exaggerates their slight ordinary importance, but no editor, of the intelligence of those with whom my journalistic lot has been cast, would, I imagine, assign them a whole column of undiluted utterance unless for very grave reasons.

This does not arise from prejudice, but from an altruistic compassion for the reader. What an editor wants is an interview that will be read with interest by those, who have perfect faith in the honesty and accuracy of the information conveyed in his journal. If it is a paper of standing among the more intellectual newspaper readers of the capital, then he expects, when he honors his representative with his commission, that on both sides, on the side of the interviewer as well as of the interviewee, there should be manifest an intelligent mental activity. For his own reputation, to say nothing of his livelihood, the interviewer is concerned that his work should be good, and in the main this end is best attained by collaboration.

There is, further, one way especially in which an interview may, in my opinion, be of the greatest service to a public man. Amid the violence of some heated controversy, he may suddenly find himself involved in a very tangle of misconstruction or misrepresentation. He himself may be quite incapable alone of putting himself right with the world, partly because of the obscuring influence of the "ego," partly because he misses the precise points which are prejudicing the general body of observers against him. His very sincerity may be in doubt. Here the cold-blooded interviewer, for whom the fluttered, wounded *amour-propre* of the man is only one more subject for treatment, can step in, and guide the interviewee to the really crucial sources of misunderstanding, and point out exactly where the outsider has gone wrong, or he may enable the interviewee to show conclusively to all intelligent readers of the interview, that he is at least honest and earnest, and not a humbug. In fact, there are a thousand circumstances which may render a man anxious to set himself right with his fellows, and in a large number of them he will find the inter-

view more serviceable than any other form of newspaper publication.

A prejudice, I know, exists in certain quarters against the form of journalism which I have been discussing. One great paper, for example, which publishes interviews conducted in Paris, holds the home-made article in abhorrence, and cannot away with it in its columns. I have received occasionally notes—rarely, however—in which the correspondent has gone out of his way to condemn interviewing in general. The prejudice, however, is not based on knowledge, I imagine. To write to a gentleman on behalf of a paper of position, and ask for a conversation on some topic of general interest, is surely no very iniquitous proceeding. To call on that gentleman by appointment is a perfectly decorous act, and to publish with his consent his observations is no breach of faith. He does not complain, nor the public, which has been interested. Why anybody else should shrug his shoulders and grimace, as if his finer feelings had been wounded, I fail to understand. After all, that prejudice, I take it, is passing away, and, as far as it ever had any real justification, is the outcome of anecdotes of the prowess of the Transatlantic journalist. For myself, I think the interview has come to stay, in one form or another. Sometimes, it may take the shape of an article interspersed with dialogue, sometimes, of an adroitly directed monologue. One can lay down no fixed rules. Each real interview must have its own color, as varying as the moods, or characters, of the different interviewees, though the tone of the individual interviewer may, and in my view should, affect the whole. To conclude, while the interviewer must always be honest and fair, his rôle in the business should be properly understood, and I can only hope that what I have written may prove helpful and convincing to this end.—*National Review.*

## AMERICAN TRAITS.

BY MARTIN MORRIS.

## I.

THE United States have advanced greatly, by leaps and bounds "commensurate with Niagara," since the days when they were known as our American Colonies, and the inhabitants were supposed to hold their land as in the manor of East Greenwich, near London, and to be represented in Parliament by the members of the county and borough which contained that manor. Nevertheless they are still a young people, in a new country, and their history has yet not only to be written but even to be made. Saved from the deluge that spread over England in the seventeenth century, the *Mayflower* is the Noah's Ark of the New World, while, as a nation, the States have existed for little more than a hundred years.

Everything is fresh and young and early. There are no oaks, but there are plenty of acorns. They have excellent breakfasts, but they have no afternoon tea. They have not reached that time of day at all yet. There is no past, but there is a future. The country is in no way mature or classical, nor has it any of the associations of custom and tradition. It is not a growth. It was discovered one fine morning and abruptly started, and that not very long ago. Parts of the West are contemporaneous with last night's mushrooms. Rome was not built in a day, but Chicago was. Time has not so far been able to produce a genuine ruin. I saw no moss. In fine, to say briefly what, though probably heard before, experience and personal observation during a short visit confirm very strongly:—The United States is no ancient historical playground or mediæval demesne of romance; it is not the home of princes and nobles, churches and shrines, castles and galleries. It is no fairyland, nor can it be said to be rich in legends and myths. It does not abound with antiquities and curiosities, and miniatures and fossils. The only relics the

country possesses are living specimens—the Indian and the buffalo—and they are very scarce. A few may still be seen in the Indian Reserves and the National Park: great open-air museums where they are kept and protected. In this broad, open country there are no nooks or crannies. There is little that is picturesque, nothing that is artistic. Finally, there are no persons, nor are there any "splendid paupers."

No: this is the land of the people and the miserable Millionaire. This is the country of new cities and of fresh citizens; of clerks and artisans, lawyers and politicians, manufacturers and miners, merchants and farmers, butchers and brokers; of stores and offices, factories and institutions, trains and trams, bells and wires. Industry and trade, labor and capital, stocks, shares, trusts, rings, pools, strikes, monopolies, and syndicates, these are the powers that reign. I remember well how in New York City, instead of spending one's time as a stranger would in London, at such places as the British Museum or the National Gallery, or Westminster Abbey or the Tower, I passed a long day on Blackwell Island going over jails, reformatories, hospitals, and asylums, seeing idiots, lunatics, criminals, and invalids. The way in which I spent that day in the metropolis of the States was, I thought, very characteristic, and showed in the most typical manner the very different interests of the Old and the New Worlds. The sights and specimens to be seen in America are eminently social and economic.

Of such is the kingdom of "the West and Modern," and as such I was very glad to see it. For, right or wrong, the Americans are the destined pioneers of our civilization. A writer is not much anticipating the importance of the American Republic when, speaking of some event that influenced it, he adds, "and therefore the world." They are the chosen people of the coming century; their country is the Land



of Promise. Accordingly, I looked forward with great joy and hope to seeing the social life and traits of this seventy millions of independent, self-governing people; and, in my opinion, no one who has not a genuine love for humanity, not merely as it manifests itself in particular individuals, but generally as a whole, ought to visit the States. If you have not a deep faith in mankind as a race, and a broad human sympathy, keep away from this mob of undistinguished people. It is but a colorless crowd of barren life to the dilettante—a poisonous field of clover to the cynic.

## II.

And, first, as to the appearance of the land itself: how wild and unsettled it is—the irregular homes, the scattered fields, the unkept roads, the tangled woods—all without finish or fence! Even in New England, forests and underwood cover every inch of soil that is not in cultivation, and the forests there are natural woods, not planted trees. A wide, rough country of waste and wood; of hills and glades which only deer and the wild Indian could properly adorn; with here and there a village or farm-house, all constructed out of the surrounding timber: America is still so unoccupied that, once you leave the large towns, each habitation or village looks like a new settlement, an oasis in the midst of an uninhabited and unexplored region. There are no neighbors. No one ever heard of such a thing as a neighborhood. The people are "located:" that is the nearest you can get to them. There are no homes. The country residences are only great log-huts, luxuriously furnished. None of the buildings are substantial and lasting. The architecture everywhere is rickety. There are no coping stones. In fact, you will find nothing straight in this big country but the streets. Society is higgledy-piggledy. The most of the people are nondescript. There are oysters in abundance, but they have little flavor. Nothing rises above the common level but bricks and "the Elevated" in New York. "One man is as good as another," says the Yankee, and he forgets, like Paddy

enunciating the subtler truth by an Irish bull, as is so often the case, to add, "and betther!" Everything is at sixes and sevens. Development and definition and distinction are a long way off yet. Even to the natives America is a great *terra incognita*. The colloquialisms are significant. No wonder the people "guess" most of their opinions. The whole country is one immense framework of guesses.

It is so large and varied and rich. Here the East and the West meet, and the North vies with the South. It is the child of all nations. Every language finds its spokesman there. Peopled from all parts of the globe, civilized and uncivilized, it contains and absorbs every variety of the mixed race of man, from the pale and bilious New Yorker ("of a horrible whiteness") to the stout and swarthy Southerner; from such tonsorial opposites as the curly undressed crop of the nigger to the sleek, pomatumed hairs of the Yankee. In this land of universal *entrée* and welcome till of late years, the antipodes of humanity, in blacks and whites, or in Irish and Chinese, live side by side and under the same roof. It sports every climate, from arctic cold to torrid heat. A swallow need not leave its shores the whole year round. Sweeping cyclones follow parching droughts. Forest fires alternate with prairie blizzards. Heated air succeeds iced water. Every lavish, copious phrase—such as "There are more fish in the sea than ever came out of it"—applies to it, and helps to describe, or at least suggest, the marvellous fecundity, the countless resources of this huge, undeveloped, prolific, abounding country. There is nothing small or niggardly in it, nor is there anything mean or scanty about this flush, well-fed people. They have no poor law. They are too much alive and rich; only the dead are poor. Wages are high. A bounteous prodigality shows itself everywhere. There are thirteen to every dozen. The margin is never reached. On the contrary, how to dispose of immense fortunes and surpluses is a question of considerable difficulty to individuals and to the nation. Far from having to devise means of raising money in

order to pay off a national debt, the principal difference between the two great political parties is over how best to spend a surplus and keep down the revenue in the future!

Everything is on so grand a scale, from Niagara downward! The woods are forests; the farms, ranches; the lakes, seas. Conflagrations burn down entire cities, and that more than once. Indeed, an American town is hardly one until it has been burnt to the ground three times. Every little city is, as they say, "the biggest little city of its size." Nor can any one forget the very striking appearance of New York City—that strange growth on Manhattan Island—when, after passing through the Narrows, one first sees its colossal buildings, or "sky-scrapers," as they are called. Many of these have more than twenty flats, one above the other, and story high over the loftiest towers and spires. It looked like a town on stilts. I had often heard of castles in the air, but this was the first time I saw houses in the air.

And this great country, stretching from the Atlantic shore to the Pacific slope, and standing itself for the whole continent of America, delineates with like spaciousness the rest of the world, recognizing but two seas, its lateral oceans, and but two other countries, Europe and Asia. I never heard that I was only an European till I visited the States, but there one soon perceives that one has stepped from insularity into continentality, even out of nationality into federalism. Not an island, not even a State, is the boundary. The President and Congress, in their respective executive and legislative control, unite many distant States, from Washington to Florida and from Maine to California. People of widely differing origin and habits and beliefs live under similar laws and customs. In Congress, the local prejudices and provincial peculiarities of forty-five separate States meet, and have to coalesce somehow. In this vast continent, with its supreme Governor and Government, such differences as exist among the many branches of the human race, all which are represented there, are ignored, and the great un-

derlying, elemental similarities, that are common to all civilization, are warmly acknowledged by all alike. That is a remarkable and noble trait. In their wide and liberal administration they are rather anxious to discover those many universal, spinal qualities which we all, however apparently different, have, than to accentuate those few trifling characteristics and variations which separate races and individuals. The Republic was originally started on an axiom which, if not absolutely true, at least helped to win recognition for the great truth, that there are many important elements and factors common to all humanity. The people of each particular State cordially recognize that they are citizens of one country. State freedom and independence have not been found incompatible with national unity and integrity. Be the political parties Democratic or Republican or Prohibition, they are all National. The Americans see that, though the number of stars on their national flag—one for each State—may increase, there can never be more than one sun—the unbroken standard of the Union.

### III.

You do not cross the Atlantic Ocean to find pearls of saline spray, nor do you visit the American democracy to meet persons of striking individuality. You have come to the country of "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people." The citizen is the Sovereign. There are no subjects. There is no man here without a voice in the affairs of his country. There are no menials either by profession or in manner. No one serves; some help. Each man stands for himself, and for no more or less. There are poor people; there are unfortunate people; but there are no beggars. To tip an American is an insult. A man will give you a lift on with your coat, or answer a civil question gratuitously. Every one is in the same box. It is the realm of the average man. The people seemed to me like a great mob of common jurors. There is nothing special about any of them. There are no titles, but each man is entitled to his own. There are

no nobles, but every man is ennobled by the patent of human birthright. Every man carries his sovereignty under his own hat. They have never heard of any distinction between a gentleman and any other man. There are no snobs. And in talking of "the people," it must not be supposed that they are the lower classes as opposed to the upper, since, in the States, "the people" is a wide but definite designation embracing the whole population, with the trifling exception of a small fashionable coterie, whose members, by deliberately buying themselves out, have ceased to belong to or be representative of Democracy, have become little artificial coteries by themselves, and are thoroughly uninteresting and unimportant.

It is, then, the land of the people, and the people are the public. There is no privacy or precedence. All are included, and no one person more than another. Even on the trains there are no classes. There is everywhere a free and easy comradeship between the people, even between the opposite sexes: witness, for example, the charming platonic friendship of the summer girl of Narragansett, who acts as female companion to a young man during his vacation. Everything is as loud and public as the long noisy railroad cars. In this boundless sphere, no one can trespass. No one can poach. There are no enclosures. There are no preserves. Every park is a common; every path, a thoroughfare. There are no walls or hedges, and few palings. It is the country of the open road. No one ever met with a *cul-de-sac*. The inhabitants of that illimitable land have never heard of end or frontier. Behind every ultimate there is yet another. They are still far from the *ultima thule* of their new world. There is plenty of room. Everybody can squat here. Not as at home, where we are so crowded, always in the way of one another, often standing on our neighbor's feet, occasionally alighting heavily on his sore points! I can well say that,—living, as I do, part of the year in London, and the rest of it in the middle of a congested district in the West of Ireland.

And in this land of many currents,

life is a weathercock that may at any moment turn in a new direction, and the people know it, and are always on the watch. There is here no reason why, if you go to the wall, you should not find an aperture somewhere, and begin life all over again on a different plane. The ambitious youth does not make a dead set at a fixed object,—ever happy-go-lucky, for much does go lucky in this fortunate country. There are too many balls rolling for any particular one to receive exclusive attention. He only determines to get on somehow. Although the Yankees are a keen business people, they are not especially persevering or plodding, except when success is within their grasp, when they are very tenacious; but in reaching it, they shift about in the most haphazard manner from one occupation to another, and with astonishing ease and courage. Compared to a John Bull, a Yankee is a Jackanapes of a man. He is not a pattern of steadiness and patience. If he does not succeed immediately at one trade or profession, he quickly moves on to some other, and so on. Any route will do. They do not think more of one than of another. Accordingly, you will often find the same man, a saddler one day, and a senator another. One day a schoolmaster, and the next a harbormaster. A professor of mathematics at one time, and of law at another. Now an attorney, and now an ambassador. Now a surveyor, and now a journalist. To-day the keeper of a dry-goods store, and to-morrow the Governor of a State. Now a boatman, and now the President of the United States. The professions also are not so specialized with them as they are with us. Every lawyer is both a solicitor and a barrister. The Civil Service offices are always changing hands. Politics are professional, and professions are political. The true Yankee is a jack-of-all-trades. He has generally tried each one of them in turn.

He has also the whole of life to work in, for he begins early and never stops. The Yankees are a nation of clerks. You need not tell an American boy to stick close to his desk. He has no desire to play truant. Like a duck to

water, he plunges into business. After leaving college, he willingly takes up his position at a stool for life, being very unlike in that respect his contemporaries at home, who require years of cruel weaning before they recover from the loss of their beloved *Alma Mater*. And business occupies them entirely, and up to the very end. They die sitting at their desks, with checks in their hands, and pens behind their ears. Their last words are *litera scripta*, probably endorsements. And they die young, as a rule, for the wages of work is death. Plato complains that those who pursue philosophy at all, do so only in the intervals of housekeeping and business. But here there are no intervals even. The Yankee is a clerk before he is a man. He is a partner in some business before he is a patriotic citizen, and he has no time to attend to the affairs of his home, or city, or country, or soul. Time and work are synonymous and ceaseless. Wear and tear is their motto. Leisure is undreamt of in their philosophy of life. They never retire. Ex-Judges and Ex-Presidents go back to the Bar. They have no homes to retire to. They live largely in hotels, which, à l'*Americaine*, supply them with every comfort and luxury, for, to a Yankee, the hotel of his choice is for the time being his domicile. He does not think that there is no place like home, either sentimentally or in fact. He is a rolling stone. There is no moss. Everything is in motion. It is not the land of quiet and rest. There are no fixtures. Entire houses even are moved on rollers from one site to another. A man is here to-day and he is off to-morrow—perhaps to the other end of the world or perhaps only a thousand miles to an adjacent town—and it is nearly the same with his house. He “expresses” his luggage or furniture, while, unencumbered, he hurries on himself. Grass grows nowhere—certainly not under their feet. They do everything by electricity, from hanging up. They never walk when they can drive, and they will never drive

when they can fly. They are not, in mind or body, peripatetic philosophers. He who runs may read, but they never do. Employed all their lives at business, their intellectual attainments or opportunities are *nil*. Many of them, I believe, are not aware of there being anything else in the world but money-making. It has been well said that: “What American humanity is most in danger of is an overwhelming prosperity—business, worldliness, materialism;” for the large majority of the men are undoubtedly nothing but clerks with good hearts and handy heads.

Thus, ever in a hurry, you will seldom see even a man, although alone and in the country, with less than two horses and four wheels to convey him. In the towns there are, besides the ordinary vehicles, horse-trams and innumerable electric cars, and New York City has, in addition, “the Elevated,” and is now about to make “an Underground.” Speed is everything. They would move as fast as time. By their wonderful train service, they have indeed conquered space. And these railroads, spreading over the whole country, are the advancing lines of civilization, along which new towns are growing up, from which fact—the towns being built after the railroads have been made, and not as it is with us, where a railway only links old towns—has arisen the very awkward and dangerous difficulty of level crossings. Some towns are simply overrun with trains. Even in the middle of crowded cities they are on the same level as the houses and streets, and the poor pedestrian walks in constant danger of being run over by some train, or electric tram. And these democratic vehicles may apparently kill with perfect impunity. Lives and limbs are of small concern, for there is nothing in America more important than despatch, and a life even is often its victim. Without any compunction or compensation, they will ride over every obstacle, beast or man.—*New Review*.

(To be continued.)



## CRANFORD SOUVENIRS.

BY BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

I HAVE always regretted that I never met Mrs. Gaskell, who must often have stayed at the little town outside the gates of my old home, the town she has so graphically described as "Cranford," and where she lies buried in the Dissenting burial-ground. But though I never met Mrs. Gaskell, I have known the original of at least one of her characters, and heard my mother speak of others. The sturdy upright figure of Captain Brown stands vividly before me; he was of middle height, with a large head and bull neck, and what an American would call a "chunky" figure, somewhat like a marmot when he goes to sleep for the winter. He was one of those friends and retainers who live on into old age, and so are handed down through several generations, and are loved and respected by the children they have seen grow up. For many years Captain Hill, for that was his real name, was adjutant of the Cheshire Yeomanry, of which my grandfather was then colonel, and it was this post which brought him into more intimate relations with us than might otherwise have been the case. He was a self-made man, and had risen, it was said, from being a drummer-boy in the Peninsular War, but his manners and feelings were those of a gentleman. His knowledge of military discipline and details made him a valuable help to his colonel, while his honest upright nature and loyal affection endeared him to us all. My grandfather let him a house in the town at a peppercorn rent, and gave him a pig every year to fatten for bacon. The captain always came to choose his pig among the numerous young porkers disporting themselves in the strawyard. The dear old man never realized that the grandchildren of his colonel were at length grown up; and it was a joke in the family that he would always meet some of us on our return from London with the exclamation, "Why, how you have grown!" On one occasion after dinner we got him to join in a game of Russian Scandal, where a

story is whispered from one to another. The old man was growing deaf, and the story happened to begin thus—"A Queen's counsel said to a leading barrister;" by the time it came to his turn to whisper, he said in a loud voice to his neighbor, "The Queen with a crown upon her head leant over the bannister . . . and, upon my soul, I don't remember a word more." The real captain did not meet with the tragic end related in the story, but died in peaceful old age. He was to the last proud of his Waterloo cloak, his faithful companion for more than fifty years. He laughingly complained that on his return to England after the battle, his ungrateful country fined him ten shillings for marching on the footpath.

Another character, who was supposed to be the original of Miss Matty's lover, was an eccentric Mr. Peter Leigh, a small squire who had property just outside the town; here he had erected an observatory, and yearly published a prophetic weather almanac, which my mother was in the habit of buying. He said that his almanac was generally right, but not always; the occasional failure of his predictions he conveniently ascribed to the disturbances caused by a planet, which he declared to be as yet undiscovered—a planet as useful as the cat which the housemaid makes responsible for the broken china. I have heard my mother say that he once sent an invitation to her, asking the whole family "for two days and two nights, beds included." My father (the late Lord Egerton) was executor to two old ladies in the town, and burnt a number of letters which might have thrown light on the love-affair which probably kept Mr. Peter Leigh a bachelor to the end of his days.

Cranford, or Knutsford, which is its real name, is supposed to date from the time of Canute. A curious custom is still kept up there on the occasion of a wedding, when mottoes and half-moons are drawn in white sand between the cobbles of the street. The

origin of this is thus explained. King Canute, or Knut, forded a neighboring brook, and sat down to shake the sand out of his shoes; while he was doing this a bridal party passed by, and he shook the sand in front of them, and wished them joy and as many children as there were grains of sand!

I remember as a child being taken by my mother to pay a friendly visit to Dr. Holland, who in his younger days had been the family doctor; his house looked on the churchyard, and the ghastly joke was made that he never lost sight of his patients; his son was the famous Sir Henry Holland, and his grandson is the present Viscount Knutsford. Dr. Holland's daughters were very clever, cultivated women, and probably would have admired Dr. Johnson as much as Miss Matty's sister did.

In old days there was no pavement in the narrow streets of Knutsford, nothing but the cobbles for the foot-passengers. An elderly maiden lady having felt the discomfort of this, left a sum of money to be spent in providing a narrow side-walk, wide enough for one person, but not wide enough for two, lest it should encourage courting! Another kind-hearted native, feeling how steep was the hill leading out of the town, built a stone seat into the wall, with this motto carved on it:—

"This seat is put at my expense,  
And Honi soit qui mal y pense."

It was at Knutsford that the elections were held, and one of the neighboring squires, more given to hunting than to oratory, had to make a speech. This weighed heavily on his mind, and one night he was so late in going to bed that his wife went to his room to see what had happened to him; she found him standing in his night-shirt on a chair rehearsing his speech. When at last the day came and he had delivered it on the hustings, he became so excited that he joined in the cheering of his own speech and waved his hat vigorously, when there fluttered down from it sheets of paper. "Eh, mon, here's your spache!" said a bystander from the crowd below, picking

up the scattered papers and handing them to the orator.

The custom of funeral scarfs was kept up in Knutsford, and they were sent to old friends as a compliment. I remember seeing my grandfather come to church with the long ends of his black silk scarf streaming from his hat; it had been sent by the executors of an old lady, the last member of a family he had known. My grandfather, with the absent-mindedness of old age, begged his niece to write and thank her.

We used to go to Knutsford constantly for shopping, or to fetch the afternoon post, or to take a class in the girls' school my grandmother had established. We often went in a small open carriage with a single horse, on which rode a postilion, in the family livery of buff and red and a black velvet cap over his neat wig. I have never elsewhere seen a similar turnout, except at Scarborough, and as my grandmother was from Yorkshire, she may have borrowed the idea from there. It may have been a survival from the days when postilions were more common than coachmen.

I wonder if there is still a town-crier at Knutsford. I have heard my father say that the town-crier used to be dressed in the family livery, as my father was lord of the manor, but that, as the town-crier occasionally got drunk and brought disgrace on the livery, he was given a suit of pepper and salt instead.

Every winter a yeomanry ball was given at the George Inn. Captain Hill always stayed to the end to see that the dancing and drinking were done discreetly, and at seven in the morning he gave a breakfast to those men who had kept up the ball to the last. On one occasion the wife or daughter of a yeoman found, while dancing, one of her white satin shoes pinching her, and taking it off she entrusted it to the care of a lady at the top of the room, and went down the country dance merrily without it.

I have heard my mother say that the chapter at the beginning of "Wives and Daughters," describing the garden party, is an exact account of the parties at Tatton which my grandmother

used to give to the ladies of the town who helped as teachers in the Sunday-school. The garden, where Molly (in the novel) fell asleep on that hot afternoon, and which was the Paradise of

our childhood, still charms a younger generation ; and Cranford, though the quaint old folk are gone, is a flourishing and growing town.—*Temple Bar.*

## THE ROMAN'S VILLEGGIATURA.

BY COUNTESS MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

THE summer palace of some oriental king should be considered, perhaps, the first villa : such a palace as the Generalife must have been, in the days of its splendor, a dream of fair women, bulbuls, and roses. But in the more modest though still delightful modern sense, the country pleasure-house is a distinctly Roman invention. The villa of the private citizen could not have become an institution anywhere unless good and secure roads made access to it easy. This condition was fulfilled under the Roman government to an extent which must seem surprising when we think of the frequent civil convulsions which flooded Italy with dispossessed peasants and disbanded soldiers. The roads were generally safe and almost always good. It was not dangerous to live in an isolated house, though no doubt it was common to have not less than two or three families of free peasants or slaves either lodged in a wing of the master's dwelling or close by it. Thus the villa became possible, but it was the idiosyncrasy of the race that caused it to develop into an established feature of Roman life. The Greek would never have been able to understand the Roman citizen's need of rural retirement.

It was probably well back in republican times that the Roman began to look upon a house out of town as rather a necessity than a luxury. As wealth increased and with it restlessness, the custom of having two or three houses became more and more general. Lucretius describes, with his fine irony, the man of fashion who, terribly bored in his splendid town mansion, sets off suddenly for his villa as if it were on fire and he going to put it out ; but when he arrives there he begins at once to yawn, or goes to sleep, or even

re-orders the horses and returns in an equal hurry to the city. By the Augustan age the two or three villas had grown to be five or six in the case of rich and fashionable people, and they were often as elaborate in their appointments as the house in town. In other instances, they preserved most of the original simplicity of the farmhouse. Horace, for his own time, and Martial and Pliny the Younger for the later period of Trajan, give us abundant information about both kinds of Roman *villeggiatura*.

If Virgil remained always a man of the country, in spite of living mostly in cities, no amount of country life could make Horace other than a man-about-town. When he speaks of the country, it is not as Virgil or as Tibullus spoke of it ; he knows nothing of Nature's mysteries, nothing of the eternal sentiment of the field-building, nothing of the religion of the plough. He is not one of the initiated, but he enjoys, and within his limitations, he appreciates. The country is good for his health and for his appetite. It gives him a rest from the hundred thousand requests and questions with which he is importuned as he walks the streets of Rome. The friend of Maecenas is supposed to be able to arrange any little affair ; to know all the news before it is divulged ; in vain he pleads inability or ignorance. It is all very flattering, and Horace is the last person not to be flattered by it, but too much of it becomes tedious. The whole day goes by frittered away in trifles, and on such days he ardently desires his rural retreat where sleep and leisure, and the Greek poets fill up the tranquil hours, and the evening brings a supper fit for the gods ; beans and bacon washed down by wholesome

wine which costs nothing since it is made on the estate. A friend or two, staying in the house, enliven the board, but the discourse does not run on other people's houses, or on somebody's dancing; serious themes are discussed, such as the nature of good, and what constitutes true happiness; till, for a break, an old neighbor tells the story of "The Town and the Country Mouse," or some other ever-young ancient tale. When Maecenas was going to dine with him, Horace told him that he must not expect Falernian or Formian vintages; there would be only the humble Sabine wine which he had sealed up in a Grecian cask with his own hands, in commemoration of some popular triumph of the illustrious friend to whose generosity he owed the estate where it was grown.

The poet preferred the rusticity of the Sabine farm to the Rome-out-of-town life at Tibur, where he also had a villa. Tibur in the season provided more society than the capital itself; people ran to and fro between the houses of acquaintances as they do between the villas on the Lake of Como. In the Sabine valley the real business of the country occupied every one around if not altogether the poet. In one ode he laments that there will be soon no real country; mansions and parks and ornamental waters replace simple cottages like his own "white country-box;" banks of myrtle and violets encroach on the olive groves; the elms, which supported the vines, are cut down to plant plane-trees or shady laurel walks; ploughed fields disappear in lawns. In this ode it is by chance mentioned that the Romans then liked to build their houses facing north, the contrary to the present preference. "Chi paga per il sole non paga per il dottore," is a proverb which shows the faith put in a sunny aspect by the Romans of to-day. Horace regrets the time when stately public buildings were raised, but each man was content with a poor place for his personal habitation. But the Italian private citizen was already the greatest lover and builder of palaces in the world.

Horace was in all things the poet of moderation (the only one). He could

honestly disclaim earth-hunger, and declare that he never went round his fields longing to make crooked boundaries straight by adding a bit here and enclosing an angle there. Perhaps the fact proves him an amateur; was there ever a man really bred to possess land who was quite free from this form of madness? Of his father's farm in Apulia he seems to have preserved no pleasant childish memories; he remembers how poor the soil was, and he never expresses pain that it went the common way of confiscation. His father, a freedman, eked out his livelihood as a tax-gatherer; it must have strained his every resource to send his son, well provided for, to be educated in Rome instead of placing him in a provincial grammar school, as most of his richer neighbors did with their sons.

Yet Horace knew the charm that comes from possession; the charm of saying "my own fields, my own oxen." He loved the Sabine farm for every reason, but most of all because it belonged to him. He loves it so well that he trembles sometimes lest he should lose it, but he is consoled by the reflection that surely no evil eye will be cast upon so modest a domain. The estate lay under Mount Lucretilis, about thirty miles from Rome, in a valley which is easily identified and which used to be visited by so many English pilgrims, that the peasants were long convinced that Horace was an Englishman. The poet had five families of free husbandmen and eight house-slaves. The homestead was managed by a steward or *fattore*, who gave his master plenty of trouble. He had been a slave in Rome, fed on rations and hard worked, but instead of rejoicing at his improved position, he pined for the tavern and music-hall, and neglected the oxen and let the sluices overflow.

All his life Horace had wished for a piece of land which contained a garden, a stream, and a coppice, and in the Sabine valley he found all three. To take a nap, after his brief meal, on the grass by the stream was to him that exquisite combination of mental and physical ease which man is foolish to despise because it is an enjoyment



within the reach of every other animal as well as of himself. Horace clearly considered both his Sabine farm and his villa at Tibur healthier than the capital, especially in the autumn, "when every father and mother turns pale with fear for their children"—it may be doubted if Rome was so exempt from malarial fever at that time as it is generally thought to have been. Once, when he had promised Maecenas to be away only five days, he remained at Tibur through all the month of August, and he begs his "dear friend," if he would have him keep well, to let him stay yet longer, and even pass the winter out of Rome by the seaside (he was probably thinking of Tarentum).

Yet was not there a spice of truth in the taunt which his servant Davus addressed to the poet, that when he had been too long in the country he grew moped to death? We are almost invited to suspect that there was; the town was, after all, the life of his life. One may be sure, by-the-by, that the worthy Davus himself hated seclusion as much as any Italian servant does to-day. Tibur he may have endured; there he could *far conversazione* with the servants of other villas, but at the Sabine farm with whom could he have *due chiacchiere* except with the steward—another martyr? By immortalizing the amusing criticism of Davus, Horace shows that he was the first to observe that "no man was a hero to his valet."

In the story of Alphius, the Usurer, who resolved to turn countryman, but ended by trying to put out on the Calends the money he had gathered in on the Ides, we see a man who, whatever his education, has a most superior power of appreciating the attractions of the country. The picture he gives of them is the best known, the most popular that exists; even now, when the habit of Latin quotations is gone, few orators can get through a speech on a rural subject without the lines:

"Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,  
(Ut prisca gens mortalium)  
Paterna rura bobus exerceat suis,  
Solutus omni fœnore."

When it comes to the point, however, of abandoning the "something

he does in the city," he will never find the courage to consummate the sacrifice. We all know Alphius: how he looks at every advertisement in the paper of "a desirable Elizabethan residence with grass land sufficient for three cows;" how he corresponds with the advertiser, and even goes regularly to examine eligible freeholds; and we know that he will die as he has lived in the umbrageous recesses of his back office. There are people who go through their whole lives nursing and cockering an ambition which is not insincere, but is completely unreal. It forms the recreation of their dull hours, the romance soaring above their sordid pursuits; it is dressed up to look so exactly as if it were alive that only a man's most intimate friends are aware that he would be alarmed and distressed beyond words if he were tomorrow called upon to turn it from fiction into fact.

The vine-tendrils hanging from tree to tree, the lowing cattle, the honey in the comb, the sheep yielding their thick fleeces to the shearer, the gliding waters, the warbling birds, the holy and healthy sun-tanned peasant bride who piles up the logs for her tired husband's return, and milks the cows, and sets out the evening meal of lamb or kid with olives, mallows, and a jar of wine—who observed them more lovingly than Alphius the Usurer? And sweet it is, he adds, while he sups, to watch the sheep hastening home to the fold, and the weary oxen dragging from the fields the inverted ploughshare. Very sweet, no doubt, but tomorrow he will be back at money-lending.

Horace made only one real study of a husbandman, but it is remarkable for original insight. With few but sure touches he fixes the type of the peasant who, after all, has the best right to represent his class; a type far removed from the open-mouthed yokel to be so well described by Calpurnius, who would not have missed the show in the Arena for all the kine of Lucania. The Ofellus of Horace has a profound contempt for the luxuries of great cities. His predominating quality is a serious patience; his single passion is thrift. He is the peasant who paid the French

war indemnity out of his savings ; the rustic of whom Euripides wrote :

" No showy speaker, but a plain, brave man,  
Who seldom visited the town or courts ;\*  
A yeoman, one of those who save a land,  
Shrewd, one whose acts with his professions  
squared ;  
Untainted, and a blameless life he led."

Ofellus is not, like Melibaeus, consumed by helpless rage at injustice which he cannot fight against. He has realized the fact that man may command his conduct, not his circumstances, and having acquired this knowledge, he lets the learning of the Schools alone. It is a fact that Nature herself is constantly repeating to the tillers of the soil ; they live with her in a primitive relationship which allows no artificial screen to hide her might and their impotence. A fatalist at heart, Ofellus rises superior to fate. Wealth could give him nothing he cares to have, and he has the sense to see (in which he departs, somewhat, from his modern brother) that wealth is an entirely idle word except in so far as it stands for what it can give. When he owned the land which he now cultivates for the spendthrift soldier who turned him out, he and his children lived no more luxuriously than they do now. No meat was eaten in the house on work-days except a piece of smoked bacon, served with pot-herbs. If a friend came to see him, why, he prepared a reasonable feast, for he was no miser ; but a chicken or a kid, with figs and grapes and his own pure wine (of which a libation was duly offered to Ceres), made up the bill of fare—not turbot or oysters brought at a ruinous expense from Rome. Now that he and his sons work for hire, their labor places them above want, and permits them to lead much the same life as before. Fortune can hurt him no more, while she may easily hurt the spoiler by robbing him of his ill-acquired acres ; nay, who knows (though Horace does not say so) that Ofellus will not again become the owner of his land if he save long enough while the other wastes ?

\* This brings to mind the usual declaration of the Italian peasant when he wishes to impress you with his respectability : " I was never in a law court *even as a witness*."

This contribution to the long tale of confiscation is characteristic of the poet who at the age of twenty-five (when the satire was written), looked on life already with a calm, unemotional eye, strictly resolved to walk round windmills, not to charge them. His was the wit of a contented heart, as Heine's was the wit of a broken heart. He had not eaten his bread with sorrow, and he did not know the heavenly powers, but what he did know of life and Nature he could express with a felicity that left little more to be said. Horace's feeling for the country had no depths or heights ; it is the feeling of every Roman, from the senator to the tradesman, from the consul to the money-lender.

The commonplaceness of the taste rendered it a sort of bond of union between all classes. How deeply it was ingrained is proved by its continued existence under conditions not, on the face of things, favorable to it. The increasing mania for sensational and often bloodthirsty spectacles, and the still more ominous increase of unbridled self-indulgence, would seem incompatible with the enjoyment of the country ; yet Martial, who wrote when the vines of Vesuvius were fresh covered with ashes, makes us feel that rural scenes and life were as much appreciated as ever. It is true that he somewhere hints that the master may carry corruption among his dependents, as the French seigneur did among his vassals ; an idea which would have repelled Horace, who always dwelt on the pure morality of the peasantry. There are, however, several rural descriptions in his Epigrams that are wholly pure and bright. We gather that, Spaniard though he was, he took a sound Roman interest in agriculture. He viewed it from the farmer's point of view, which, then as now, was not invariably exhilarating. Martial complains of over-cheapness ; the husbandman was left to feed on his own produce, and as there was more than he could eat, much lay running to waste. There were places where wine sold for less than water ; corn, depreciated by the Egyptian trade as it is now by importations from America and India, sold for *8d.* a

bushel. Even when the harvest was abundant, the cultivator made next to nothing.

But in spite of discouraging statistics, farming was a pleasant occupation for the proprietor who was a little of a capitalist. There is a secret satisfaction in being your own provision merchant. What a fool is a man like Appollinaris, exclaims Martial, "who has a lovely country seat and never goes near it," leaving the bailiffs and caretakers to fatten on the riches of the rare fish-ponds and all the other plenty! Martial himself proposes to give a country banquet composed of lettuces and leeks, eggs cut in slices, cabbage, chicken, and a ham which has already appeared three times at table. If any one should scorn the *menu* let him after an uninterrupted spell of town-life, go straight to a very homely farm-house, by preference belonging to him. How excellent he will think his first meal. He will say that everything tastes alike in towns while this dish of eggs and bacon cooked over a wood fire has a flavor denied to the French *chef's* "*faisans de Bohême, sauce Périguenx.*" The illusion may not last long, but as long as it lasts it is complete. Martial laughs at his friend Bassus who plays pretty at farming and owns a vast town-house out of town where nothing is to be had; poultry, vegetables, and fruit are all brought from the city, and the garden, full of laurels, will certainly never put temptation in the way of the local pilferer. With this gorgeous mansion he contrasts Faustinus' real rural homestead at Baia. There you will not see a park laid out with groves of myrtle, plane-trees and clipped box-hedges. Utility reigns supreme, but it is that utility which charms. Close-pressed heaps of corn fill every corner, and the wine casks are put out to air, smelling strongly of the old vintage. Hither, in the late autumn, the rough vine-dresser brings the ripe grapes. From the valleys comes a sound of the bellowing bulls. The farmyard muster roams at large: cocks and hens, geese and peacocks, even pheasants and partridges which seem to have been reared at home. The turrets are loud with pigeons: the

pigs run after the steward's wife; the lamb bleats as it follows its mother. "Young house-bred slaves, sleek as milk, surround the fire." The steward does not go idling about or playing games; his amusements are useful, he fishes, or net birds, or goes a-hunting. When work is over, friends and neighbors look in and partake of a cordial but informal hospitality; there is enough and to spare for all. The cheerful-faced rustic comes to pay his respects, nor does he come empty-handed; he carries white honey, or conical cheeses, while tall girls, daughters of honest husbandmen, bring their mother's offerings in osier baskets. These were presents, not tribute. There was slavery, not serfdom. The free peasant might be dispossessed by the State, but he was not browbeaten, still less was he knouted, by the lord of the manor.

We think of the little gifts of the English villagers to a popular squire, or, rather, to his wife: the gleanings cake, the basket of damsons, the guinea-fowls' eggs, the elderberry wine, not to speak of pen-wipers, kettle-holders, and mysterious card-trays made of cloves and acorns. The giver understands almost as well as the receiver that the gift is valueless in itself but valuable as a piece of symbolism. And what it symbolizes is not subjection but freedom: the right of the free-born freely to manifest their goodwill.

If the rustic offerings spoken of by Martial mark one kindly custom, another is revealed by the dropping in of neighbors to share the evening meal. We must suppose that Faustinus was a rich and well-educated Roman, yet, like Horace before him, he welcomed the society of his provincial neighbors; he could doubtless "talk of veals," as Dr. Johnson recommended a curate to learn to do, the young man having complained that in his part of the country calves (which were then called "veals") formed the staple conversation. Apart from common interests, there was then in Italy, as there is now, a sort of mental unity between all classes, an intellectual common ground independent of position or education.

"Of all the nations of Europe," wrote Charles Lever in 1864, "I know of none, save Italy, in which the characters are the same in every class and gradation. The appeal you would make to the Italian noble must be the same you would address to the humble peasant on his property. The point of view is invariably identical; the sympathies are always alike. . . . To this trait, of whose existence Cavour well knew, was owing the marvellous unanimity in the nation on the last war with Austria. The appeal to the prince could be addressed, and was addressed, to the peasant. There was not an argument that spoke to the one which was not re-echoed in the heart of the other. In fact, the chain that binds the social condition of Italy is shorter than elsewhere, and the extreme links are less remote from each other than with most nations of Europe."

It is impossible to speak of the Roman villa without mentioning the name of Martial's benefactor, Pliny the Younger, to whom we owe such full and glowing accounts of his various country-houses that some homeless *letterato* once spitefully said that he gave the idea of an auctioneer anxious to dispose of the property. Pliny has a formal right to figure among Roman poets, though we possess none of the verses which his wife sang so sweetly (the wise woman; no wonder that he adored her). They were sung at Rome, too, and even at Athens, which pleased the author, who confesses that he also hummed them to himself now and then, which perhaps means rather frequently. One would like to hear the music of the drawing-room ballad of the Roman world. Pliny does not explain who wrote it; it may have been the rule, as in Elizabethan times, to write verses for well-known airs so that every one could sing them. He speaks modestly about his poems, but it is certain that he cherished a carefully watered little hope of their pleasing posterity. It is probably well for his fame that we are excused from passing judgment on them: he was too good an orator to be a good poet. Montaigne could forgive Cicero for writing verses, but not for publishing them. Still, this literary employment of the leisure of eminent Romans is always interesting to remember, if only because of its analogy among the English public men of our own day.

Poet or no poet, he is the very prince of eulogists of the country-house. It

was the beginning and the end of his dearest pleasures: the port whence he started, the haven to which he returned. Wherever he was, his thoughts wandered to his father's mansion at the end of the lofty avenue in a suburb of Como—"Como, your delight and mine," as he calls it in a letter to Canerius Rufus. It is well worth remarking how from his earliest youth this Italian gentleman was deeply impressed with the duty of the cultured and well-off resident in a country town or rural village to make its interests his own, to endeavor to benefit his local neighbors, both the poor, and those of a higher but yet not affluent class. His first essays at the bar were made in pleading the suits of the people of Tifernum-on-Tiber (his mother's place) with whom he had been a great favorite in his boyhood. When honors and comparative wealth came with his appointment as Consul he thought immediately of building a temple for them at his own expense, "not to be outdone in affection;" and on its completion he took a long journey to be present when it was consecrated. At Como he founded a school, so that the fathers of families might not be obliged to send their sons to Milan to be educated, and he sought the help of Tacitus for finding good masters. He was always encouraging his father-in-law, who was a munificent giver, in works of public utility. That he was kind to his dependents is shown by many traits: he could well apply to himself Homer's line, "He had a father's gentleness for his people." When his slaves died he wept; his only consolation was that he had enfranchised them so that they died free. He sent his servant Zosimus, who was threatened with consumption, to pass the winter in Egypt, and on his return, better but not well, he arranged for him to go to a place in the South of France, where he might try the milk cure. He gave a farm worth £800 to his old nurse.

In addition to his inherited palace, Pliny built two villas on the lake of Como—one higher up, which he called "Tragedy," from which you could see the lateen sails of the fishing-boats skimming the lake at dawn; the other,



"Comedy," on the extreme edge of the shore, so that one could fish from one's bed.\* The Como property had the ineffable charm of early associations; it afforded fishing, hunting, and boating, and its sweet tranquillity invited study, but Pliny's most enviable country-seats were at Laurentum and in the Tuscan Apennines. In addition to these he had a *pied-à-terre* at Tusculum and villas at Tibur and Praeneste. Still he did not pass for a millionaire. The house in Tuscany was built in an amphitheatre of mountains, covered with ancient trees, and skirted by a belt of precious vineyards, below which, again, were pastures. The land abounded in song-birds, flowers, and springs of fresh water. Here the house was turned to the south; from the *loggia* you saw on one side large and fruitful fields, on the other well-kept lawns, roses from Tarentum, Pompeian fig-trees, and whatever Italy could provide of best. In a cool court a perpetual jet of water freshened the air. A friend wrote to Pliny to dissuade him from going to his Tuscan estate in summer, as he thought that it must be unhealthy; Pliny answered that, although the coast (the Maremma) is not only unhealthy but pestilential, there was no fear of illness in his high valley, where people attained great ages and all seasons were delightful. The spring, perhaps, was the most perfect time; but there was no great heat in summer, and the rather sharp winters could be borne, as the house was artificially heated as well as being full of sun. Of course, hot and cold baths, on the most approved system, were ready at all hours. The reception rooms were arranged to afford the greatest variety of view; one of them was decorated in the Pompeian style, with a marble dado, surmounted by wall-paintings of trees and birds. Out of doors, tennis and riding gave the needful exercise; Pliny was more proud of the riding-ground than of any other thing connected with the villa; it was surrounded by old plane-trees, linked together with festoons of

ivy. At its extreme end it formed a semi-circle, cypresses taking the place of the plane-trees, and inside these was a hedge of roses.

Laurentum was in Pliny's time the Brighton of Rome. It was approached by two pleasant roads, passing through dense woods or broad, open spaces, enlivened by horses, sheep, and oxen, as the Campagna is now. The distance was not too great for you to run down after finishing your day's business in the capital. Scipio once picked up shells along that shore as an ease from public cares.

Pliny's house at Laurentum was what he called unpretentious, but comfort had been most carefully studied, and even the servants' rooms were so neat that guests might have occupied them. The villa was flooded with air and light; it was all doors and windows. A glazed gallery led from the courtyard to the dining-room. Behind were woods and mountains; in front, the Mediterranean. There was a tower with a splendid view: Pliny often had his dinner carried up to this tower, just as in the Apennines he would dine, seated on a marble seat, beside the marble basin of clear water at the end of his garden. What a delicate pleasure in life is shown by the little fact of these wandering meals. I knew a Lombard nobleman who had the same fancy: he even once gave a dinner-party in a boat moored in front of his villa on the lake of Garda.

Chosen books to read and re-read stocked the shelves of Pliny's seaside library, and here, too, there was a tennis court as well as a magnificent swimming bath. Like all Romans of that date, Pliny had a passion for collecting, but he did not put his most valuable treasures in the Laurentine house which he wished to keep "modest and simple." One of his best "finds," a Corinthian brass statue of an old man, he sent to the Temple of Jupiter, desiring only that his name and titles should be inscribed on the pedestal. A modern donor would not accompany the gift by that request, but, perhaps, he would be exceedingly disappointed if the thing asked for were left undone.

Hadrian's "villa," near Tivoli, which was seven miles round, and Dio-

\* The intermittent fountain, about which he was so curious, still rises near what is called (but without historical warrant) the "Villa Pliniana."

cletian's "retreat," the ruins of which form the town of Spalato, show the Roman taste for the country run wild and grown monstrous. After the Empire fell, for a while terror and insecurity drove men to stay in towns when they could not build for themselves fortified castles; the antithesis of the villa. But with the first opportunity the old love reappeared. In other countries the castle gave birth to the exclusive country-seat where the great noble lived as a king. The town-house, if there was one, was a secondary affair; often there was none, as is the case to this day in Austria and Hungary. In Italy, on the other hand, there was a reversion to the Roman arrangement; the house in the city was the most important, but it

was supplemented by more or less numerous, more or less splendid, villas. Not to have two houses was destitution. Hence the crown of villas around any characteristically Italian town; Brescia, or Vicenza, or Trento. The untravelled Italian looks in amazement at the well-to-do Englishman who admits that he has only one home. An Italian "person of quality" who was obliged for the sake of economy to spend all the year at his villa might complain, as Browning makes him complain, but were he forced to pass twelve months in the vaunted city-square there would possibly be suicide instead of sighs. This time the poet, who dived deep in the Italian mind, only brings to the surface half a truth. —*Contemporary Review*.

## LION HUNTING BEYOND THE HAUD.

BY H. C. LOWTHER.

BEING a member of the profession of arms, I thought myself very lucky when I last year found myself entitled to sufficient leave to make it worth while going abroad in search of sport. A brother officer being in the same enviable position, we decided to join forces, and to "go foreign" together to some spot where sport and economy could simultaneously be practised. Various localities, from the Zambesi to the Pamirs, came under consideration, but in the end we decided to take tickets for Aden and to try our luck in Somaliland.

I will not presume too much on any one's geographical knowledge, but will say at once that the country in question occupies the most easterly corner of Africa, and adjoins Abyssinia. Those who examine a German map will find that the sphere of British influence is depicted as being very small indeed; while those who look at an English map will notice a corresponding decrease of French, Italian, and German influence, as represented by the dabs of various colors which are spread about the chart of this barren promontory.

We will leave the account of the

journey to Aden to the guide books, and will commence with our arrival at that cheerless rock. The welcome of the Assistant Resident there (why should any one want assistance to reside anywhere?) was not encouraging, being as follows: "Oh, you're here, are you? We were just going to wire to the Foreign Office to stop you. I don't know where you can go, the country is shot out." Cheerful, this! But our discouragement was not commensurate with the poor prospect he afforded us; and, seeing we were bent on going, this gentleman afforded us every assistance in his power. After two days at Aden my companion, whom I will call V., went over to Berberah, from which place we had decided to go up country, for the purpose of buying camels and other necessities and of engaging men. I spent a boresome fortnight at Aden, awaiting the cargo boat with our stores, ammunition, and guns. At last she arrived, the goods were transhipped to the *Tuna*, a little tub plying from Aden to the Somali coast, I got on board—a proceeding materially altering her draught—and off we went.

Reaching Berberah on a Thursday

evening, we passed one night there under the roof of the Political Resident, whose hospitality to sportsmen is unending; hustled about all the following morning from sunrise, arranging loads, and by ten o'clock were on the move for the interior.

At this point it would not be out of place to give some slight description of the *personnel* of our expedition, as well as the manner in which a large "kafala," or caravan, progresses through the country. First in importance came Hadj Achmed Warsama, our interpreter and head man, a tall, slight fellow of about thirty-five years of age with close-shaven head and immense mouth disclosing a row of gleaming white teeth: a great man in the estimation of all the others, having three times made the journey to Mecca and having a fourth trip in prospect. He had been fifteen years in the English Navy as interpreter, and had accompanied Admiral Hewitt on his mission to Abyssinia. His long spell of British service gave him, of course, an excellent command of the English tongue, though perhaps his expressions sometimes savored rather of the fo'c'sle. His authority over the camel men was complete, and those who have had to deal with colored races well know how greatly a powerful lieutenant adds to the pleasure of an expedition of this kind. To any one who may undertake a journey of similar character to ours I would say: spare no expense to get a good head man; they are hard to find and require high wages; but, for our part, we never had reason to regret one single anna of the large wages and "backsheesh" we paid to Hadj Achmed. Next perhaps in importance comes Deria Ali, our swarthy *chef*; a little wizened-up old fellow, much given to complaining of, and quarreling with, the other members of the outfit, but, on the other hand, a first-class jungle cook. He had seen a good deal of the world, having visited Melbourne and other places in Australia; not finding them to his liking, however, he had returned to his native jungle. His wardrobe was, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar;" one day he would appear wearing a tarboosh, two

yards of calico, and a spear; the next day very tight trousers and an old military overcoat; another day an ancient and porous mackintosh, of which he said, "Him cost me five pounds at Melbourne." On the march his duty was to drive the sheep; poor, white, fat-tailed things, they got so used to marching that after a few days they needed no driving, and would follow like dogs, getting gradually killed off day by day till they were all gone, and a fresh lot had to be bought to fill their place. It was necessary to take sheep with us in order to keep the pot supplied when our time was devoted exclusively to the pursuit of lions. On such occasions it would have been fatal to sport to discharge a rifle in order to supply ourselves with food. One sheep marched with us for about two hundred and forty miles, his day of execution having been postponed to the very last because we had become so mutually attached: when he was killed he was barely eatable!

V. and I had each our two shikaris, who always accompanied us. We were very fortunate in securing some of the best in the country, Nur Farah, who was with V., and Aden Ateya, who was my head shikari, being particularly well known. The latter was a little bullet headed fellow of about five feet four in height, broad-shouldered and sturdy, with a remarkable faculty for going up hill at a steady run with no apparent inconvenience to himself. Brave as the lion it is his profession to pursue, he often erred on the side of impetuosity and rashness, but withal he was a wonderful tracker and stalker and fully conversant with the habits of all game. His chief drawback was his religious mania, for I can call it nothing else, which sometimes drove him into fits similar to those of the howling dervishes at Cairo; of this, however, we managed to cure him in a short time; we told him that he would have to pay for any damage done to or by the camels if they stampeded in consequence of his antics, and finally threatened him with immediate discharge if he had another fit. He did not. Geleh Hared, my second shikari, was almost as good a hunter as his superior—a tall slight boy of about nine-

teen, quite indefatigable and most willing. He had had some experience of Europeans when travelling with Captain Swayne, R.E., and I think I am right in saying that in his company he had visited Harar. He could not speak ten words of English, but had a slight knowledge of the Harari language.

The camel men, fourteen of whom we armed with Snider carbines, were all engaged for us by Captain Abud at Berberah, and a better set of fellows I never wish to see; willing and cheerful to a degree, they took all the hardships they had to undergo as part of the day's work. Occasional discontent, arising out of nothing, was invariably suppressed as easily as it arose; we always followed the plan of carefully investigating every matter of the kind that was brought before us and doing justice to the utmost of our power. Many people, in dealing with a Somali, take it for granted that he is not telling the truth; true, the chances are against it, but he is such a child that he will convict himself of untruth in the first moment and be the first to laugh at it himself. Burton, in his *First Footsteps in East Africa*, well describes the rapid flight of the Somali temper from one extreme to the other, and it is indeed astonishing to see the man at whose childishness you have smiled one day capable of the most horrible cruelties the next. The Somalis are a peculiar race, in that they have no written language, no musical instruments, little or no filial affection, and rarely any gratitude. Their insensibility to pain is remarkable. I have seen Aden smiling and chewing tobacco, while Geleh burnt little holes in his back with a red hot stick. Fear of death is an unknown quantity among them.

I must not omit to mention Aden Muhammad, V.'s syce; he was a great character and an excellent boy; he never seemed to tire, and was always ready to do every one else's work besides his own. One feat of his deserves especial remark. We had found a lioness in an open plain about six miles wide, and fearing we should lose her in the bushes, we sent Aden off for a pony to "round her up" till we could get there. He got the pony and gal-

loped off, armed only with a little throwing spear, over ground honey-combed with holes (one of which gave him a heavy fall), and headed off the lioness; time after time he brought her to bay under a bush, and time after time she charged, and he was obliged to gallop for his life till he had distanced her; at last we got up to where he was, and the lioness was secured. This appears to me to be an act of as high courage as one can look for in any one, white or black. Only once did we have to reprimand him, and then his offence tended toward the ludicrous. It was as follows:—As V. and I were walking along some distance behind the kafala we saw an old man, near a village, crying and raising a great commotion: off we went to inquire what was the matter, and found that Master Aden and Bulaleh, my own syce, had stolen the old man's sword from him and gone off with it. Of course restitution was made, and the two syces were put on guard for a whole night as punishment, regardless of their protests. They took it very good-humoredly, but paid us out by waking us every hour or two through the night to tell us they had heard a lion in the neighborhood. Which they had not.

To return to our kafala. The camel loads were of a very varied nature, nothing being procurable in the interior but a little meat and milk, and that only during the rains; so we had to carry with us everything that we were likely to need. The men were rationed with a pound of rice, half that amount of dates, and two ounces of ghee per man per diem. As they numbered twenty-five and we carried rations for a hundred days, it will be seen that this item alone represented a considerable amount of transport. A Somali camel carries a load of about two hundred pounds, but that amount varies greatly with the size, condition, and age of the animal, and with the work he has lately done and is expected to do. It is a good rough computation to say that one camel carries rations sufficient for twenty-five men for eight days. Seven camels were devoted to the transport of water; some carried casks containing twenty-six gallons



each, one on each side, the very best possible way of carrying water on camel back ; while others were loaded with "harns," as the native water vessels are called. They are woven of the inner bark of a tree and grass, and are saturated in ghee to make them watertight. They are of the shape of a short fat cigar, one end being removable and forming a cup. The whole is enclosed in a cage of strong twigs, to which the ropes are made fast, which lash it on to the back of the camel. Our own private stores were packed in 50-lb. boxes, a selection of goods being put in each, so that only one, or two at most, were in use at a time. This plan I can strongly recommend to other travellers, as the trouble and annoyance of having to open box after box to find some necessary article is very great, besides which damage is done to the boxes by constant opening and nailing up, and in the hurry articles are not properly repacked, thus getting broken or spoiled. One camel carried our tent (in two packages) and our clothes and books (in two kit bags). Ammunition, spare rifles, calico for presents and barter, tobacco for the same purpose, together with a few tools and spare rope, pretty well complete the list of our *matériel*.

The manner in which a load is fixed on a camel is not unworthy of description. The Somali has no saddle for his camel, but uses in its place a thick pad of mats, "hârus," which on camping he uses as a roof and walls for his hut, hanging them over curved sticks after the manner of gypsy huts in England. The soft hâru forming the padding next the camel's skin he uses as a couch. The camel having been made to lie down, after much grunting and roaring on his part, he is securely knee-haltered by passing the halter under each knee and over his neck, on the top of which it is tied. The soft hâru is then put on his back, covering all but his head and tail, and the front part folded back to make a double thickness over the withers and hump. (The hump of the Somali camel, by the way, is not nearly such a marked feature as that of the Arabian camel.) On this are placed the remainder of the hârus to the extent of from six to nine

thicknesses of mat. The loading rope, a long double-plaited grass rope, is then put on so as to form a complete harness, consisting of breast-plate, double girth, and crupper, but never passing *over* the back, the harness being lifted up as much as possible so as to leave the spine clear after the manner of an ordinary English saddle. The load having first been carefully balanced, it is then secured by lashing it to the loading rope. This adjustment of loads is a most important consideration in the marching of a kafala : for, if it is not properly attended to, loads will roll off, or shift backward and forward, or, worse still, the camel will get a sore back and be rendered unfit for work, necessitating the division of his load among other camels.

Our loads being all properly divided and adjusted, we will march off. As each camel man gets his two camels loaded up he ties the halter of one of them to the tail of the other, whose halter he in turn ties to any unoccupied tail he can see ; a fairly fast, steady camel is chosen to lead, and, as soon as the whole of the kafala is strung together, the order is given to march off. For the first mile or so the camel men stay by their respective charges to see that the loads are travelling all right ; when satisfied that this is the case they gather into knots in front, in rear, or on the flanks and indulge in chaff, songs of sorts and occasional prayer, the latter entailing a run of a mile or so to catch the caravan up again. If in a district whose friendliness is doubted, a careful watch is of course kept while on the march, and no straggling allowed. The shikaris, as a rule, formed the advanced guard, while the ponies and syces brought up the rear. If the ponies are allowed to get in front the whole rate of marching will be retarded, as a Somali pony only walks two miles an hour when loose, a camel's ordinary pace being half a mile per hour more.

The usual day's work when on the march was as follows :—*Réveil* at three, a cup of coffee and biscuit, camp struck, loaded up and off at four, steady marching till ten or thereabouts, when we would find the shadiest spot we could, and halt for from four to five hours,

during which time we had breakfast, wrote up diaries, took any necessary astronomical observations. About two and a half hours' more marching in the afternoon brought us to the night's camping ground toward five o'clock. Then there was a thorn zareba to be made, dinner to be prepared, beds put out, perhaps a little doctoring to be done, and sometimes time to read a book for a few minutes before dark. At sundown Achmed called the faithful to prayers, and such as felt like it attended; during the Ramadân indeed there were very few absentees, but at other times the attendance was smaller. As soon as the men had done their prayers our dinner was served by the "butler," Jama Agg' Elli, a capital boy whom we picked up in Aden. I quote the *carte du jour* from a letter written home: "Potage tabloide, tournedos de Koodoo a l'oignon. Pain. Confiture. Café. — Vins. Whisky. Eau alkaline." Very soon after sunset the temperature begins to fall, and at such a rapid rate that by seven o'clock we are generally glad to put on our thickest coats and sometimes to wrap rugs round us.

Some of those evenings in the jungle are among my pleasantest recollections. What greater pleasure than coming in from a successful hunt to find that one's companion has had his share of sport, and, over the post-prandial coffee, to mutually recite one's experiences of the day? The darkness succeeding the fall of day is just giving way to the bright light of the rising moon, whose rapidly widening silver edge we see through the tops of the mimosa jungle. The circle of fires in the zareba throws a ruddy glow on the picturesque figures of the men grouped about them at their meal or preparing for rest. In the far distance we hear the howl of the hyena or the gruff bark of the questing lion. His majesty may perhaps be inclined to visit us later in the evening; very well, we will give him a royal reception. "Achmed, tell Aden to put the ten-bore and half-a-dozen cartridges by my bed!" Eight o'clock—time to turn in. "Where's my revolver? Ah! here it is. I will put it under the pillow as usual for fear of accidents." "Good-night!"

"Night!" and we are soon asleep to a brief lullaby from the sentry, who never ceases singing throughout his watch; asleep, but not a heavy slumber; any unusual noise and we shall both be wide awake, having woken up suddenly without a movement, unless it be that of a hand to a weapon; wide awake, to drop off again the moment we are satisfied that all is well. It is a wonderful faculty of the human mind which enables it to adapt its sleep to circumstances; at home we lay our heads down and sleep till shouted at by a servant who has banged about the room for ten minutes previously; go to the jungle or the prairie, and our sleep is set on a hair-trigger, we wake ten times in the night and ten times we are asleep again within half a minute, having made sure all is right. As the night advances we are glad to pull the waterproof sheets over us, sometimes right over our heads, to keep off the heavy dew, which otherwise would soak us to the skin. Long before daylight Jama would be called by the sentry (whose clock was a star), and in his turn go and wake V. with the remark, "I think so, sir, it half past three." V., drawing his watch—our only chronometer—from under his pillow, would check the accuracy of Jama's assertion with the aid of a match, and, if his statement held water, would order a start. My own watch, a cheap one, broke down very soon after entering the Haud, so we had to rely entirely on V.'s timepiece, an excellent lever watch, for our observations. On one occasion the sentry must have dropped off to sleep for a moment and woken up again to find the stars obscured by clouds. Thinking apparently that he had had a prolonged nap, he woke Jama, who addressed to V. his usual matutinal salutation of "I think so, sir, it half-past three." Imagine my companion's feelings when he found, on consulting his watch, that it was only just midnight! It was wonderful to observe the celerity with which our camp was pitched or broken. About half an hour sufficed to see a thorn zareba built, and every one comfortably settled down after arrival at a fresh camp, while forty-five minutes from the ejaculation

by either of us of the mystic word "Warsókahaiyáh" (what it means the writer has not a notion, but its action never failed), not a vestige would remain to mark the spot where men, camels, and horses had lately lived, moved, and had their being.

In appearance the Somal has the advantage of most colored and of many white races. He is as a rule tall, slight, and well set up, with well-formed limbs covered with a ruddy brown skin, the texture of which would excite envy in the heart of many a European beauty. The features have, as a rule, nothing in common with the coarse negro type which prevails in Nubia and the Soudan, but rather incline toward the Semitic type. Thick lips are the exception, not the rule, and a broad flat nose is also a rarity. The hair, when the head is not clean shaved, is allowed to grow straight out from the head in every direction, giving a very wild appearance to the owner; among the Esa and Gadabursi tribes the hair seems to be softer, and hangs down to the nape of the neck in long closely curled ringlets. The women throughout the country have the hair enclosed in a dark blue fillet, a difference in the disposition of the latter distinguishing between a married and an unmarried woman.

The first fourteen days were of little interest except to ourselves, steady travelling, at about twenty miles per diem, being the rule. We knew it was no good stopping short of Hargaisa, as the coast range has been shot out during the last three or four years; and our best chance of sport seemed to be to cross the "Haud" (not "Hand" as recently described in the *Field*), a waterless plateau extending for three hundred miles east and west, and being about one hundred miles wide. Accordingly, after a short delay at Hargaisa to obtain extra camels, for water, and to make arrangements with the local sheikh about keeping any letters that might be forwarded to us, we set out on our five waterless days' march. On two successive mornings we found numerous lion tracks on the path, and in one case found traces of a lion having been driven from his morning meal of oryx by our approach; not being

provided for delay beyond the necessary five days, we did not molest them at the time, but noted their positions for future guidance. A lion, if undisturbed, will work the same district for months at a time, leaving it every six to ten days to go for water, according to the weather and the amount he has eaten. The writer had the good fortune a fortnight later to be able to follow exactly the movements of a troop of five lions and lionesses for seven days, during which time they never left a radius of ten miles; perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact that he missed them consistently for three of those days and on the seventh killed one; the remaining four devoured all that was mortal of their poor friend that night, and were no more seen.

The Haud was crossed without any staving in of water-casks or other misadventure such as generally happens to novices, and the morning of the fifth day saw us in Milmil. A two days' halt brought me good luck in the shape of a greater koodoo, that splendid, spiral-horned antelope so well depicted in Mr. Selous's recent book. This was the second one I had got since starting, in each case a lucky shot on the top of a lucky find having brought about the desired result. One very seldom gets a specimen without a lot of climbing over the most rugged hills imaginable. Captain Swayne, in his report on the antelope of Somaliland, says: "A fortnight's hard climbing is amply repaid by a good pair of horns." (The present writer, never having been a feather-weight, is better on the flat than on the hill.) The first place where we really settled down to business was Awäre, twenty-five miles east of Milmil, a slight cup in a plateau where sufficient water collects to provide for a small number of people throughout the dry season. Lion and rhino tracks on the way there, coupled with a visit from two lions the same night, augured well for sport.

As soon as it was light, the morning after our arrival, we were off together on the tracks of the larger of the two lions whose tracks we had found. V. took the right, I the left, two of the shikaris keeping on the track itself in the centre. Three hours' steady track-

ing brought us to some grass about ten feet in height, and quite impossible to see far through. The surrounding country was mimosa forest, a distant view in any direction being impossible. As we were making our way cautiously along I heard a shot from V., followed by a most awful moaning roar about twenty yards away; my shikari Aden and I were round like a flash, at the "ready" position, standing, as we expected trouble, but two more shots and the succeeding silence assured us of V.'s success. As we moved round to where he was standing, close to a splendid old black-maned lion, the *ayces* and shikaris were just commencing the song of triumph which is always sung when a male lion has been bagged. There was extra rejoicing over the death of this one, as he had been a well-known man-eater, *thirty-five* (call it *ten*!) deaths being laid at his door, in addition to being the first lion of the trip. On the way home I was successful in bagging a fine bull oryx, which fell to the first shot from my little single .450 Express, making me more pleased than ever with the weapon which had come to hand only three days before our departure.

The next day is worthy of record. According to custom we had started off in opposite directions from camp as soon as the sun appeared. I had almost given up hope of sport, my shikaris and I having walked about ten miles without a vestige of a lion track, when we came on quite fresh signs of two bigish lions that had been hunting oryx; the tracks were so fresh that we knew we could not be far behind them, and exercised consequent caution. Through all the intricacies of their hunting prowl we followed them; now and again one could see where one of them had made a spring at an oryx and missed, or where the oryx had taken fright and bolted off. At last the place where they had rested in the morning was reached, and from there the tracks went straight away for about five miles, through a light thorn jungle interspersed with patches of high grass. I thought they must have escaped us, and was inclined to despair when Geleh, my second shikari, who was in front, suddenly stopped and bobbed down; I

naturally did the same, took my double 10-bore from him, and looked cautiously up over the top of the thorn-bush in front. We were at the edge of an open grass glade about a hundred yards wide, bounded by mimosa trees and high grass. We were concealed by the bush in front of us, which was of just sufficient height to enable me to fire over its flat top. Beyond it I could discern the yellow forms of the two lionesses, for such they proved to be, lying flat on their left sides, their hind feet pointing straight toward us, not forty yards distant. They were absolutely unaware of our presence, and lay as if dead. Had the day not been cloudy they would doubtless, according to their habit, have been sleeping in the jungle; on this occasion the rare event of an overcast sky had tempted them into the open to their own destruction and the ultimate advantage of the writer. As the two great cats lay there, fast asleep, I could not help waiting a moment before firing, as I felt sure they would not wake now, the wind being the other way; and it is not given to many people to see lions in their native state in this peaceful condition. I suspect, however, that the moment's delay was not quite so long as it seemed, but it was long enough for me to see that the further one was a lioness; thinking, therefore, that the nearer one, whose head I could not see, was a lion, I fired, aiming for a spot just behind the elbow; as I did so the other one looked up over her shoulder and almost simultaneously got the contents of the left barrel in the neck, killing her at once. The first one fired at—which proved also to be a lioness—still moved; but Geleh, thinking her vitality less than it really was, strolled up to her, putting the butt of my Winchester on her head; as he did so she seized it in her mouth, nearly perforating it with her teeth, thereby giving him such a respect for dead (!) lions that he was ever afterward most cautious in dealing with them. I had to give her a shot from the .450 Express before it was considered politic to commence skinning the other one which lay close by. This operation was not a long one, and the



pelts and skulls were soon made up in bundles ready to pack on a pony. The latter was very averse to this operation, and was only brought to reason by having his nostrils rubbed with a piece of the flesh of one of the lions. To the load was added a considerable amount of the inside fat, a perquisite of the shikaris; this is melted and bottled by them, and afterward sold for a considerable price to native doctors on the coast and at Aden. It is highly valued by them for its supposed medicinal qualities, being rubbed into those who suffer from rheumatism and fever.

On reaching camp that evening we found that V. had got a tremendous female rhino with a fine front horn. His shikaris too had had a scare; for, as they were dancing on the body of the supposed defunct pachyderm, she had given a grunt, and looked round to see what was up. I believe their activity in regaining their rifles was marvellous.

It was in the neighborhood of Awàre that the writer caught sight of some "Debbo Tag" or "Clarke's gazelle," one of the rarest of East African antelope, only having been shot for the first time about four years ago. A few days later, having no further sport, we moved two journeys north-west into the Haud, to Doa-ahleh, the spot where we had seen the tracks on our journey south. A week's stay here increased our tale of lions by one each—a week to be passed over by the writer as lightly as possible. For four days he tracked from dawn to afternoon with always the same result, a galloping shot with 10-bore and a miss over the top constituting the usual *finale* to the proceedings. The fifth day saw the heavy rifle relegated to close-work, its place for moving shots being taken by the little .450 Express, with which in his hands the writer did not lose a single lion.

A description of a certain morning's work will show how easily a good chance may be missed by a novice through ignorance of the sport. V. and I had been for some hours on the track of a band of lions numbering five, besides what Nur Farah called "the two small boy" (two cubs). At last we came to the fresh trace of

where something had been dragged into a patch of high grass, the tracks being so fresh as to leave little doubt that the lions were concealed in it, and probably busy feeding. Instead of going right round the thicket, as we should have done, our shikaris insisted on our walking straight down a slight opening into the centre of it. The result of this move was that we walked almost on to the lions as they were devouring a dead oryx. I saw a lioness creeping through the bush ten yards ahead of us, and fired through the branches with no perceptible result. Almost at the same instant another lioness rose up under a tree rather further away, and started toward us, looking very nasty; before her head was fairly lowered V., who had dropped on one knee, fired, striking her in the region of the shoulder. She spun round and round half a dozen times like a top, and we lost sight of her. Aden and I dashed forward after a fine male lion he had caught sight of, and followed it up for some hours, but without success, the ground being hard and unfavorable for tracking. We made out that his tracks turned in the direction of the place where he had been found, and then we lost him. V. had had no better luck with his wounded lioness, the blood trail having ceased after a short while, making tracking impossible. Disconsolately we turned our steps campward, after a short halt for rest and abuse of our luck. Passing a patch of grass a few hundred yards from where we had rested, it was thought advisable to spread and walk through it in line. The moment we entered it Nur Farah spied a yellow object creeping along close to him. He shouted to V., who fired at close range at the object, scarcely knowing what it was; the first shot, which failed to touch it, startled it, and off went the beast with huge bounds over the grass tussocks, showing it to be the lion I had been after all the morning. He must have circled round after we had given him up, and probably intended to return to the meal from which we had disturbed him. We pursued him for a short distance, but we could see by the tracks that his gallop never flagged at all, and we soon aban-

doned the chase. Had we not then been such green hands at the game the morning's bag would probably have been three lions at least, instead of nil. The first mistake was in blundering into the grass where we found them, instead of giving the matter a few moments' consideration, during which they would probably have revealed their actual position, by the noise made in crunching bones. The second was tearing in after our shots instead of waiting for another chance which, with so many lions in the covert, would probably have offered itself. The third was to start off at once in pursuit of a lion disturbed while feeding. A lion, after its first bolt away from the hunter, generally stops after a little while to see if he is being pursued; if he has left food behind him, the probability is that he will return cautiously to finish it; if not, he will walk gently on to his destination. If, on the other hand, he sees among the trunks of the mimosa bushes two or three pairs of legs rapidly advancing in his direction, he will break into a canter, followed by a steady jog-trot, and will probably not stop before sundown. With a *very* big heavy lion the case is rather different, as, having more to carry, he is much affected by the heat, and it is usually possible, on good tracking ground, to walk him down. In the case in point we ought to have lain behind a bush near the bones of the oryx, when our patience would almost certainly have been rewarded by a shot.

In this neighborhood we succeeded in adding a young lion and a lioness to the bag. The latter fell to V.'s rifle by a curious shot. The bullet broke the neck, and the fore quarters of the lioness subsided with the head underneath, the hind quarters remaining raised as though the beast were kneeling down; after half a minute she rolled over on her side, stone dead. My young lion gave me some excitement. He also was struck in the neck, just above the spine, the bullet passing completely through; when he caught sight of us coming into the clearing where he lay, he endeavored, though half paralyzed, to make a rush at us. It was with the greatest difficulty that

I could restrain the shikaris from letting drive at him, I myself administering the *coup de grâce* behind the ear at a distance of about fifteen yards. It is curious how invisible a lion is in the jungle so long as he keeps still. In this instance I had looked straight at my lion through the bushes, as he sat up on his hind quarters, and thought he was the dead trunk of a tree. His back was toward us, and it was not till he turned his head that I realized what he was. The natives told us that the color of the skin of both rhinoceros and lion varies with the color of the soil. Our own short experience quite bore this out, the lions killed on dark soil having a much bluer tinge than those which we had secured on the red ground.

As we intended striking west from here, we now paid off Sheikh Muhammad, son of Sheikh Elmi, the head man of Milmil, who had been with us ever since our arrival at the latter place, three weeks in all. He was a most obliging little man and an excellent guide. If he had a fault, it was his proclivity for saying his prayers at inconvenient moments. He amused us very much when it came to giving him the money. We first had an interview with him, to see with what amount he would be pleased. Rs. 24 was fixed on as a sum with which he would be amply satisfied. He then begged to be paid Rs. 16 in his brother's presence, in order that the latter should believe it to be the whole sum, as he would be sure to demand a share; the remaining money was to be paid him secretly after dark. This artfulness on the part of what Achmed described as "*De mos religiones man*" was rather quaint. We had some little trouble in getting away from Dagha-boor, owing to the unwillingness of the sheikh to let us have a guide. This was due to the fact that he and his family were being rationed by our people, and were naturally loth to cut off their free supplies by their own action.

One morning, while deliberating about our future movements, a native came in with *khobar* (news) of a lion track close by. We started off at once together to follow it up. Aden and Geleh were leading the way, each car-

rying a rifle, when suddenly I saw them put the rifles down against some bushes, and fly at one another. They were on the ground in a moment, tearing and hitting at each other. Nur Farah seized one, I the other, and we dragged them apart, while they panted and cursed with rage. A summary court-martial and inquiry was held, when we found that the whole thing had arisen from my having told Geleh that the rifles were not as clean as they should be. He had told Aden that it was his, Aden's, fault. The latter had replied that it was none of his business. Thence they had drifted into mutual recriminations, embracing one another's relations, appearance, and habits. It was something to be thankful for that they had not used the rifles. The end of it was that V. and I changed shikaris for the day, and threatened the combatants with discharge in the event of a recurrence of the *fracas*.

Justice having been dispensed, we started off on the lion track, V. taking the right, I the left. The course taken by the lion favored me throughout, bending steadily in my direction. Aden excelled himself in tracking on this occasion, following an almost invisible trail at a rate of about four and a half miles an hour. After two hours' tracking, he motioned to me to go very quietly, at the same time slipping off his sandals and hanging them over his arm. The track led into a mass of tufts of thorn and grass jungle divided by narrow paths, along which one could walk without hindrance. We were quietly slipping along in Indian file, Aden leading, when he suddenly stopped and pointed to the left front. I looked out between the thorn stems to a clearing fifty yards distant, but saw nothing. The next moment he seized me by the arm, and then pointed to a spot in the high grass close to us, at the same time bringing his rifle to his shoulder. As he did so I saw lying in the grass a magnificent male lion: he appeared to be almost at our feet. As I caught sight of him, he had just woken up, and was turning his head to look at us over his shoulder as he lay on his left side. I fired at once, the bullet striking just beneath the eye. A second afterward Aden

fired also, to my annoyance; but perhaps he was justified by circumstances. His bullet struck the lion in the right flank rather behind the heart. We deemed another shot necessary, and I let him have it from in front, firing at his open mouth, which was about all I could see from my position. The bullet unluckily broke some of his teeth, which were very fine ones, afterward passing into the roof of the mouth, through the brain, and out at the neck. The first shot had likewise penetrated and lodged in the brain.

A shady march of two days in a north-westerly direction up the Tug Djerad brought us to Goderali, just within the borders of Abyssinia. The journey was uneventful, the country being devoid of both game and people. We saw old traces of natives, it is true, but they had been driven away or killed by the rapidly encroaching Abyssinians, leaving only their empty huts and zarebas. From the hill on the side of which we pitched our camp a marvellous view was obtainable. To the north, the black forest of the Haud stretched as far as the eye could reach, broken only by three small hills, well-known landmarks. To the south and west rolled the mountains of Harar. The range on which we stood, and which bounded the Haud for miles, was a low stone-covered stretch of round-topped hills flanked by thick mimosa jungle, filled with rhinoceros. Wherever we went we found traces of them, their feeding-ground being apparently restricted to a very small area. Never having been hunted, they probably found no reason to leave such excellent pasture, and during the first four days of our stay at Goderali there was a herd of rhino feeding within ten miles of camp.

The honey-bird, of which we saw several during the trip, is well worthy of mention as a natural curiosity. It is a little gray common-looking bird about the size of a thrush. It first forces itself upon the notice of the traveller by flying across his path, uttering a shrill unlovely cry. It will then sit on a neighboring tree, still calling and waiting for him to follow. By short rapid flights the bird will lead its guest on and on, till after a while

the traveller notices that the bird has stopped its onward course, and is hanging about among a certain half-dozen tities. These being visited one after another and carefully examined, the search will be rewarded by finding a nest of bees in one of them. The probability is that there will be honey in it, but I have known the bird mistaken. It is a matter of honor with the natives to set aside a good portion of honey for the bird. Although this action of the honey-bird is an established fact in natural history, it is none the less unaccountable, and it would be interesting to know whether he ever tries to entice quadrupeds also to assist him in obtaining his much-loved honey.

Our first day's sport at Goderali was unfortunate, as far as I was concerned. As usual, V. and I started from camp in almost opposite directions; very soon I came on rhino tracks, and followed them, he on a lion track which he also followed. The tracks must have converged, for, as I was creeping up to get a shot at one of the four rhino that we had been tracking, we heard the report of his rifle at a distance of about half a mile. Off went the rhino with us after them: Soon they stopped, and I fired a long side shot at the head of the biggest one who was standing half behind a tree. In ignorance I fired too far forward and lodged the bullet in the mass of bone which supports the horn. The beast staggered, but galloped off in a cloud of dust, followed by Geleh and myself. (Aden was down with fever and was absorbing antipyrine in camp.)

Another shot as he stood under a tree was fruitless, and after a pursuit of eight miles we gave it up, reaching camp just before sundown, to find that my companion had got a lioness. She must have been the only one in the place; as we never saw the track of another in the neighborhood of Goderali.

For an account of the next day's sport I cannot do better than quote verbatim from my diary.

Aden looked very ill from fever, but he came with me. Passed endless rhino tracks pointing south-east, but left them all, as they led toward V.'s ground. Five miles from camp a low whistle from camel man Mohammed, who was with the pony fifty yards in rear, called our attention to a big she-rhino-

eros two hundred yards away to the right front. We stood motionless, and she came straight toward us, snuffing the air, having evidently winded the pony. She stopped forty yards away, looking in our direction, then wheeled off suddenly and bolted. I got in a shot with the 10-bore in the front part of the brain, which bowled her over, and gave her another as she lay, to make certain. Went on three hours more, but did nothing. Aden Ateya had a near shave of being struck by a snake a yard long, and as thick as the calf of my leg. He speared it, whereupon it bit itself.

Several elephant tracks some months old showed that during the rainy season they frequent this locality. We also found the skeleton of one killed by natives about six months previously.

The beggars who follow a European caravan from place to place are a great pest. It is next to impossible to get rid of them, and they sit outside the zareba after dark and howl until they gain admission. Where water was plentiful and there was no fear of rations running short we never interfered with them, they were such wretched-looking objects; but where there was any doubt about the sufficiency of food, out of fairness to our own men we always tried to keep them away. It could only be done by leaving a couple of men on ponies, with rifles, to drive *Les Misérables* back and prevent them coming on for some time after the departure of the kafala; even then they would sometimes arrive late at night after we had camped, having followed as soon as the rear-guard started to rejoin us.

We soon quitted our old trail, inclining northward over another of the range of hills where Goderali stands. We found there the Greater and Lesser Koodoo, but saw none of either species. One midday halt afforded us an interesting half-hour examining the leaf and stick insects which were crawling about; they were most curious, the resemblance to dead leaves and stalks of grass being in many cases perfect. Unfortunately entomology had had no place in the curriculum of our early studies, so we could only observe these extraordinary insects in a very amateur way.

When we got down again to the border of the Haud, we found ourselves in a fine game country. Besides lion and



rhinoceros there were Awal (*G. Soemmeringii*), Gerenook, Dik-Dik (*Nano-tragus Saltii*), Dhera (*G. Pelzelni*), Bustard, and many kinds of birds. The Awal gave us a lot of sport, and their meat was very acceptable to the few villages we passed. They are not as a rule very difficult to approach, as they generally feed on plains studded with bushes, the easiest kind of stalking ground. One peculiarity, which we soon found out and took advantage of, is that when disturbed while feeding in the neighborhood of a kafala on the march, they nearly always gallop straight past the leading camel. If one of the guns places himself at the head of the caravan while the other goes in pursuit, the probability is that the former gets the easier chance. When killing meat for some natives one day, I in this manner got three beasts out of a herd of Awal that galloped past, with five shots from a little .320 Marlin repeater which I usually carried when on the march. The Dhera are pretty little things, but most difficult to get near, besides affording a diminutive target. The lump of loose skin on the nose gives the head a very curious appearance.

At a place called Kuri Deli, twenty miles from Fiambiro, we found that heavy rain had fallen a few days previously; the young grass was consequently growing rapidly, and a pond a hundred yards long had formed in a neighboring watercourse. As the camels had had very hard work for the previous fortnight we decided to give them a few days in which to recuperate, and we built a zareba not far from the water. We met two Somali rhinoceros hunters armed with bows and arrows, one of them carrying, in addition, a colored cotton umbrella with which he seemed delighted. We wished them good luck, and they replied that if they killed a rhino the Habersheeny (Abyssinians) were sure to take the horns, this being their invariable custom.

The news that a lion had killed a donkey the previous night justified us in our selection of a resting-place, and we at once ordered zarebas to be constructed for occupation the same evening—one near the water, the other

near the village five miles away. The first night spent in them added nothing to the bag, but the following evening was more successful. I quote from my diary:

Built a second zareba near the water, a mile from V.'s and close to our camp. A heavy shower fell just before and after Geleh and myself arrived there, but a waterproof sheet which we had luckily taken kept us dry. I dropped off to sleep at once, having spent the previous night out; probably Geleh soon afterward followed suit, as he was sleeping soundly when I was woken at about midnight by the donkey stamping about in evident terror. A crash, followed by a sound of sniffing, brought me up on my knees in a moment, rifle in hand; and as I looked quietly out of the loop-hole I saw against the sky the outline of an immense lion's head two yards from me. I fired at once, and thought I had settled him; but the shot was aimed too high, entering the forehead and passing out by the ear, the top of which it nearly cut off. On looking out again, after reloading, I was greeted with a roar, and gave the now deceased donkey the first barrel through the nose, thinking in the darkness that he was the lion; the contents of the left barrel broke the shoulder of the latter as he sprang at the loop-hole, and he went past us to some bushes near by, where we heard him moving about and growling and groaning till morning. At daylight we followed his tracks for a quarter of a mile, when we came on him, as we thought, dead. He quickly convinced us of the contrary by jumping up and making off. A shot from the 10 bore bowled him over, but he required two more shots from the .450 to settle him. His tracks showed us that he had been and sat down within twenty yards of our camp the night before, but only the ponies had noticed his presence.

Rain having already fallen in places, water was abundant, and a few flowers were forcing their way out. Among others we noticed three sorts of convolvulus, a kind of bouvardia, and a giant jasmine; a week later we found a beautiful cluster of sweet-smelling lilies growing on stems about six inches long; beyond these we scarcely ever saw a flower at all.

It was interesting to observe the effect of the rain on insect life; masses of ants of all sizes, ant-lions, beetles, and other insects sprang into existence, and made their presence evident in various ways. The large black ants were busy cutting the wings off swarms of Mayflies that the rain had beaten down, and were dragging the bodies into holes. Huge spiders were entering into combat with other ants with

varying success, and at one place we came on a flock of birds feeding on a swarm of great black and yellow locusts which could hardly fly. It is a curious fact, which we proved by experiment, that, if the leading ant of an army of ants on the move be killed, the remainder, on reaching the spot where their leader's trail ceases, will turn about and go back to their starting-point. The size of the ants may be realized when one considers that the larger species are able to carry a date-stone single-handed.

Leaving the Harawa valley we worked northward in search of elephant, but found none; the country was very mountainous and rocky, one pass in particular being barely passable for the camels. One of our ponies was overcome by my riding him for a couple of hours one day; and the next morning, when asked to go up hill with an empty saddle, he, to use the native expression, "sat down" and died. The Somali pony is useless for a heavy man at any time, and, when food and water are scarce, a caravan is better without any ponies at all; they are constantly stopping and "sitting down," when either the caravan has to wait or one or two men must be left behind to bring them on in the cool of the evening. We found the track of an elephant one morning and followed it more or less for three days, at the end of which time we lost it; the bleaching skeletons of several elephants showed us where another English party had met them; and we passed close to the spot where an Anglo-Indian had two months previously come across a herd while he was marching and had killed seven. He only got one lion though, so we stifled our jealousy.

Only three weeks now remained to us before we were due at Berberah, so we decided to go out into the middle of the Haud and try to pick up another lion or two. Leaving our main body at Hargaisa, where we heard of Lord Delamere's mauling by a lion, we marched out with small loads and all the water-casks a two days' journey into the Haud, to a place called Arror. The writer was suffering from the ill effects of a draught of bad water taken a week previously, and was obliged to

stay in bed for the first four days, which time V. spent in pursuit of a fine old lion who evidently belonged to the neighborhood. On the fifth day his perseverance was rewarded by getting him after a hot day's tracking. The next day I was out again, though very weak, and, after several hours' tracking, traced two lions into a patch of grass. Aden and I slipped round to the far side and got on an ant-heap; two of the men followed the tracks in and nearly stepped on the lionesses fast asleep: they rushed out past me, and I shot the first one through the apex of the heart as she galloped past, killing her after she had gone twenty yards; the other I missed with the 10 bore, having foolishly changed rifles after the first shot.

The second day after this we were on the march, heading for home, and were about a mile ahead of the caravan as it crossed the Banki Arror, a treeless plain six miles in width. We came on the track of the lioness I had missed, and a few moments later up she jumped from a depression and made off across the plain. Of our pursuit of her and Aden Muhammad's pluck I wrote in a previous paragraph, so I will take up the narrative at the point where he on a pony had "rounded her up" under a bush. By previous agreement V. was to have first shot, but our six-mile run in the blazing sun had unsteadied us, and it was almost impossible to point a rifle within a foot of the mark aimed at; he fired though, and, as far as we know, missed; the lioness dashed off, but was stopped in a moment by Aden on the pony; she crouched under another bush in sight of me, lying broadside on, and I fired, striking her in the shoulder; the shot had only the effect of making her crouch still lower, and to begin a low growling and switching of her tail from side to side. Again I fired, this time aiming at the head; my unsteadiness spoilt my aim, and the bullet cut a neat hole in the tip of the ear, but did not otherwise injure her; the next moment she swung round and charged me while I was loading, V. putting a bullet in her shoulder as she rushed past him, but without result. I could not get the cartridge in soon enough to fire

during her rush, so endeavored to take a step to my right to avoid the spring I expected. As I did so I felt myself held right in the lioness's path by a small thorn-bush which reached about to my waist, and the toothed arms of which held me in a close embrace. I thought I was done for, and my relief knew no bounds when she suddenly swerved to her right and passed behind me. In a moment I tore myself clear and turned round to find that the lioness had seized Geleh by the wrist, and that he was struggling to thrust her off with the rifle which he held in both hands. They were not more than three yards from me, but I dared not fire for her heart, as she was so close to the man; in fact it looked in the dust-cloud they had raised as if they were wrestling. Her back was toward me, so I fired at the spine about the loins, and she fell instantaneously, gave one quiver and was dead. The shot had been a fortunate one, the little .450 bullet having completely broken her backbone.

After she was dead things became if anything more lively than before, as Aden and Nur Farah began bombarding her from opposite sides in the most reckless way, to the imminent danger of every one except the lioness, which they did not hit.

We examined Geleh's hand and found three holes in his wrist, made by three of the canine teeth of the lioness; though bleeding profusely, the wounds did not appear serious, so I bandaged them with one handkerchief, made a sling of another, and, as soon as the skin and head were ready, put him on a pony and set out on our sixteen-mile march to camp. For five miles all went well, then an artery in the neighborhood of one of the wounds broke, and the bleeding became very difficult to stop. I put a tourniquet on the upper arm, but Geleh seemed unable to stand the pain of it, and as soon as I walked on he always loosened it and the trouble began afresh. It was only by walking behind with a rifle and threatening him that he was got home at all. We had to halt several times on the way, and it was more difficult after each halt to get him started again. During one of these halts we heard sev-

eral shots in the distance, the number making us rather anxious; it afterward appeared that V. had found two lions and had wounded one of them, but our morning's accident had made him careful, and he did not go up to the beast till he was quite sure of its demise.

Poor Geleh's wound gave us some little anxiety, as he had the bad taste, after three days of the writer's doctoring, to insist on being attended by a local leech, through the instrumentality of whom he nearly lost his arm. He completely recovered soon after our return to Berberah, and was made quite happy by a considerable application of "palm-oil."

Our time was now rapidly drawing to a close, and our sport was practically at an end. We had still to go to Hargaisa to pick up the remainder of our caravan, pack up our rifles, and hurry back to the coast. When we got to Hargaisa we heard the sad news that a poor woman, who had attached herself to us two months before, had been lost when out gathering fire wood. Whether she had been taken by a lion or whether she had met some of her own tribe and joined them we never knew; let us hope the latter was the case, but the former event is the more probable. She was a wonderful worker and did more duty about camp than any two men; as with Red Indians, the Somali woman always does the greater share of any work that has to be done.

We made our adieus to Sheikh Muttah and to his blind son-in-law, who rules the place in the absence of the sheikh, loaded up the now sorry-looking camels, and turned our backs with many regrets on the country where we had enjoyed so many days of sport. The march from Hargaisa to the coast takes, as a rule, about four and a half days. We believe we established a "record" for the distance, as with tired camels and full loads we covered the distance in four hours over three days! The first three days we did twenty-five miles each day, that distance being the most we ever covered in a day. The last night on the road we sent up our few rockets, which we had carried all the way in case of

necessity. They created a great sensation, not only in our own camp, but also in that of some natives whom we met the next morning, and who were much relieved to find that the manifestations were not due to superhuman agency.

We sighted Berberah at daylight, and now was my chance to pay out Aden Ateya for the way he had run me up hills three months before. A pony had fallen and crushed my bare knee against a stone, rousing my ire, which had to find an escape somewhere; so I took it out in walking Master Aden off his legs in the last eight miles into Berberah. Both V. and I were in the best of health and condition, and it was with some sorrow that we doffed our rags, and, under the hospitable

roof of Captain Abud, the British Resident, returned to clean clothes and civilization.

The sale of our camels and ponies occupied the bulk of the afternoon, the auction being conducted in the town square by a public auctioneer, each bid being called both in Arabic and Somali. The camels fetched about half what we gave for them, and with this price we were well satisfied. The stores only fetched about one-fourth of the cost price, so we gave most of them away as "backsheesh" to our followers. One day we spent paying off our men, with all of whom we parted on the best of terms; we stowed our trophies in bales and boxes, and the following morning left for Aden and home.—*Nineteenth Century*.

## VEGETARIANISM.

BY T. P. SMITH, M.B.

"But man is a carnivorous production,  
And must have meals, at least one meal a  
day;  
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suc-  
tion,  
But, like the shark and tiger, must have  
prey;  
Although his anatomical construction  
Bears vegetables in a grumbling way,  
Your laboring people think, beyond all  
question,  
Beef, veal, and mutton better for digestion."  
*Byron.*

"Messer Gaster estre de tous arts le maistre."  
*Rabelais.*

IN the most highly civilized European countries an increased consumption of animal food is regarded as a certain sign of national prosperity; and the inference is, for the most part, correctly drawn. The poor know full well that meats of various kinds enter largely into the diet of the rich; experience teaches them that a few ounces of beef or mutton are far more satisfying than any combination of vegetables; and, if their circumstances improve, they soon increase the supply of animal food for themselves and their families. It has often been remarked that a decrease in the price of bread is followed not by increased consumption

of that article, but by an increased demand for meat; the money saved in the expenditure on bread goes to procure a further supply of animal food. In certain classes of the community, not prone to exhibit much self-restraint, an enormous consumption of animal food is the invariable accompaniment of increased earnings. The old-fashioned contempt for foreigners was based, to some extent, on the belief that they could not be otherwise than miserable creatures, because of the character of their diet. Martin Poyser, in *Adam Bede*, well expresses the popular idea once entertained with regard to the French and their food: "They ne'er ate a bit o' beef i' their lives. Mostly sallet, I reckon."

If, however, all extreme cases be disregarded, and only moderate people of all ranks be taken into consideration, it will be found that the majority regard animal food as the staff of life, and vegetables of all kinds as more or less important accessories, but as serving mainly to dilute a diet which would otherwise be too strong for the system. Absolutely to exclude meat from our regular diet, and to attempt to exist on vegetables alone, would be regarded by



most persons as a sign of craziness, and as certain to be followed by mental and physical degeneration.

A few examples may serve to illustrate the fact that national prosperity is generally accompanied by increased consumption of animal food. A modern writer\* on the history of food states that at the present day the cost of the animal food, including fish, consumed in France amounts to eighty millions sterling. He considers that 200 lbs. should be the annual allowance for each person, and it would seem that in Paris at least this amount will shortly be reached. The increase in the consumption since 1780 is truly remarkable. In the following eighty years the average weight of animal food consumed in France rose from 39.6 to 61.6 lbs. per head per annum. If the towns alone be considered the proportions are almost doubled. In 1862 the average had reached 118.8; and in 1877, 145 lbs. In Paris, in 1883, the average consumption was 180 lbs.

It is interesting to compare these figures with those recently given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last Budget. As indicating the increased consuming power of the English people, and the general improvement in their circumstances during recent years, he mentioned that the consumption of meat in the three years, 1882-84, was 110 lbs. per head of the population; in 1891-93, 119 lbs., and that this latter figure was exceeded in the years 1893-94. On the other hand, in many parts of Germany the consumption of animal food is decreasing, and this change is attributed to the gradual impoverishment of the working classes, certainly not to any preference for cheaper kinds of food.

Concurrently with the increased use of animal food in England, there has grown up among us a small but increasing Society, whose members term themselves Vegetarians. Abstinence from the flesh of every kind of animal is their distinguishing characteristic; but they are divided into two widely different classes. The first class is composed of those who subsist entirely

on the products of the vegetable kingdom; members of the second class supplement the vegetarian diet by the addition of milk, butter, cheese, and eggs. The members of this latter class have, strictly speaking, no right to the title of vegetarians; for they all take more or less animal food, and often in a form which is highly concentrated and nutritious. Eggs and cheese contain a much larger quantity of nutritive materials than an equal weight of meat, for which, therefore, they may easily serve as substitutes. An alteration has, however, taken place in the practice of these so-called vegetarians, for a comparison of their modern cookery books with those issued soon after the formation of the Society (in 1847), clearly demonstrates that the animal products referred to enter far less freely into the dietary than was formerly the case. Such an alteration was, doubtless, a wise step on the part of the vegetarian advocates; but to expose the delusions of persons who boast that they live on vegetables, and yet take eggs, butter, and milk as regular articles of diet, it is only necessary to analyze some of the so-called vegetarian dishes. Any partaker of a vegetarian dinner may easily consume two eggs, an ounce of butter, perhaps a little cheese, and a quarter of a pint of milk. Now two eggs contain as much albuminous nutritive material as four and a half ounces of lean beefsteak; and in the milk we have nutritious matter equal to an ounce and a half of steak. The butter gives an ounce of fat, and thus, exclusive of the cheese and the fatty matter of the milk, there are seven ounces of nutritious materials, fatty and albuminous, derived entirely from animal sources. This is a full allowance; less than half this quantity of animal food, in the form of meat, is sufficient for a vast number of ordinary persons.

These preliminary remarks may conveniently be followed by an examination of the claims put forward in support of vegetarianism. The first argument is based on the structural peculiarities of the organs of digestion in man. It has been asserted that, as regards the apparatus of mastication and digestion, mankind holds a middle

\* Louis Bourdeau, "*Histoire de l'Alimentation*," 1894.

place between carnivorous and herbivorous animals; but this statement was originally deduced from the teachings of experience rather than from an intelligent comparison of man and the lower animals. The fully developed human subject possesses (or ought to possess) thirty-two teeth; viz., eight incisors, four canine, eight pre-molars or bicusps, and twelve molars or back teeth. Throughout the animal kingdom the molars are the most useful teeth; they are much more frequently present than the incisors or canine. They are employed in dividing and breaking-up the food; and in figure and construction they exhibit a relation to the nature of the aliment. In a purely carnivorous animal, *e.g.*, the tiger, the molar teeth rise into sharp-pointed prominences; those of the lower jaw shut, like the blade of a pair of scissors, within those of the upper jaw, and the general outline may be compared to the teeth of a saw. These animals are also furnished with very strong and sharp canine teeth, of considerable length, and adapted for seizing and tearing flesh. The exposed surfaces of the teeth are covered with a layer of enamel. In the ox, as representing herbivorous animals, the molar teeth have broad flat surfaces, resembling a millstone, and vertically opposed to each other in the two jaws. The grinding surface is roughened by ridges of enamel, whereby the triturating effect is greatly increased. The intervals between the ridges are filled up by the bony element of the teeth, a structure less hard than the enamel. The lower jaw is movable not only upward and downward, but also, and in a marked degree, from side to side. The form of the teeth and the mechanism of the joint make ample provision for lateral and grinding movements.

Even a cursory examination suffices to show that the teeth of man do not resemble those of carnivorous animals, except in one particular, viz., the coating of enamel over their exposed surfaces. His canine teeth project but slightly beyond the level of the others, and cannot fulfil the purposes for which the canine teeth of carnivora are obviously adapted. His molar teeth present several cusps or tuber-

cles; but these are utterly different from the elongated and sharp projections characteristic of carnivorous animals. They are likewise easily distinguishable from the molars of herbivora, with their flattened crowns and ridges of enamel. In freedom of lateral movement, however, the lower jaw of man approximates to that of the herbivora.

The advocates of vegetarianism lay great stress upon the resemblance of the teeth, jaws, and other portions of the digestive apparatus of man to the corresponding organs of monkeys, whose natural regimen seems to be essentially frugivorous. The teeth of anthropoid and of the old-world monkeys are equal in number to those of the human subject, and are arranged in a similar manner. In the gorilla and orang-outang, however, the canine teeth are long and powerful weapons, and resemble those of the carnivora. The points and ridges of the molar teeth are sharper than in the human subject. The alimentary canal of man differs from that of the carnivora, and still more decidedly from that of the herbivora. In the former the canal is very short, and the arrangements are such as to provide for a quick passage of the food. In the herbivora the whole canal is very long, and the stomach is often very complicated, and adapted for the retention of food for a considerable time. It cannot be denied that in form and structure the alimentary canal of man closely resembles that of the higher apes, all of which, in their natural state, feed upon vegetable products. The chimpanzee, however, and the orang-outang, when in a state of confinement, soon acquire a relish for animal food. It has been noticed that on board ship these animals eat readily all kinds of meat, and prefer it in the raw state, though, as might be expected, vegetable diet agrees best with them.

The assertion that the digestive apparatus of man indicates that he is designed by nature to feed upon vegetables alone has no sufficient basis in fact. On the contrary, his organs of digestion are adapted to utilize any kind of food which his taste leads him to appropriate. Moreover, we find

that his taste adapts itself to almost any aliment that can be obtained ; so that notwithstanding his physical disadvantages, there is no spot in which he cannot support himself, provided that some kind of food is within his reach.

What may be termed the chemical argument in favor of vegetarianism comes next to the physiological one. Chemistry proves that all the alimentary substances requisite for the nutrition and sustenance of the body can be obtained from either the vegetable or the animal kingdom. These substances are commonly arranged in four classes—nitrogenous principles (as contained in the flesh of animals, the gluten of wheat, etc.) ; fats ; carbo-hydrates (starch and sugar) and mineral substances. A well arranged scheme of diet exhibits a combination of substances belonging to these four classes. With the exception of milk sugar, all the carbo hydrates are derived from the vegetable kingdom.

In estimating the nutritive value of all kinds of food, the question of their assimilability has to be seriously considered. The introduction of food into the digestive cavities is the first act ; but it is only when the nutritive elements are absorbed into the vessels and appropriated by the various tissues and organs that the objects for which food is taken are really fulfilled. Nitrogenous substances and fats derived from the animal kingdom are easily and quickly absorbed in the alimentary canal, but the corresponding substances of vegetable origin are generally associated with large quantities of starch, and are enclosed within a tough network of cellulose, offering great resistance to the processes of digestion. Of 100 parts of animal albumen taken as food 81.2 are digested and 18.8 are undigested ; whereas the corresponding percentages for vegetable albumen are 46.6 and 53.4 respectively. Again, meat is the principal nitrogenous substance used as food ; but some vegetables, peas, for example, contain a percentage of nitrogen equal to or even exceeding that of meat. It does not, however, follow that the nutritive value of peas is equal to that of meat ; the nitrogenous elements of the latter are,

as a general rule, more easily absorbed than those of the former. Still it must be admitted that peas, beans, and especially lentils, are very valuable articles of food for persons taking much exercise and endowed with ample capacity of digestion.

If life is to be supported on vegetable food alone, a large bulk must be consumed in order to get the requisite amount of nutriment. Now ordinary food contains between 50 and 60 per cent. of water, and it has been estimated that an adult, doing a moderate amount of work, requires daily about 23 ozs. of water-free solid food, viz., 4.6 albumens, 3.0 fats, 14.4 carbo-hydrates (sugar and starch), and 1. saline materials. If he be restricted to bread, he must eat about 4 lbs. in order to obtain the requisite amount of albumen, but this weight of bread will give him double the quantity of carbo-hydrates required. If potatoes be the only available food, about 10 lbs. must be eaten in order to get enough nitrogen. On the other hand, if he attempt to subsist on meat, he must eat not less than 6 lbs. in order to obtain the necessary amount of carbo-hydrates ; but he would thus be taking three or four times more meat than is necessary to furnish the albumen. Vegetarians point to the fact that 9 ozs. of lentil flour and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of bread would constitute an adequate allowance without being too bulky, but very few persons could tolerate such a diet for any length of time. On the other hand, a combination of bread with meat (about 2 lbs. of the former to  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of the latter) furnishes a diet sufficient to compensate the daily losses of the system of a healthy man. Facts such as these clearly demonstrate the economy of the mixed diet so generally adopted by man in temperate climates.

Another objection to the use of animal food is based on the fact that animals are liable to various diseases which are communicable to persons who eat the flesh. The importance of this fact must, of course, be admitted. Moreover, we know that symptoms of poisoning are sometimes produced by the flesh of animals apparently healthy, and by flesh in a state of incipient decomposition. Many instances of chol-

eratic diarrhœa have been traced to the consumption of pies containing pork, beef, veal, and ham.

In another class of cases the meat contains parasitic worms, which when swallowed give rise to disease in man. One very notable example is *trichiniasis*, which results from eating diseased pork, either raw or imperfectly cooked. The disease is rare in England, but common in Germany. The flesh of animals suffering from such diseases as malignant pustule (anthrax), epidemic pleuro-pneumonia, and cattle-plague is probably more or less dangerous; yet there is evidence to the effect that in some cases the consumption of the meat was followed by no ill consequences. Thorough cooking may, perhaps, destroy the poisonous agents. Another disease, tuberculosis, often occurs among cattle and pigs; the specific deposits most frequently affect milch-cows. Judging from experiments made upon animals, it is highly probable that the consumption of tuberculous flesh may give rise to the disease in man; though, apparently, no case of the kind has as yet come to light. It is almost certain that the milk of tuberculous cows may communicate the disease, and there is no room for doubt that the poisons of scarlet fever, of typhoid and of diphtheria may be conveyed through milk.

If, however, we admit as true all the assertions made by vegetarians on this subject, the fact remains that the risk in this country is reduced to comparatively small proportions. As a matter of course, no system of inspection can entirely prevent the sale of diseased meat or of any other dangerous food; but the amount which eludes the vigilance of the officials constitutes but a small proportion of the total consumption, and the risk of mischief is considerably reduced by the processes of cooking. As a vehicle for the transmission of disease, milk is probably the most dangerous article of food, and it is well to remember that any hurtful qualities it may have acquired can be destroyed by prolonged boiling.

Vegetarians are apt to ignore the fact that vegetable food not infrequently loses its wholesome character, and produces more or less serious symp-

toms in those who consume it. Thus, flour sometimes contains parasites of various kinds; it may also undergo fermentation of an abnormal kind, and cause much discomfort when consumed. Bread sometimes becomes very sour, and sets up diarrhœa and other unpleasant symptoms. Epidemics of disease, of a very serious character, are liable to occur in countries where rye-bread is in common use. Rye-grain is subject to the attacks of a fungus the presence of which in the bread is the cause of the symptoms. Wheat is rarely thus affected, but wholesome flour is often rendered injurious by the addition of alum in bread-making. Moreover, there is good reason for believing that, notwithstanding the vigilance of inspectors, bakehouses are often in a very insanitary condition, and sometimes owing to circumstances beyond the control of the proprietors. Only last year a Medical Officer of Health reported that he had found a cellar used as a bakery flooded with sewage, the system of main drainage having proved inadequate to carry off the storm-water. The master and his journeymen were actually working, as best they could, in a flood of sewage. The flour sacks were standing on a slightly raised platform, sewage had risen above this level, and had fouled the under surface of the sacks. It was admitted that flour from those particular sacks had been made into bread.

As illustrating the difficulty of eliminating all sources of danger from our food, an epidemic of lead poisoning, reported by Dr. Alford, of Taunton, is deserving of notice. In most cases of lead-poisoning, either the water supply has become contaminated or the sufferer's occupation has brought him into close contact with the metal. In the instances referred to, the water was analyzed, but no lead was found, and then it was noticed that the persons attacked, fifteen to twenty in number, all obtained their flour from the same mill. On making inquiries it was discovered that the mill-stones used had (from the nature of the stone) large spaces in them, which had been filled up with lead. Information was given that lead was not usually em-



ployed in that way, and that what was generally used was red lead and borax, or alum and borax, both highly objectionable. Another example, teaching the same lesson, occurred not many months ago. Reports of several cases of typhoid fever appeared in the daily papers, and it was shown that the disease was traceable to the consumption of water-cresses grown in contaminated water.

Another assertion, often made by vegetarians, is to the effect that the unnecessary destruction of sentient existence is an immoral act, and that the work imposed upon butchers and slaughterers tends to make them savage and cruel, and a source of danger to the community. To this it may be replied that if animal food be altogether unnecessary, and simply an article of luxury, the assertion must be accepted as valid. The question, however, cannot be settled by mere assertion; and experience seems to lead to a conclusion directly opposed to the vegetarian hypothesis. The most enthusiastic vegetarians will scarcely venture to deny that the destruction of many animals is requisite for human existence. Mice and rats, if left to themselves, would take possession of many parts of the earth, and destroy a large number of those very articles on which vegetarians subsist. In our own country these creatures sometimes make head against every effort to keep them down, and most people have heard of the plague of rabbits in our colonies. What vegetarian would allow his premises to be swarming with mice, rats, and similar pests? Does he permit caterpillars, snails, and slugs to devour the produce of his vegetable garden? Perhaps he satisfies his conscience with the reflection that the destruction of vermin is a necessary act.

When the vegetarian points to the suffering inflicted in slaughtering animals for food, he hits a grievous blot on our much-vaunted civilization. His allegations, however, tell not against the use of animal food, but against the ignorance, carelessness, and brutality too often displayed in the slaughter-houses. From time to time letters expressing great indignation at "slaughter-house cruelty" appear in the news-

papers; but no definite steps are taken to bring about an improvement. A humane method of slaughtering cattle has yet to be discovered, and there are many difficulties in the way; but these might probably be overcome if the subject were taken up in earnest. Sir W. B. Richardson can suggest no better plan than the use of the pole-axe. Sheep and calves might be expeditiously put to death, if a guillotine were substituted for the present method of cutting the throat with a knife. There is no excuse for the barbarous way in which poultry are generally killed. "Wringing the neck," as practised upon fowls, must be often a tedious and horribly painful process: they should be decapitated, at one blow, with a sharp chopper or axe, and the same plan should be adopted in killing geese, ducks, and turkeys. Decapitation is very easily performed, and the animal becomes insensible in a few seconds. If this almost painless method of killing were universally adopted, one objection against eating flesh would be altogether removed. There would, moreover, be good ground for the assertion that the present system of rearing animals for human food is attended with a very small proportion of suffering as contrasted with the large amount of animal enjoyment which it obviously produces.

Vegetarians are wont to assert that their disciples enjoy comparative immunity from disease, and that the adoption of their regimen not unfrequently results in the cure of old-standing complaints, such as indigestion, gout and rheumatism, and even of epilepsy and other dangerous affections. "Comparative" is a very vague term, and the first part of the assertion could not be tested without long-continued and laborious investigations. As a method of medical treatment, suitable for special cases and carried out under proper supervision, abstinence (either partial or complete) from animal food may prove very serviceable; and a reduction in the amount of animal food, with a corresponding increase of vegetables, would certainly prove advantageous to vast numbers of persons whose habits are far from being gluttonous. On the other hand, a purely

vegetarian diet not unfrequently causes severe indigestion, which passes off when animal food is taken. There is good reason for believing that poorness of blood and tuberculosis are somewhat frequent among vegetarians, and that these conditions rapidly become aggravated if the pledge to abstain from animal food be rigidly kept.

Full credence may be given to the statement that the adoption of a vegetarian dietary reduces or abolishes the desire for intoxicating drinks. "Good eating," it has been said, "requires good drinking;" but the frugal fare of the vegetarian is quite in harmony with the "pure element." Persons who confine themselves to vegetable food exhibit, *ipso facto*, more or less self-denial, and the habit may easily affect and abolish the desire for alcoholic drinks. Teetotalism is not, however, a necessary part of vegetarian practice. The administration of a little wine is sometimes tried in order to counteract the effects of too rigorous a diet, when a far better plan would be scouted with indignation.

Vegetarians are likewise entitled to assert that of the vast multitudes who subsist on vegetable food alone, a large proportion prove themselves to be capable of severe and long-continued toil, and in this respect to compare well with the flesh-eating races. This statement holds good of pure vegetarians, and not only of those who, like the typical Scotch peasant and others, supplement their vegetable diet by the addition of milk, cheese, and dripping. Numerous classes of Spanish working men subsist on bread and onions; the diet of the Russian peasantry is mainly composed of black bread, oil, and cabbages; in India, rice, wheat-meal, and various kinds of pulses, with salt and a little clarified butter, are the staple articles of food; and among the African races generally a similar rule holds good. It is also a well-known fact that sundry vegetarians, at home and abroad, have distinguished themselves by their prowess and superiority in various athletic exercises and trials of endurance. All such examples demonstrate the value of vegetable food; but they do not settle the question whether a purely vegetable regimen is

more favorable to health, vigor, and endurance than a mixed diet. Many vegetarians assert that in their own cases the adoption of the peculiar dietary has been followed by an improvement in their physical condition; on the other hand, the number is probably not small of those individuals who, after an honest trial of vegetarianism, have been obliged to relinquish the practice. Like those who find that a certain class of medicines fail to achieve the promised results, such persons do not, as a rule, publish their experiences; but there is one notable exception, as shown by Tennyson's confession—

"And once for ten long weeks I tried  
Your table of Pythagoras,  
And seem'd at first 'a thing enskied,'  
(As Shakespeare has it) airy light,  
To float above the ways of men,  
Then fell from that half-spiritual height  
Chill'd, till I tasted flesh again  
One night when earth was winter-black,  
And all the heavens flash'd in frost;  
And on me, half asleep, came back  
That wholesome heat the blood had lost."

Moreover, just as many vegetable feeders exhibit remarkable activity and power of endurance, so an exclusively animal diet is, under special circumstances, consistent with the highest development of the physical powers. The Pampas Indians have neither bread, fruit, nor vegetables, but live entirely upon flesh, and Sir F. Head states that after he had been riding in the Pampas for three or four months, and had lived upon beef and water, he found himself in a condition which he could only describe by saying that he felt no exertion could kill him.

Before leaving this part of the subject, another consideration may be urged. While recognizing the fact that, among many of our own countrymen, vegetarianism is compatible with mental and bodily vigor, we are not justified in concluding that this peculiar diet would be suitable for the community at large. As Sir W. Roberts observes, "The effects of a vegetarian diet would only be gradually developed, and would probably not be fully impressed on the bodily and mental qualities of the race until after such habits had been continued through two or three successive generations." He

adds that at Salford, where some years ago there existed a flourishing colony of vegetarians, he heard a tradition to the effect that though vegetarianism might suit the parents, it was bad for the children. And he saw some striking examples in that borough which appeared to indicate that this tradition was well founded.

Two other assertions made in support of vegetarianism must not pass unnoticed. It is alleged that a vegetarian diet, from its unstimulating effect on the animal passions, is favorable to purity of thought, and tends to produce a harmonious and peaceful disposition. It may be admitted that diet has more or less influence upon character; but mildness, gentleness, and kindred virtues are by no means universally found among those races which abstain from animal food. Vegetarians are prone to contrast the gentleness of our domesticated herbivora with the ferocity often displayed by carnivorous animals. A little reflection, however, shows that the food cannot be the main cause of the disposition in either case. Many of the herbivora are capable of displaying the utmost ferocity; savage attacks upon inoffensive persons by bulls, horses, and stags are by no means uncommon in this country; while in the East, "rogue" elephants, wild boars, and other herbivorous animals often inflict serious injuries upon human beings who chance to come in their way. So likewise, the ordinarily mild Hindoo, feeding on rice or wheat-flour, is liable to become riotous, uncontrollable, and blood-thirsty when influenced by religious fanaticism. It would seem that the mischievous effects upon the habits and disposition ascribed to animal food, are due rather to the alcoholic liquors which are generally consumed at the same time. The disposition of an average individual, leading a temperate life, would probably not be altered for the better were he to substitute vegetarian diet for his ordinary fare.

Another argument used by vegetarians is of a far more serious character; if admitted to be valid, its advocates could safely rest their case upon it alone. It is to the effect that at the Creation the use of vegetable food

alone was enjoined upon mankind, and that the human body is the same now as when the Creator pronounced it "good." Further, that "although from the pressure of circumstances, man may have early degenerated to omnivorous practices, yet so soon as Divine laws were formulated to restrain man's evil tendencies, his liberty in respect to what he should eat was curtailed. . . . So the great food question has to be answered by principles derived from the Gospel."

Statements of this kind scarcely demand refutation; their absurdity can be easily demonstrated. Man was intended to be a progressive creature; the rapid increase of the species necessitated the discovery of innumerable articles of sustenance. As mankind spread over various countries, and a nomadic life became common, it was impossible to obtain the requisite amount of food from the spontaneous produce of the earth, or from the culture of the soil. Something more was needed, and this was supplied by the flesh of the vast numbers of animals, some wild and others domesticated, which had come into being as a result of man's fostering care. As regards the imaginary new law under the Gospel dispensation, the question may be disposed of by recalling the facts that our Lord's earliest disciples were fishermen, that both He and they used animal food and distributed it to multitudes, and that the teaching of St. Paul and of the other apostles in no way forbids the moderate use of animal food.

To discuss in detail other statements put forward by vegetarians would unduly increase the length of this article. It will suffice to mention a few other "reasons" for the adoption of a vegetable diet. These may be summarized as follows: That it is economically superior, that is, comparatively cheaper; that the same area of land, now devoted to the rearing of cattle for food, would support a far greater number of human beings if used for the cultivation of vegetable products; that the consequent employment of a vastly increased number of agricultural laborers would proportionately relieve the congestion in our large cities and towns;

and that a larger rural population would better sustain the health, strength, and prosperity of the nation. All these reasons deserve respectful attention; they may, to a limited extent, become operative. For bringing back "the laborer to the land," many schemes have been advocated, but chiefly by those who know little or nothing about the matter. We have seen that the increased demand for animal food has naturally been followed by enormously augmented supplies from abroad; any great change in English habits in the direction of vegetarianism would simply provoke a corresponding addition to our importations of cereals and other vegetable products, and would do little to prevent the lamentable destruction of our "bold peasantry." We insist on getting our food at the lowest possible prices, and we must take the consequences attaching to our determination.

While deprecating the attempts of individuals to subsist on vegetable products alone, it would be improper to

close this article without emphasizing the fact that these products are insufficiently utilized in this country, and that many persons, to their great detriment, consume far too much animal food. Some improvement has been effected of late, and due credit must be given to the vegetarians for demonstrating the excellent qualities of many of their dishes. The establishment of vegetarian restaurants in many parts of London and elsewhere is a great boon to the community, and especially to men in offices, who are thus provided with cheap, sufficient, and tasteful luncheons. Such restaurants are more than locally beneficial; they help to diffuse a knowledge of the best methods of preparing and cooking vegetable food, and of rendering it palatable and nutritious. Much yet remains to be done, both by precept and example, in the way of education with regard to food. We may learn many useful lessons from the vegetarians, without adopting what we believe to be their errors.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER.

IN discussing this subject we must remember that our public school system had its beginnings in New England, when the colonies in that region had not fully broken away from the old traditions respecting the union of Church and State. In those early days, when the population was homogeneous, when Congregationalism was, in a way, the established religion of Massachusetts and Connecticut, which for two centuries were chief in producing the teachers of America, it was very natural that the Bible should be used in the schools, and that a religious exercise should open the work of every day. But in process of time the tides and tendencies of our national life have carried the American State on to the complete realization of the Secular Ideal, the principles of which were implied in that independency for which our Pilgrim and Puritan forefathers stood.

So that, at last, in the United States, by a more peaceful process than that followed in Europe, our revolutionary fathers established, not simply universal toleration, but perfect religious equality, by making it unconstitutional for any State to enact any law respecting an establishment of religion. The civil Government of our land is subject to no ecclesiastical dictation, and the churches within our borders are subject to no civil authority in matters of belief. We have practically realized this Secular Ideal. With us, not only are Church and State absolutely separate from each other; the State attempts no religious functions, and possesses no religious dogma. The secular State is therefore, in the United States, an accomplished fact; and our civil institutions have, and can have, no ecclesiastical duties or spiritual offices. And while some of our courts have held



that Christianity is, in a certain way, the law of the land, yet these decisions have, in the main, been very vague; and, so far as any of them have taken ground against the purely secular theory of our Government, they have misstated the genius of our institutions, while they have been condemned by the manifest destiny and essential spirit of our national life.

It is often argued that Christianity is a part of the law of the land, because our Puritan forefathers tried to set up on these shores a theocracy based upon the pattern found in the Scriptures. But people who so argue forget that the experiment was a failure; they forget also the history that we have made since that day. And what great men said on this subject, before we, as a nation, had completed our political evolution toward our manifest destiny as a secular State, is of no value or authority. Some things which cannot be ignored have happened since the days of John Cotton, or even Daniel Webster. And the position of Christianity in New England two centuries ago, to which I have alluded, is no more a precedent for us who live to-day than a behavior of the men of that age respecting witches or heretics is a rule of action binding upon us. This question cannot be settled by appeal to precedent or technicality, or the authority of great names, but by the essential and inherent genius or character of our people, as it progressively discloses itself in our national life. And the one thing that becomes clearer and clearer is that public opinion, social custom, and civil policy are declaring more and more emphatically for the Secular Ideal. And we must remember, what is so often forgotten by distinguished writers upon this subject, that there is a vast difference between what we, as a people, may be in religion, and what our institutions, as parts of the government, may attempt. As a people, taken in a mass, it is fair to say that we are a Christian community; but to the Government which we maintain we give no religious quality or function. It is proper to say that we are a *Christian people*; it is not proper to affirm that we are a *Christian nation*. It is equally improper to

say that we have a *godless* or irreligious Government. The fact is that, with us, the State simply stands apart from these matters in absolute neutrality.

The religious beliefs of our people and the popular estimate of the Bible do not come into the discussion of the question, because the State has ceased to exercise religious functions. And this movement is not only irresistible, but beneficent. As Mr. Lecky remarks, "The secularization of politics is the measure and the condition of all political prosperity." And we may add that the separation of the Church from the State is the measure and condition of all religious prosperity. The only way to make piety real and vital is to take it out of the reach of officialism and locate it in the individual heart. The secular State is, then, no sudden creation, the freak of frenzied enemies of religion. It has come out of the slowly accumulating experiences of mankind, as the political spirit has carefully and laboriously gone forward in its earnest quest for a Government that at the same time shall be best for the individual and for society, that shall give the Church the largest possibilities and the State the greatest political efficiency. The secular State is, too, the creation of religious men, who have persevered in their course with noble heroism in the face of persecutions, and who have worked, with large views of humanity, and in obedience to the manifest teachings of history, to fashion a Government where politics shall be free from religious hatreds, and where the Church shall be free from the despotisms and corruptions of politics. We may lament, we may denounce; but the secular State is the expression and the outcome of a resistanceless tendency which will crush any man or institution that stands in its way and attempts to impede its progress.

Now, the secularization of the State involves and necessitates the secularization of its schools. Says Professor William H. Payne, one of the greatest of American educators: "The neutrality, or absolute non-theological character of the school, in all its grades, is but the application to the school of a rule that has prevailed in all our social institutions." The conclusion is self-

evident. The State must have schools to educate its children, for no State can long endure whose children are not educated in hearty sympathy with its institutions and with its own fundamental principles. But, as the secular State, which our nation is, by manifest destiny and by the express declaration of its fundamental law, has no religion, it follows, as a necessity, that its schools can rightfully and lawfully have no religious instruction whatever. There is no possible escape from this logic. If we have a secular State, we must have a secular school. "Compulsory support, by taxation or otherwise, of religious instruction, is not lawful under any of the American constitutions," is the conclusion of Judge Thomas M. Cooley, one of America's greatest jurists. To demand that there be religious instruction in our public schools is virtually to demand that the State shall cease to be secular by establishing a religion and becoming ecclesiastical. Logically, there is no stopping short of a State religion, if religious instruction is insisted upon in the public schools; for how can a State school teach religion when the State itself has no religion? The primary question is: Shall the State be secular or ecclesiastical? The school question is a minor problem dependent upon this. If we put religious instruction into the schools, we cannot logically stop until we put the religious dogma taught into our Constitution; but this would destroy our secular State. Let, then, every man who is in favor of religious instruction in our public schools consider well the implications of his demand. Does he want a State religion? If not, then his request is perfectly illogical.

While the public schools have been gaining in power and popularity among us very rapidly in the last thirty years, and growing in efficiency both on the moral and intellectual sides of their work, yet the opposition to them by the Roman Catholic Church has continued aggressive and bitter. A half century ago, Episcopalians and other Protestants made vigorous efforts to have the school funds divided *pro rata* among the different denominations; but these demands are no longer heard

from these sources. The conviction deepens that the State has no right to raise funds that are to be passed beyond its control and divided among denominational schools. To tax people to support denominational schools is an ecclesiastical business; it is becoming a party to religious instruction. And a secular State can engage in no such business; it can never be the agent of any religious organization. And yet, the State of New York has, in many respects, long been disloyal to these primary principles of true Americanism. The new Constitution recently adopted in New York puts a stop to the support of Sectarian Schools by use of public funds. And another conviction also deepens among the most intelligent church people, that even the denominational school of highest character does not afford the best educational environment for the training of the American citizen. It is true that to-day some Protestants, notably in the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, are making vigorous protests against the secular character of the common schools; and yet, the battle is mainly waged by ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. How bitter, intemperate, and generally unjust, this attack upon our public schools by Catholic priests really is may be seen by consulting a little work prepared by a Catholic, for use as one of a series of educational manuals, and endorsed not only by the most eminent representatives of the Church in America, but commended by such men as the late Cardinal Newman. I refer to the book *The Judges of Faith: Christian versus Godless Schools*, where Rev. Thomas J. Jenkins has brought together the papal, pastoral and conciliar declarations against the school system, especially in the United States of America. A fair specimen from the pages of this book is the following extract from a declaration made by the Provincial Council of Oregon about ten years ago: "The wickedness of the present Public School system consists in the exclusion of religious principle, of the worship of God, of the teaching of Christianity; it consists in the selection of bad and pernicious schoolbooks; it consists in the carelessness of teachers with re-

gard to the language of their pupils—swearing, cursing, and profane expressions being a distinctive mark of Public School children.” A greater slander was never penned; and it is a misfortune to Catholicism in America that its priests indulge in such language. It is such words which keep alive sectarian prejudice and make it easy out of the mouths of its representatives to prove that the Roman Hierarchy is an enemy to our American institutions.

The charge of immorality and irreligion brought against our Public Schools is indeed a serious one. In the “Catholic World,” November 1886, we read: “Secular education, as it is called, has had time even with us to prove itself; and what is the result? The infidelity, communism, and socialism of the age; lack of reverence for all that has been considered sacred; the immorality of society that might shame a Sodom and Gomorrah—these are the fruits of secular education.” Some Protestants, I am sorry to say, use similar language. This is a serious charge; but is it true? Where are the facts to support it? Our socialism is an importation; a poisonous fungus of foreign growth; a fungus produced, too, where a theological catechism is taught from two to six hours a week in every school. Our communists, as a class, have never been inside the Public Schools; and they are in no sense a product of our institutions. Our anarchists, as a rule, were reared where the State forces religious instruction upon its children; and of those American-born more have come out of the parish schools than out of the public schools. That some of our criminals are comparatively well educated is true enough, as might be expected in a land of general intelligence, but that their criminality is due to the public school system is one of the most irrational assertions that a human mind ever made. The causes of crime are many and deep-seated, while the moral character of each individual is the resultant of a great many tides and tendencies. To pass by the saloon, the coarse materialism of the age, political disorders, social disintegration—largely due to an enormous influx of immigrants of a low

grade, and the break-up of a long-revered faith—and pitch upon secular education as the sole cause, is a blunder so ridiculous that nothing but the influence of blind bigotry can explain why any intelligent man should ever have committed it. And there are Catholic ecclesiastics among us, notably those of Irish birth or blood, prominent among whom is Archbishop John Ireland of St. Paul, who see the unwisdom of this language, and who, if not friends of our schools, are too wise Churchmen and too loyal Americans to take positions so opposed to the dominant spirit of American life. And the recent utterances of the Pope’s representative, Mgr. Satolli, have made us hope for a more friendly attitude on the part of Rome toward this most sacred, important, and characteristic American institution—the American Public School, providing an absolutely secular but not irreligious instruction.

There is one thing in this connection often overlooked, to which attention needs to be called. The Roman Catholic argument against secular schools is, in its essential nature, and by logical implication, an argument against the secular State. The Catholic demand, if allowed, would compel our Government to go to Rome for orders respecting everything, or surrender not only its essential functions of education, but its very existence as an independent institution. The Catholics have the same objection to godless Governments as to godless schools. They hold to De Maistre’s ideal—that the spiritual power ought to control the temporal power. Their objections, brought against the secular schools, are equally applicable to the nation itself; and the Papal Hierarchy will not be satisfied until it has destroyed the secular State. If the Catholics succeed in closing the Public Schools, they will restate and reapply their old argument, thus: We object to paying taxes to support a godless State. No compromise will satisfy them—neither rejecting the Bible nor introducing the primary affirmations of universal religion. Rome temporarily accepts the inevitable, but never compromises. The real question at the bottom of all this agitation is, shall we maintain our secular

State, or go back to the Dark Ages? Whenever discussing the school question, we must always remember that it is only a subordinate part of that larger problem. And it will be well if careless critics of our Public Schools lay to heart in this connection a solemn warning. Let such persons remember that by these very denunciations they are putting a club into the hands of Catholics by which they will strive to strike down, not simply the secular school but the secular State. They even now quote with great glee these Protestant criticisms of the Public Schools. Our secular schools are far from perfect, but, on the whole, they are the best that the world has ever had, and their underlying policy must be maintained if we keep the secular State. So, unless one wishes to become a coadjutor of Rome, let him support and improve, but not malign, the common school system. The American State guarantees to all the right to believe as they see fit respecting religious problems, but it grants to none the liberty to imperil its own life. As the State, by manifest destiny and organic law, is secular; as it must educate its children to preserve and perpetuate its own life; and as its schools must be as secular as its own character, having no religion of its own to put into its system of education, it follows of necessity that an attack upon our Public School system is, by implication, an attack upon our Government. Every one is free to criticise the schools for their improvement, but no one has any right to attack them in order to destroy them.

In the last ten years various attempts have been made to conciliate the Roman Catholics and bring them into closer union with the common school system. Originally in Poughkeepsie, New York, and more recently in Faribault, Minnesota, the School Boards made arrangements with the priests for the occupancy by the public schools of buildings belonging to the Catholic Church, granting the right of Catholic teachers to keep Catholic children after the regular school hours for instruction in the Catholic catechism. For obvious reasons these experiments have not brought the peace desired. A

successful solution cannot come along this line. The Catholic teacher who keeps a part of her pupils after school hours in the same room for an exercise which, by necessary implication, is of a more sacred and valuable character than the other instruction, subjects the children of Protestants to a needless irritation or an unfair influence. In Western Pennsylvania an attempt has been made to have Catholic Sisters employed as teachers in the public schools. There certainly ought to be no discrimination against the employment of Catholics as teachers, and Catholics are found among our teachers everywhere. But when it comes to putting any person in the school-room who wears a peculiar religious habit or costume, many people protest and rightly urge, I think, that this very fact gives an undue prominence to a certain religious system and ideal—a prominence not consistent with the necessarily secular character of our schools.

As these principles respecting the secular character of our Government, and therefore the necessarily secular character of its schools, have in recent years been more fully realized, the former religious exercises, which for a time lingered in many of our public schools, have been wholly discontinued, until now even the old perfunctory Bible reading at the opening of the school has been quite generally abandoned. And all this has come about, not so much by legislative enactment or public discussion as by the silent outcome of experience—the recognition, on the one hand, that this formal exercise was worse than useless, and on the other, that it was out of place in the school maintained by a secular State. So that to-day, in a vast majority of our common schools—a majority constantly increasing—there is no attempt to give the school a religious character by prayer or Scripture-reading; though the singing of national and other appropriate songs is general; while many teachers strive, and very successfully, to give to their schoolroom the spirit of earnestness by reading some passage in literature aglow with ethical passion; or by telling the story of some great character who has served powerfully as an inspiration to nobler life.



It must be borne in mind that there has never been with us any systematic or catechetical religious instruction in our public schools. We have never gone beyond a reading of the Bible without comment.

And this brings us to the last phase of this subject upon which the American mind has been declaring itself—What place has the Bible in the schools of the secular State? As a religious revelation, or the source of dogma, no place at all. For the secular State cannot be the patron of any dogma, or the custodian of any revelation. There is no going behind this fact. It may be obscured by sophistry, or condemned by sentimental prejudice, but the fact itself cannot be removed. The Bible as literature, to be read as literature, has the same place in the public schools as Shakespeare or Homer. To read Job is as legitimate as to read Hamlet, if it be read just as Hamlet is read. But the Bible has no place in the public schools as an authoritative statement of religious ideas, or as a means of worship. This follows of necessity, because the State, being secular, can have nothing to do with a religious service, or with religious instruction. To assert that the Bible ought to be read as a religious exercise is equivalent to asserting that the State ought to have a religion. That thrusts upon us the problem, What religion shall the State adopt? Even lovers of the Bible here in America do not want to go as far as that; but, to be consistent, they must go as far as that, or cease to claim a place in the public schools for the Bible as a religious revelation. The secular school is not an enemy of the Bible. It simply refuses, in loyalty to the constitution of the secular State, of which it is a part, to make any formal religious uses of the Bible. This policy does not exclude the Bible from the schools; it simply excludes certain ecclesiastical uses of the Bible.

Many urge that the Bible may be so used, because it is not sectarian, but simply religious. But this does not touch the point. The secular school must be more than non-sectarian; it must be religiously neutral. The Bible-reading may be non-sectarian; but if engaged in as a religious exercise, if

the Bible is treated as a revelation, it is contrary to the spirit and law of the secular State, however frequently it may be done. We hear it said that stopping such Bible-readings is practically closing the fountain of civilization from which our fathers drew their inspiration. Now, without giving any estimate of the Bible as a civilizing agent, we may safely say that our forefathers got whatever they did out of the Bible by a very different process than the Bible-readings which we are asked to have put in the public schools. What they got out of the Bible they obtained by a prolonged private study, not from the formal reading of a few isolated verses by the schoolmaster once a day during term. This form of argument does our forefathers injustice; and, were they able to speak to us, they would denounce the assertion that such Bible-readings were the fountains of their civilization. And while there are a hundred thousand pulpits and a million Sunday-school teachers engaged in enforcing the Scriptures in our land, it is folly to claim that ceasing to use it for religious purposes in the public schools is depriving our people of the Bible. We hear it said also that it is wrong for our public schools to teach the history of Cæsar and rule out the history of Christ. But the story of Jesus' life, when taught as Cæsar's life is taught, is not ruled out. It is only the dogmas which cluster about Jesus that are ruled out; and if such dogmas clustered about Cæsar, they, too, would be ruled out. It is needless in the discussion of this subject to consider the character of the Bible. It is unnecessary, for instance, to show that some of its ideas of nature are contrary to those taught the child by science; that some of its morals are barbarous; that its historical statements are often conflicting and incorrect. The whole question turns upon the fact that such Bible-reading as is demanded, being a religious exercise, is contrary to the spirit and law of the secular State. The whole argument lies, not against the imperfect character of the Bible, but against its ecclesiastical use in a secular school.

Four years ago, the Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin delivered an

epoch-making decision upon this subject. The judges who then constituted that Court were not only learned jurists, but also men of positive religious convictions. The decision was unanimous and decisive: that the reading of the Bible in the public schools, as a part of a religious exercise, was unconstitutional and contrary to the spirit of our American institutions. This decision made a profound impression; it has had a very powerful influence. While some of the narrower dogmatists in various churches at once condemned it as revolutionary and unchristian, still it has been widely accepted as a just decision—as the only one that could be made in loyalty to the fundamental character of our Government. Two recent incidents illustrate the truth that the national consciousness is becoming clear and strong in this precise direction. The Attorney General of the State of Montana, Hon. H. J. Haskell, has in a recent decision taken the same positions and affirmed the same principles as those occupied and asserted by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. In a recent sermon, Rev. Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin, of Washington, D. C., one of the most prominent clergymen of the Presbyterian Church, forcibly advocated the complete secularization of our schools in the line of what has here been written; and he is only one of an ever-increasing cloud of witnesses to the wisdom and justice of this policy.

The fact is, that our public schools, without text-book on ethics or formal moral instruction, are efficient training schools of character in more ways than one.

1. Moral lessons are impressed upon the pupil by all the educational material which he there uses. Moral sentiment is held in solution by the reading-books, which are full of the choicest specimens of the world's literature. In every mathematical operation, the necessity of exactness, fidelity, and veracity is enforced. In historical studies, moral laws are illustrated upon a large scale, and moral qualities are made impressive by the lives of great men. All these facts are sources of moral influence which play continually upon the pupil's nature like a tonic breeze.

And this training is all the more efficient because it comes informally and operates independent of any preaching. To remind children continually that they are in this way becoming moral, would destroy that good influence and arrest their growth in character. So that to turn away from this vital training to a set exercise, observed for the sake of being good, would be a great misfortune. It would make our schools far less moral.

2. The discipline of the school in itself affords a very precious training in morals. We doubtless seldom realize how much is gained for higher civilization by the attendance of a child for even six years upon our public schools. There he is put during his formative period of life into an atmosphere and under a discipline which afford him training in nearly all the rudiments of good citizenship. Let us enumerate a few of them: punctuality and habits of order; the lesson of obedience and reverence for the rights and feelings of others as human beings; the sanctity of property and the necessity of truthfulness; a manly bearing and respectful speech; the consciousness of independence, tempered with the recognition of communal interests and obligations; the steadiness of purpose cultivated by task-work, and the importance of fidelity, illustrated by every recitation; the sentiment of equality and the feeling of justice enforced by the constant pressure of experience;—these and other moral qualities of highest moment are forever being imparted by the vitalizing conditions of the school.

3. The personality of the teacher is the chief source of moral influence. The presence of the teacher, if a proper person for the position, is worth more than a thousand text-books, though they all may be as good as the Sermon on the Mount. In the casual judgments which the teacher passes upon persons and events; in the patience and self-control which he exercises upon himself, and which spreads from him by a subtle contagion until it infects with moral health every pupil; in the looks of approval and disapproval with which he meets the behavior of children; in the decisions which he passes upon the conduct of

those under his control ; in the tones with which he speaks to the dullest girl or the most timid boy ; in the forgiveness which he enjoins and practises ; in the veracity which he displays and the sincerity which he inspires ; in the kindness which he bestows and the self-sacrifice which he recommends—in all these acts and attitudes the true teacher makes his school a school of applied morals where character really grows.

Shall, then, our public schools teach a formal moral code? No, rather let them possess a moral atmosphere derived from the personality of the teacher. For there is only one way to increase the moral power of the school, and that is, not by creating didactic machinery, but by investing in noble teachers. Place a Horace Mann or a Thomas Arnold in a schoolroom, and that school will possess more moral power than resides in all the ethical handbooks in the whole world. We must, then, put our faith and our money into teachers of the very highest character ; and we may be sure that where they are there will be moral culture ripening noble manhood and womanhood, for more powerful than everything else is moral life itself.

When we lift up our eyes to discern the deepest movement of modern history, and bend our head to hear "the tread of men in fulfilment of the great destinies of the race," what we see is the slowly uptowering modern State, where law is free from ecclesiastical dictation and politics from sectarian rancor ; where education is free from

theological despotism, and science from the yoke of tradition ; where every man shall be secure in the exercise of his religious convictions, and where no man shall be obliged to contribute to the support of a dogma which he disbelieves ; and also, where religion, divinest daughter of Heaven, unmolested in its own kingdom, shall be free from bureaucratic dictation, and the corrupting entanglements of political strife ; and what we hear is the chorus of multitudes, like the mighty roar of Niagara, all pleading for what has proved the providence of God, that every man be given a chance to find and live the good, the true, the beautiful, in his own fashion, as long as he does not trespass upon the rights of others. To the pattern of the Modern State our courts have fitted their decisions ; to the prophecy of the ages our Government has given a local habitation. And as we bend our ear to catch the faintly whispered demand of the myriads of children yet unborn, we hear the divinely urgent exhortation : Guard for us the Public School from priestly tyranny and dogmatic zealotry, from ecclesiastical dictation and the poison of sectarian passion ; preserve it in all its sacred freedom and truly Catholic functions ; protect it as the organ and oracle of the humanity of man ; and finally, hand it down to us as the seed plot of patriotism, more efficient for citizenship because dogma is not there, and more friendly to religion because no unwise use of the Bible or the Catechism is there attempted.—*Westminster Review*.

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## MY MAID OF HONOR.

BY H. FIELDING.

Soon after my return to Burma, it was my good fortune to meet again the Maid of Honor who told me the story that I wrote in "Maga" two years ago.\* I had never told her that I was going to publish her story, and I was afraid she might be offended when she

heard. I found that there was no necessity to tell her. She knew. The story had been copied into the "Rangoon Gazette," and a translation had appeared in a vernacular paper. She was not at all offended, though she was a little shy at appearing in print ever so many thousands of miles away in the fairy country of Belat (Europe).

However, when I produced a little

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\* See "The Last Days of an Empire," *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE*, June, 1893.

present that I had got for her, to show her that I had not quite forgotten her, I think she was pleased.

I told her of some of the criticisms on her story: how some people said that it was not true, because it did not agree with what had been written before; but mostly I told her of the favorable things that had been said. And when I had coaxed her into a good temper, there, in the shadows of the garden, I begged her to tell me some more of the palace and the queen. I did not find her very ready to do so. I think she had doubts as to how it might sound in my translation to ears that have never heard Burmese, or what mistakes I might make. She looks upon me as a person very ignorant of the Burmese—as indeed I am—and well-meaning rather than well-doing.

But I think she forgot after a while the object of our talks, and was pleased to recall to herself these long-past days that she always says were so pleasant. "For it was very pleasant in the palace then," she says often, with a little stop in her voice.

It must not be forgotten that she was only a child, a little girl of thirteen, when Mandalay fell, and that she saw with childish eyes and was blind to many things an older woman would have seen. To children, all that those they love do is done well. Criticism does not come to us till later and less happy days. Our gods are near to us when we are young, and we never look at their feet to see if they be clay. And who would ask that our early feelings and impressions should be revised by later knowledge? I have never told her a great deal that has been said about her queen, and the light in which some of her acts are regarded. Why should I?

There appear to have been a great number of maids of honor—over five hundred in all, she told me. They were divided into companies of thirty or forty, with some one as head. My maid of honor belonged to a company whose head was the daughter of the Taingda Mingyi, the old Minister who brought on the war. She was not his own daughter, but adopted. They were sent on duty for six hours at a

time, and the queen herself distributed the hours of service for each company.

The maids of honor had nine silk skirts a-month given them, and money besides for jackets and kerchiefs. The queen wore, as a rule, much the same clothes as her maids; but there was this rule, that if she was wearing a skirt of a certain design, no princess or maid must wear one of that same kind on that day.

"But how did you manage?" I asked. "Did you know beforehand what the queen was to wear?"

"When we went on duty we would peep and see, hiding behind some one else. And if we were wearing a skirt like the queen, we would run off and change it and return."

When I suggested that at the rate of nine a-month skirts must have accumulated, she said it was easy to give them away to attendants. Nine a-month were none too many, for it was necessary to look smart before the queen. Then skirts got spoiled in many ways. They would play hide-and-seek in the gardens. The queen would hide, and the princesses and maids of honor would look for her. Of course they never found her, and the queen was very pleased. It must be remembered that the queen was not twenty three when the palace was taken. She was only a girl too.

"What happened if any one was rash enough to find the queen?" I asked.

The girl laughed. It appears that when she first went to the palace and played hide-and-seek she found the queen. "For indeed it was easy enough. I could see her kneeling down on a little hill behind a clump of bamboos. Every one could see. So I went up and found her."

"And then?"

"She boxed my ears. She was very angry."

"I suppose you never found her again?" I asked.

"No! No one could ever find her except the king, who would come and play with us too. Then after a time, when she was tired of seeing us wander up and down and look in all the wrong places, she would come out laughing, and say she was too clever for us, and that some one else must hide. So



one of us would hide, and there would be great fun looking for her all up and down the garden, in the boats, behind the rocks, or perhaps we would find her perched in a tamarind-tree.

"Then we would go out in the boats. The fish were so tame that if you put some rice on the edge and tapped the bank, and cried 'Hey! hey! hey!' the fish would come crowding up and eat it. There were so many they would quarrel and fight and push each other about to get at the rice. Some had gold-leaf put on their heads. Once when the queen was in a boat with the king a big fish jumped right into the boat, and the queen was delighted, and laughed and screamed, and took it up in her hands and put it back in the water. Her dress was all splashed over with water and mud, but she did not mind that.

"We also used to catch crows."

"What did you do that for?" I asked.

"For fun. We would wait till a crow came into the room, and rush and slam the doors. Then there would be a great running about, and climbing on tables, and throwing handkerchiefs to fetch the crow down."

"What did you do then? Kill it?"

"Kill it?" she answered with great surprise. "What should we want to take its little life for? The queen would put gold-leaf on its beak, or put a ring on its foot, or tie a string with something on it round the crow's neck, and let it go again. There was always a tremendous excitement among the other crows when this crow came out. They would crowd round it and caw very loudly, and the caught crow was ashamed. We never caught the same crow twice.

"If it was very hot, and we could not go out, the queen would wrap up a lot of things in paper—rings and gold and stones and feathers—and put them in a bag. The princesses and maids of honor drew the things out. When you got a ring or a jewel you were pleased, when you got a feather every one laughed at you."

"Did you ever get a feather?" I put in.

"No! I never got a feather; but I got a piece of tobacco-leaf once,

and I got a small gold ring another time.

"Three times a-year there was a great amusement throwing water at each other. A low bamboo barrier was put in the garden, and the queen and her maids were on one side and the king and his pages on the other. We got water in little cups, and threw it one side at the other. We got very wet, and we were not allowed to wear old dresses, but quite new ones. They were all spoiled, of course."

"Who threw water at the queen?"

"The king. Who else?"

"And did the pages cross over the barrier?"

"If any page crossed over the barrier to our side he would have been executed straight off. No one ever did, of course.

"No! Girls would never cross to the men's side. How can you ask such a question?"

"Then twice a-year money would be thrown by the king for the people to scramble for. He would throw fifty thousand rupees or more. One man would get thirty rupees or fifty rupees."

"What did you get?"

"I was a maid of honor. Maids of honor do not scramble for money. That was for the attendants," she answered somewhat severely.

It seemed to me that I was asking rude questions. I changed the subject.

"Did the king and queen have dinner together?"

"Yes; they had breakfast at nine o'clock, and dinner at four o'clock in the evening. At midday the queen would have cake, Japanese cakes. She had a Japanese cook-woman who knew how to make sugared cakes, which were very nice. The breakfast and dinner was rice, just like any other person's dinner. I never supposed anybody could live on anything but rice till I saw the English. The queen and king ate rice, and there was curry too. It was brought in golden bowls by the man who cooked it, and he had to eat a little himself to show that there was no poison in it."

"Was there ever any poison?" I inquired.

"No; never."

"And what else did you do all day?" I asked. "Did the king ever do any work, or the queen? The time must have been very long."

"The king used to go to the court-house sometimes in the early morning. The queen did not go. It was not her business. The time was not long at all. It was very pleasant in the palace. We used to read books, sacred books generally, and talk, and there was always new people coming and news to hear."

"You never got a newspaper, I suppose?"

"No. There were no newspapers in the king's time. What is the good of them? I have looked once or twice at the 'Mandalay Times,' which I have seen in my mother's house. It says that a man fell down out of some house in Mandalay town and broke his neck, and that the Japanese are taking some place I never heard of before, and that some ship has sunk in the sea near Belat. I do not care to know these things. I do not even know if these things are true. I have a cousin who helps in one of the papers, and he tells me that many of the things are not true at all. I do not see the use of papers."

"They are not any use," I answered, "except to the proprietors. I suppose your cousin gets some money for helping on the paper?"

"Little enough," she said. "Besides, it is a great shame to make money by selling things that are all made up. I do not think the Government ought to allow newspapers. Besides, they are very rude sometimes."

Probably she has seen some disagreeable remarks about some of her friends. I thought I would change the subject again.

"What else did you do in the palace?"

"I must think," she said, and she moved round on the mat she was sitting on and looked up meditatively at the silver star that beamed above the sunset.

"Thakin," she said presently.

"Yes?"

"Did you ever know of a king and queen cooking their own dinner?"

I said that none of the kings and

queens of my acquaintance would do such a thing.

"No!" she acquiesced; "it is unheard of. But my king and queen did so one day."

I assumed a look of extreme surprise. "What for?" I asked.

"For fun. There was nothing to do in the afternoon. It was hot, and we were all sleepy. The queen was not sleepy at all. Suddenly she said to the king, 'There is nothing to do. Let us cook our dinner. I never cooked a dinner—did you?' The king said he never did. The queen said it was a thing everybody ought to know, even kings, and it must be great fun."

"So we were sent off in a hurry. Some went here to get firewood, others to get earthenware pans for cooking, others for rice and water. It was, 'A hundred rupees for a pumpkin,' or 'Here five hundred rupees for some curry-powder,' or 'A thousand rupees for a few chillies.'"

"We got all the things at last, and put them down in the shade outside, and the king and queen set to work. They would not let any one help. So we sat round and looked on. The king lit the fire after much trouble, and made himself dreadfully dirty. One of us had to tell him how to do it. The queen put the rice into the cooking-pot with water. She ought to have washed the rice first, but she did not know that. Then the king set to and made another fire between three bricks and boiled the rice, and the queen made the curry. She did not know anything about making curries, and she kept asking questions all the time. She never peeled the pumpkin, and she put in far too much chillies."

"While the king and queen were arguing about how much salt there ought to be in the curry the fire under the rice went out, and the king had to light it again. When he thought the rice was sufficiently cooked he took it off and thought all was done. But he could not understand why it was so wet. We had to tell him to pour off the water and dry the rice."

"When at last it was done we had all of us to eat it, for the queen said she was not hungry. She ate just a little, and we ate all the rest. It was

not good at all. The rice was quite hard in the middle and smoky, and the curry was so hot that tears came into our eyes. Fortunately there were a great many of us, and everybody wanted to eat a little because the king and queen had cooked it. For no one ever before heard of a king and queen cooking food. It was a quite unknown thing in all the world for kings and queens to cook. But it was very amusing. Ah! it was very pleasant in the palace in those days."

She stopped again, and there came into my mind a saying of the wise old minister, the Kinwoon Mingyi, in those last days of the fall. How one day he went into the palace to see the king about some very important business, that business on which lay the fate of the king and queen and their followers and their people, and he could get no attention because the king was playing with the queen. The minister went away sadly to face the ruin coming swiftly up the river, and when he came without the palace to his own house he met there some of his advisers, Europeans, who were trying to help him to save the king in spite of the king. They asked him how he had sped in his interview, and the minister told what had happened --how the king was at play and could not be disturbed. "The kingdom is in the hands of children," he said. "There is no hope at all."

Presently she went on again: "The queen used to go twice a-day to the pagoda in the palace to pray, once in the morning and once in the evening as the sun set."

"What did she pray for?" I asked.

"What does one pray for, Thakin? She prayed for what she wanted, I suppose, just like we do. I should think she asked that her little son might not die, and to keep the love of her husband, just like we all do. A queen would not pray differently from any other woman, would she? Both her sons died from small-pox one after the other, and the queen was very sorry. The girls did not die, and every morning they came to bow to the king and queen. They lived in a separate part of the palace from the queen. The girls lived, but the sons always died.

And yet the queen tried all she could to have strong children. When a baby was coming she would eat lizards' eggs out of the jungle. They were toasted over the fire, and are very strong food. And she would eat the flesh of unborn calves. Only she of all the people in the palace was allowed meat, and only when she was going to have a child. But it was all no good, the sons always died.

"The king also went to the pagoda twice a day to pray. And the monks would come and talk to him, and he would always listen to what they said. Monks would come to him when they liked. He was a good man the king, and every one liked him. Some people did not like the queen at all. She was very severe. If the king said that any person was to be punished, he generally was sorry afterwards and the man got off; but the queen was never sorry. If she said that any one was to be executed, there was no hope at all. She had no mercy when she gave an order.

"There was a Roman Catholic Sister in the palace who used often to come to the queen, and the queen gave her four little girls to take away and educate properly. She took them away and kept them for a year or two, and took them to Bengal and elsewhere, I think. After a time they came back, and the queen sent for them to come to her in the palace.

"So the children came. They were dressed in European dress, and when they came into the queen's presence, instead of sitting down, as all must before the queen, they stood up. Mebya was very angry. 'Sit down,' she said; but they did not. They were frightened, I think, and did not understand. She caught one by the arm and pulled it down, and the others then sat down. 'What is this?' said the queen, and she pulled at a chain round the neck of one of them, and a little image came out. 'It is the image of a god,' she said, 'of a foreign god. Take them away and dress them properly, and take away their idols,' for each had an image to its neck.

"Mebya was not at all pleased with these children, but soon they became just like any one else.

"This was only a little anger. Once

I saw her very angry indeed, dreadfully angry. I remember how frightened we all were."

She stopped again for a moment. I said nothing. I saw that she was quite lost in her memories of those palace days, and would talk on and on if I did not interrupt her. The present was quite forgotten in the recollections of her youth. There was a far-away look in her face, and a soft color on her cheeks, as if she was very happy.

It was dark now across the hills, and very still. The low whisper of moving water came up out of the river, and the night looked down upon us with a thousand diamond eyes.

"There was a princess, a half-sister of the king, younger than he, younger than the queen Mehya, the youngest of all the princesses. She had a household of her own, as all the princesses had, and she was very pretty. She was religious too, and would go often with her attendants outside the palace to the monastery near the south wall to give offerings to the monks and to hear them preach. It happened one evening when she went there to hear a sermon, that she noticed seated behind the monk a boy just received into the monastery. All boys, as the Thakin knows, must enter the monkhood once in their lives, and take the yellow robe, and keep the vows, if it be only for the months of fasting. This boy was about sixteen then, and he had just come in, and sat there behind his teacher, holding his fan, and the princess thought he was the most lovable of all boys whom she had seen.

"She could not, of course, speak to him, but whenever she could she would go to that monastery to give offerings and hope to see the little novice. Sometimes she saw him, and sometimes he was with his teacher and did not appear. But when she saw his face she forgot all the teaching of the monk, all the prayers she came to say; she forgot everything, as girls do.

"So she was in love with the novice, and she thought always of him and of how she could tell him of her love. But it was very difficult. You see she was a king's daughter, and king's daughters may only marry kings.

There was no chance at all that she could ever marry him, or even speak to him except by some deceit. She was very carefully kept in the palace, and no men could come near her. To any man who came into her presence unbidden, only one thing could happen, and that was death.

"The princess knew this, but still she did not despair. She thought and thought of some way. She was quite certain she would succeed in the end, and this is what she did.

"There was an old woman among her servants who had been her nurse when she was a little girl, and she told the old nurse about it. And the nurse begged and prayed her princess to forget the boy; she said over and over again that nothing could happen but disaster, grievous disaster, to both, and death. But the girl would not hear. It is like pouring oil upon a fire to give advice to one in love, the Thakin knows, and it only made the princess more and more determined that the boy should come to her. Not all the guards and orders of the king, not all the thousand prying eyes of the palace, not anything in heaven or earth, not even the fear of death, should keep them apart. That she was sure. At last, when the princess one day rushed out of her rooms in the palace to drown herself in the moat, the old nurse gave way, and said she would take a message to the boy; but she meant quite a different message to what the princess thought.

"The nurse went to the monastery that evening, and in some way she managed to see the boy. She told him that the princess had fallen in love with him. Then she went on to say what a terrible thing it was, and how it could only end in one way. The boy must run away, she said, to avoid death. If he did not go, she said, she would herself tell an official, and have him sent to exile to Mogaung. He must not stay and trouble the heart of the princess, but be off at once.

"The old nurse expected the boy would be terrified, and that she would have no trouble with him. 'He will run off at once,' she said to herself; 'and when the princess cannot see him



every day nearly, as she does now, she will in time forget. This is the way out of the difficulty.'

"But the boy refused to go. Whether it was he had noticed the princess looking at him, and had fallen in love with her too, I do not know; but he declined to go. 'If you,' he said to the nurse, 'go and tell any official about it, and I am arrested, I will tell them all about the reason. I will say that you came to me with messages from the princess. Everybody shall know. Go and tell your official if you like. You know what will happen. If the king does not punish you for bringing me messages, the princess will have you killed for getting me into trouble; and the princess will herself be punished. Go and tell.'

"The nurse saw she had made a tremendous mistake. She ought to have gone straight to some official and got the boy sent off without his knowing why he was sent. Now she saw that matters were very much worse than before.

"She went back to the palace in despair; and when the princess questioned her about what had happened, she was obliged to lie, and say that there was no way of speaking to the boy, as the monks were all about.

"The princess was exceedingly angry at this, and said it was because the nurse was stupid. Then she said if time could not be gained to talk to the boy, yet the nurse could get a chance of giving him a note. So the princess went off and wrote a letter, a love-letter. She wrote it very small upon a little piece of paper, which she rolled up like one of those rolls of paper that women wear in the holes of their ears to keep the hole open and in proper shape when they do not care to wear gold ear rings. She wrote the letter very secretly so that no one should know, and next afternoon she came and put it in the old woman's ear, and sent her out to the monastery to see the boy.

"So the woman went. She gave up trying to fight against the love of the princess, and she surrendered herself to fate. She went and gave the letter to the boy, slipping it into his hand by stealth as she placed some flowers

before the image of Buddha. She could not get an answer that night, of course, but the princess did not mind. When she heard that the letter had reached the boy she was happy again.

"Do you know what it was she wrote, Thakin?"

"How can I know?" I said; "I never got a love-letter from any young lady. How do they write? Tell me."

"It was not just a letter. It was a little love-song. All women know it. It goes like this," and she began to hum to herself in curious minor tones a song of which this is a translation. She sang it so prettily that it seemed to me she must be thinking of some one to whom she herself would like to say the words. Perhaps she did:

"My lover is gold, he is pure gold without any speck. I will love him for a hundred years, never shall I cease to love him. Do not doubt me, my lover, for I am not as other girls are who love here and there, but am true far beyond death. Love me, then, for there is no one that can love you as I do. Come let us go, my lover, to the pagoda, and we will pray there that we may never part; not in this life, nor in the next, nor the next. For a hundred lives, for a thousand eternities, we shall live and live and be together.

"My lover is pure gold. I would wear him as a necklet about my neck that should not leave me for ever. He is my king, my lord, and there is no one in my heart but him."

When she had finished there was a silence. Far away across the river the gongs in a monastery began to ring, and the notes thrilled to us out of the distance like an answer to her words. In among the bushes of the garden the gauzy white-winged moths wavered to and fro, and a night-jar came fleeing past on noiseless wings.

"Next day the princess went in the evening to the monastery with the nurse and attendants to give offerings, and she saw him, the boy, her lover. They could not speak, of course—they could only look a little, a very little, for fear people should notice; but as they came away the boy managed to give a note to the old woman, who gave it to the princess. I do not know what was in the letter. I know what was in the one the princess wrote, because it was found afterward, but the note he wrote her was never found. After this they wrote to each other often, using always the old nurse as messenger, and

writing the letter on little slips of paper to be put in her ears. And when they saw each other at the monastery they loved each other more and more.

"It seemed as if this must be the end, for how could they ever meet—she who was a princess, and he a lad in a monastery? Presently he left the monastery and returned to his home in Mandalay; but this made matters no better, only perhaps worse.

"But the princess was mad, and nothing would stop her. She thought and thought, till at last a scheme came to her. She waited till the boy's hair was grown long again—it was shaved off in the monastery—and then she sent out the old nurse to him one evening secretly with a letter and a bundle.

"The letter was just a few words of love, for there is no room to write much on a piece of paper, but the old woman had her orders. She met the lad at nightfall in the house of a relation in the city, and she gave him the letter and opened the bundle. 'Here,' she said, 'is one of my princess's own dresses. Quick, change and put it on. Tie up your hair like a girl, and here is some false hair to add to it, and here are some flowers.' So the boy changed quickly, putting off his boy's dress, and putting on the pink and silver skirt and white jacket of a girl. He put flowers in his hair, and a pearl necklace about his neck, and gold bangles on his arms. Nothing had been forgotten. With his round cheeks and his young figure he looked just like a girl, and they went away, the nurse and the boy girl, through the city to the palace-gates. The nurse told the sentries that this was her niece, a young girl who was coming to be attendant on the princess, and the guards let her through. They went on through the gardens to the rooms where the princess lived. So they met at last, those two, and loved and kissed and slept in each other's arms, with the fear of death covering them like a cloak. But they did not care. What did it matter?" She stopped again.

To make the end plain, I must explain here what those who do not know the Burmese tongue would not understand. There are in Burmese

two sets of pronouns. One is masculine and the other is feminine. Thus a man for "I" would say *chundaw*, but a woman would say *chümmä*, and so on. It must have been very bewildering to one brought up as a man to say *chundaw*, to have to remember always to say *chümmä*. It is but a trifle, perhaps, but it was the flaw wherein the princess's little intrigue failed, and it brought ruin to them both.

"They lived," went on my maid of honor, "together for months. Of course some of the attendants on the princess soon got to know that the new girl was no maid at all, but a boy. But the secret was well kept. You see, Thakin, that it was such a deadly secret that no one dared to speak of it. Had it been a little thing, no doubt it would soon have been spread all over the palace; but this was far too serious.

"The boy kept very quiet. He just stayed in the princess's rooms and went nowhere for a long time. I suppose the secret must have been found out some time, but who could have suspected the way of it?

"One morning when I went to my wait at noon, I saw at once when I came into the queen's presence that something had gone wrong. She looked very angry. She had a way of ruffling up her skirt to show her little bare feet when she was annoyed, and she had ruffled it up very much this morning. The king was seated by her, looking very troubled. All the maids were frightened to death, and in front of the king and queen, kneeling on the floor, were two guards of the gate with a girl between them. The guards were just explaining to the king how that this girl had come to the gate that morning to get out. 'They had challenged her. 'Who are you?' they said, for they did not recognize her face. And the girl had looked up and asked, '*Chundaw la?* Are you speaking to me?' using the fatal masculine. The suspicions of the guards were aroused. 'What girl are you that speak like a man?' they said, and they arrested this would-be girl, and soon enough discovered who she was.

"There was the lad kneeling before the king, gray with fear, for he knew his time was come. He could not speak

for very horror, and you could see him panting for breath. We were all so sorry for him, for he was such a pretty boy, and looked prettier in his girl's dress.

"Presently through the door and up the steps came the princess. She had been sent for by the king. I do not think she knew at first why she had been called, but when she saw her lover there she understood at once. She came up as near to him as she could, and knelt down before the king. She looked in great distress, and tears came into her eyes and ran down her cheeks. She looked only at her lover, she never looked at the king or queen or any one else. He was so afraid, I do not think he even knew she was there—he was quite distraught. Then there was an inquiry. It did not take long, for the princess confessed at once. She said it was all her fault; the boy was not to blame, she insisted. If any one was to be punished it must be she, for it was by her orders that the lad had been brought into the palace. She pleaded and pleaded for the boy, and I think the king looked sorry, but the queen only got more and more angry. She was especially furious at the love-letter, the little love-song the princess had written to her lover, which was found on him when he was searched at the gate. He had always carried it with him. It was a terrible scene, Thakin. Such an end to all their love-making! I can remember it all now. I can see it as if it were before me. The room with gold-and-red pillars, and the sad king, and the angry queen, and the princess, and—"

Her voice had begun to quaver, and she stopped suddenly and began to cry softly; she was so sorry for them both. Poor child, it must have been a dreadful scene for a little girl of only twelve years old to witness. No wonder she remembered it so well. Her tears seemed to give her relief, but I said, "Do not go on if it hurts you. I can imagine the end."

"I will finish now, as I have begun," she said. "There is not much more. The inquiry was soon over, for there was no doubt about it. No one denied what had happened. The boy, still in his girl's dress, was led away, and the princess followed. Many of us who could escape unseen went after them to see. The boy went along between his guards like a man in a dream. Once without the king's presence, the princess tried to get to her lover to kiss him, but the guards repulsed her, and her attendants took hold of her to take her to her chambers, as the king had ordered; but she broke from them, and seized a golden bowl of drinking water which one of her attendants was carrying for her. She went up to the guards again with it. 'Give it to him,' she said, 'my last gift.' The guards saw no harm, and gave the boy the water, and he drank to her with lustre eyes. Then her attendants took her away. 'Be of good courage,' she cried as she went. 'Be of good courage, for I love you always.' She did not care who heard. The boy tried to speak, but his throat was choked, and they went each their own way, and they never saw each other again.

"The princess was shut up in a special prison. After a few days she was told that her lover had been exiled to Mogaung, far away on the Chinese frontier. It was told her so that she might not be too distressed. But she knew that he had gone to no Mogaung. She would not believe. She knew he was dead; and in a few days more, brooding over her misery, she went mad.

"There she was found when Mandalay was taken. She was released then, and gradually got back her senses and became a nun. She is now alive in Mandalay—a nun.

"And the boy? No one can love a princess and live. He was drowned in the Irrawaddy. He was tied up in a sack with great stones, and thrown from a boat into the waters of the great river."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

THE other day as I—a country doctor in a remote part of Cornwall—was driving home from one of the longest rounds on which my profession calls me, I occupied myself in thinking of the vast difference which I see between my rustic neighbors and the inhabitants of more thickly peopled regions of England. I could indeed without much difficulty make out an excellent case for concluding that this difference is in some respects to the advantage of the Cornish; but putting such controversy aside, I greatly doubt whether it can be understood by any save those who have lived among these people how strangely their thoughts and actions are mingled with the traditions and superstitions of the past. Dead faiths and dead beliefs lie about this country side like withered leaves in autumn. My feet rustle in them wherever I go; and from day to day I encounter some hoary fragment of antiquity brought forth from a memory where the tradition of centuries has planted it, and displayed not as a curiosity, but as the ground of some important action.

It was not merely a wandering fancy which set my thoughts in this train as my horse trotted homeward across the breezy down. A singular instance had been presented to me that very afternoon of the amazing durability which is sometimes possessed by the formula of an old belief, keeping the husk in existence long years after the kernel has withered away. I had been visiting a patient at a farm high on the border of the moor; an old woman, the widow of a freeholder, and coming herself of a family whose record in the parish where she dwelt could be traced back almost to the first pages of the church registers. My patient leads a lonely life in her distant farm, and is generally eager for such news as I can give her on the days of my periodical visits. My chief piece of intelligence on the day in question was that a relation of my own, whom she had once seen, was about to be married. The old woman was greatly interested, and asked the name of the bride. On hearing that it was Margaretta, she at once

assured me that was a lucky name, and begged me most earnestly to let the bridegroom know how to reap the full advantage of the luck; he must, it seemed, pluck a daisy on the eve of the marriage, draw it three times through the wedding ring, and repeat each time, very slowly, the words, "Saint Margaretta or her nobs."

But what, I asked, did this mystic formula mean? To my ears it sounded like pure gibberish, and I hinted as much. But my patient, though quite unable to assign any definite meaning to the words, harped always back to the conviction that they were lucky, and pleaded this so earnestly that I should have given her real offence if I had seemed to doubt it. Promising therefore that my relation should be duly warned how to secure his luck, I took my leave, wondering rather idly whether the nonsensical words had originally any meaning at all. It was not until far on my homeward journey that it flashed suddenly into my mind that the words were a prayer, "*Sancta Margaretta, ora pro nobis*," a genuine Latin intercession, handed down from Roman Catholic time. Who knows with what rapture of devotion in days long past Saint Margaret's prayer had been repeated in that very farmstead by the lips of men and women taught to feel a personal devotion to the Saint; and though now even the holy character of the words is forgotten, yet the fact that they have been kept in memory through so many generations, in never so corrupt a form, proves the strength of the feeling which once sanctified them, showing that in some one's mind the prayer was stored up not to be forgotten, with a lingering trust that it would bring a blessing yet.

It was, as I said, this rather striking incident which turned my thoughts to the strange empire which the traditions of the past exercise over the lives of the people in this country; and my mind reverted to a scene which I had witnessed a few months before, the like of which can very rarely have been seen outside Cornwall.

Driving home in the dark one wintry



evening after a long day's work, I saw a little group of people entering a solitary cottage by the roadside. The woman who passed in first was in tears. I knew her well; she was the tenant of the cottage and wife of a sailor whose ship was long overdue. Another woman, who seemed to be trying to console her, passed in with her, while the third member of the party, an old fisherman with whom I have held many curious conversations both before and since that evening, remained standing by the roadside. He greeted me, and I pulled up my horse. "Any fresh trouble there, Peter?" I asked. "Ez, zur," he answered; "poor Jan's drooned." "That's bad news indeed," said I. "Then you have heard that the ship is really lost?" "Naw, zur," was the reply; "oonly poor Jan." "I don't understand you," I said; "is the ship safe then?" "Uz doan't know about the ship, zur. Betty she said hur couldn't goo on like this waitin' and waitin', and not knowin' whether her man was dead or alive. So she went and called 'n on the shore—down by the watter," he added, seeing that I did not understand him. "Well, and what happened? Did you go with her?" "Ez, zur," he answered in his slow way; "and Tamson Rickard over to Polmorth, and Betty her stood at the edge of the watter, crying out, 'Oh, Jan, my man, my good man;' till Tamson catches her by the arm and tells her to hush; an' then, just very low, we heard 'n answer." The old man shook his head and stepped back to allow me to proceed. There was something in his manner so solemn and dignified as effectually to check any disposition to pry further. He had the aspect of one who had indeed been present at an actual communing with the dead. The widow called her husband; they all heard the spirit answer; so much might be told, but what remained was sacred to the bereaved woman's grief. I drove on after a few words of sympathy; and as I followed the coast road beneath which the winter surges were beating heavily in the darkness, and glanced out at the line of foam across which the drowned sailor had answered the cry of his desolate wife, I began to wonder whether there

might not be truth in some things, at least, across which we have long since drawn the bar of incredulity.

Near the little town in which I dwell a tidal river flows down to the sea through a deep and wide valley, or rather a gorge in the hills. The freshwater stream winds like a narrow ribbon through the wide expanse of sand which fills the bottom of the valley; and at low tide foot-passengers cross the water on a bridge consisting of a single plank, while vehicles of all kinds drive through a ford close by. At the proper time this is safe enough; but when the tide begins to flow, the salt water races through the gorge with astonishing speed; the little foot-bridge is submerged, and the ford, even at the first coming of the tide, is easily missed.

The river has an evil reputation. Countless disasters have occurred there; and the souls of drowned men and women are perpetually flitting to and fro across the waste of sand, in the guise of little birds, pointing out to the traveller where the footing is secure. So runs one of the traditions; and indeed the valley is infested by flocks of birds. But there is another sign of warning in this river-bed, especially by night and when the salt water is streaming fast over the sandy flats. Then as the wayfarer pauses in doubt whether he can reach the foot-bridge, or the farmer in his gig hesitates before dashing into that wide stream which is fast drowning the ford, while his mare snorts and plunges as the water ripples round her feet in the darkness, suddenly a hoarse shriek resounds close beside him, a wild inarticulate cry, which the least superstitious man might interpret as a note of warning. It is the crake, and for many miles there is no man, woman, or child who, having once heard that scream, will not turn and go five miles round rather than cross the river-bed that day. Whence the warning comes, if indeed it be one, I know not. Some say the shriek is from a bird; others again philosophize about noises in the wet sand; while most of the peasants can tell a wild story about a wicked man who perished at the crossing in the endeavor to bring a priest to the bedside of a dying woman. His one

good deed rescued his soul from utter damnation, and won for him the privilege of flying forever about the scene of his act of self-sacrifice, gifted with the power of warning others in this wild way against the danger which proved fatal to himself.

There is an easy wisdom in smiling at such stories when one reads them in a warm well-lighted room; but I have not always felt them ludicrous while driving down into the river-valley on a winter evening, chilled and wearied by a long-day's work. On such a night, when the hills are shrouded with vapor, the very sound of the surf beating on the rocks is enough to fill a man's fancy with strange thoughts; and I take no shame in admitting that it is sometimes an effort to drive the traditions of the place from my mind. But enough of these uncanny matters; I have brighter pages in my note-book, and as I turn them over many a half-forgotten incident starts to life again.

It would probably surprise many good people who are accustomed to put confidence in their doctor, to know with how many others that confidence has to be shared in Cornwall. White witches, gypsies, wandering quacks, all dispute my pre-eminence, while my patients play off one of us against another with inexhaustible skill, or shall I say impudence? This has long ceased to wound my vanity. I can tell the story of my old friend Mary without a pang.

Mary, let me say, was on the whole the most contented person I ever knew. She dwelt in a little hovel beside the open road which cuts across the downs, a structure looking as if it had been thrown together hastily to shelter sheep, and so unfit for a human habitation that I used to wonder that it was not condemned by the local purveyor. Mary suffered from heart-disease; neither my skill nor the whole demonology could make her any better, or save her from occasional attacks of violent pain. She had a continual hankering after witchcraft, and though I did my best to persuade her not to risk any charlatanism, I knew she would turn from me to the demons at last; so that when she came to meet me, one day with a smiling face, say-

ing cheerfully, "Shan't want 'ee no moor after to-day, thank 'ee kindly zur," I had no doubt what had occurred.

"Why, Mary, have you got well all of a sudden?" I asked, getting down from my dog-cart. "No more aches and pains?" "I can't tell, zur," she answered, still smiling hopefully, "but I've found out what's the matter with me." "Have you indeed?" I said. "I have an idea about that too, but tell me yours." She was ready enough to tell me, since she felt really obliged for my care, and thought it might be useful to me to know that my diagnosis was all wrong. It was no such thing as heart-disease that troubled her; somebody had "laid a load" upon her, and she was going to Truro to find out who it was. Her information was derived from a wandering gypsy, who had called at her house on the previous evening, and who had supported her credit by telling Mary she following striking and authentic tale:

There lived a few miles away a small farmer called John Hocken (Mary said she knew him well, but I have reason to doubt this), who to judge from the gypsy's description of him must have been a worthy person with a rasping manner. At any rate he was by no means so popular among his neighbors as his solid virtues might have led one to expect. In fact Hocken had enemies, as he was soon to discover. One morning he was on his way to market with three fine calves, for which he hoped to obtain a good price. On the way he met a neighbor, who stopped to pass the time of day. "Wheer be gooin', Jan?" Jan explained, and the other turned to look at the cattle. "Vine beasts," he admitted after a critical examination. "What do 'ee want for them?" "What I can get," replied John cautiously, whereon the other promptly offered him ten shillings a head, an offer which John put aside as too foolish to need an answer, and went on his road, leaving the keen bargainer casting sour looks after him. John on his part thought no more of the matter. When he reached the fair he saw no calves so good as his. Everybody admired them, but still no one

bought; and when night came John had no choice but to drive them home again, which he did in a very bad temper. But this misfortune proved as nothing beside that which confronted him the next morning when he found all his fine young calves dead in the cow-house. This was a serious calamity; but John had still three pigs fit for sale, and he at once set out for St. — where it happened to be market day, driving the pigs before him. The road was not the same by which he had driven the calves, and it was curious that when he had got about half-way he should meet again with the man whom he had encountered on the previous day. There was something about the man's look, too, which John did not like; so he preserved a rigid silence when accosted, and deigned no answer to the question where he was going. The man walked on beside him for a little way, plying him with questions, and at last turned down a by-way, observing as he went, with one of his sour looks, "You might as well have dealt with me, John." John was glad to see him go; but something seemed to be wrong with the pigs. They grunted, staggered about, and finally, lying down in the dust, were in a few minutes as dead as the calves. John began to see that something more than common was the matter with his affairs; but, upset as he was by the serious loss he had sustained, his chief feeling was a conviction that the powers of darkness were employed against him. He drew the carcasses under the shadow of the hedge, and set off home as fast as he could go. He was nearly there when some one looked over a stile, and asked in a sour voice, "How's your wife, John?" John needed not to look to see who it was. Terror seized him and he fairly took to his heels. When he reached home he had to run at once for the doctor, for his wife had had a fit, and lay dangerously ill for many days.

Now here, as Mary triumphantly pointed out to me, was a case which I could not have mended in the least. It was clear enough that "a load" had been laid on poor John Hocken. Well, and to whom did he go to get it taken off? Not to a doctor; that was the

point! He went to the White Witch in Truro!

I always pique myself on knowing my place, so as soon as Mary put the matter to me in this light, I saw there was nothing left to do but to express a humble hope that the witch might succeed where I had failed, and to pay Mary's omnibus-fare into Truro, which I did accordingly, parting with her on the best of terms. Poor Mary was back on my hands ere long, neither better nor worse for the witch's remedies; but she never would tell me exactly what had happened. I suspect she was treated in the same manner as another old patient of mine who had had two paralytic strokes, but who might have lived for years if she could have kept the witches out of her head. As ill luck would have it there came to her house one day a learned gentleman who said that for three guineas he would rub her all over with something that smoked, and the temptation of this novel mode of treatment was too much for her. The witch promised to cure her, and so he did, not only from paralysis, but from all other earthly ills besides. I have my doubts whether he ought not to have been prosecuted for it.

Mary was also called Jecholiah, a name popular enough in my neighborhood, but so little known elsewhere except at Scripture-readings that it may not be uninteresting to put on record the circumstances to which it owes its popularity in the West.

Jecholiah, the first of that name who made any figure in profane history, was the last, or thousandth, wife of the giant Bolster, a hero of ancient times when giants were common in the world, or at least in that important portion of it which is now called Cornwall. The deeds of Bolster would fill a volume; but it is only with his views on matrimony that the story of Jecholiah is concerned. In Bolster's opinion the proper and natural duration of that state was one calendar year. There appears to be in some quarters in the present day a disposition to approve of varied matrimonial relations; and in such quarters interest will be felt in Bolster's simple and direct method of securing the desired sequence of wives. An ideal which had worn out was to

him a thing of jest ; and so every year, on the anniversary of his wedding, his practice was to set his wife on the top of Saint Agnes' Beacon and throw rocks at her until he killed her. The blocks of granite still lie all over the hill-side, proving the truth of the story ; and so the system went on bringing annual relief and satisfaction to its author until he married Jecholiah.

Now Jecholiah seems to have been a good wife in everything but her reluctance to go away when she was no longer wanted. She could not rise to the height of self-denial which her husband expected of her ; and when her year of office had nearly expired, she appealed to Saint Agnes for help. Saint Agnes came to the rescue willingly, not having been entirely pleased this long while with the use to which her beacon was put ; and she made a treacherous suggestion to Jecholiah, who demeaned herself sufficiently to entertain it, thus showing how quickly even the best of wives fall to pieces morally when they begin to conspire against their husbands. Saint Agnes gave Jecholiah full instructions, and despatched that deceitful woman home again to meet her husband with a smiling face.

The next morning Jecholiah, still wreathed in smiles, led her husband up to the shaft of a mine which opened on a pleasant hill-side overlooking the sea ; and there Bolster, throwing himself at length on the turf, opened a vein in his arm. This was his invariable custom as the time for putting his wife away came near ; for the exercise was severe, and he found it well to carry off any little surfeit in advance. He always bled himself a mine-shaft full, no more and no less ; and though he had not used this shaft before, he thought it would do as well as any other, while Jecholiah seemed to wish to go that way. So she sat by his head singing softly some sleepy song, and from time to time looking behind his head at the sea which was now beginning to be covered with a dark red flush. Bolster grew drowsy ; he looked again and again to see if the shaft were not full, but there was still no sign of blood near the top. At last, full of strange suspicions, he rose tottering to his feet and looked around

him. The sea as far as the horizon was red with his blood, flowing like a river, leagues on leagues from land. The very sky had caught the reflection, and flamed like a brilliant sunset. The mine had an exit to the sea, and the life-blood of the trustful giant had flowed out before he saw the trick.

The story of Jecholiah has led me away from the subject of witchcraft, which indeed is so common in these parts that many volumes might be filled with the account of the remarkable expedients resorted to by the wise women for curing the incurable. The collection of such facts should be something more than a work of idle curiosity, for the lore of these ignorant old men and women is almost invariably traditional ; a rubbish-heap, perhaps, yet one which carefully sorted helps in its way to reconstruct the past. I have sometimes thought that both my income and my popularity might be materially increased if I were to treat my patients with the charms in which, though betrayed by them over and over again, they yet have more faith than in all my drugs.

Grace Rickard came to me a few weeks ago complaining that she could no longer hear the grunting of her pigs as they routed about in the early morning, though this was the signal which had roused her daily ever since she was a child. What could be done I did ; but not even the great specialist who trained me could undo the corrosion of old age, and it was necessary at last to tell poor Grace that her hearing was destroyed. She departed so tearful and despondent that when passing her little farm a short time after, I thought it would be kind to look in. Grace was sitting before the fire, seeming quite cheerful. On her knee was a large piece of board, over which she was deeply engrossed ; and as the door opened I heard her say, very solemnly, "Lord, deliver me from my sins." This pious prayer was followed by a strange sort of strangling noise which seemed so alarming that I came forward quickly. Grace laughed out loud when she saw my face ; "Dawn't 'ee be frited, zur," she said ; "'tes aunly a sneeze." "It's the oddest sneeze I ever heard," I answered ; "why can't



you sneeze in the ordinary way? It's much safer." "So I do, when I can," she explained; "but now 'tes got up to nine times running, and wherever to get nine sneezes from is moor'n I know." This was not very comprehensible; but on investigation it appeared that what Grace had upon her lap was an infallible cure for deafness, of such a simple description as to place it within the reach of the meanest purse. Nothing indeed is needed but a small bit of board and a packet of stout pins. Every morning a pin is stuck firmly into the board; the patient crosses the two fore-fingers and lays them over the pin, saying aloud, "Lord, deliver me from my sins," and at the same moment must sneeze violently. The first day this is a simple matter; but on the next day, when there are two pins in the board, two sneezes must be produced, the next day three, and so on; and as it is not everybody who is able to sneeze an indefinite number of times at will, the difficulty in which poor Grace found herself is sure to arise at last. Unhappily this difficulty is fatal to the remedy, as Grace discovered in the end. But as she is too just to blame anybody but herself for her inability to carry out the conditions, the reputation of the cure remains as high as ever.

The faith which grounds itself on such remedies as these is of course traditional, to be classed with the fancy that the herb vervain blesses the ground for three feet round the spot on which it grows, or that the best of all remedies for many ailments from which children suffer is a blessed shilling (that is to say one taken from the communion-plate) tied round the neck. Its root is in the past. It was grown and watered by that splendid isolation which left Cornwall during whole cen-

turies untouched by the thought of the rest of England, a mediæval county when all the others had become modern; and it flourishes still, a wide-spreading tree of superstition, whose shadow will extend far and wide over the West Country for ages yet to come. For my own part I would not have it otherwise. When I try to realize how much poorer and duller life will be when the shutters are put up in the cottage of the White Witch, when even the children are too wise to stop and turn their stockings as they pass the corner where the pixies are, and when by night or day no one is afraid to cross the river valley any more, I find myself dwelling fondly on the memory of an old man, a patient of mine against his will, who was much depressed in his last illness by the fear that it might not be his last. It was my bill he was afraid of, though I did my best to assure him there would be none; and when he found himself dying beyond any possibility of recall a cunning smile played over his face as almost with his last breath he whispered, "I've done 'ee now, Doctor, b'aint I? 'Ee can't send'n after I wheer I be gooin'." And so the old man put out on his voyage quite happily, sustained by the consciousness of having got for nothing all he could, up to the very last. My own hope is the same. I have dwelt here many years and have learned to love the follies at which I smiled at first. Year by year they pass away. The world is growing wiser; I have had my pleasure in its folly, and the day is coming when I shall be presented with the bill. But as my years are declining I hope that, like my old patient, I may escape it after all; and I hug the knowledge to my heart that no one can send it after me "wheer I be gooin'."

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

### THE POET-LAUREATESHIP.

WHO was the first English Poet-Laureate? On this matter the literary doctors differ. Of course the term "Poet-Laureate" was applied to poets both in England and on the Continent very long before it was used in the

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sense in which we moderns have grown accustomed to understand it. The poet who rose above the ordinary rut of versifiers, whose work seemed likely to secure a hearing from posterity as well as from his own contemporaries,

was often styled a "Laureate Poet." The expression occurs as early as the fourteenth century, and is used by Chaucer in the "Canterbury Tales." When the "Clerk of Oxenford" is about to tell the story of the patient Griselda, he says that he had learned it at Padua, from Petrarch, the "laureate poete." But this phrase, no doubt, merely referred to the famous crowning of Petrarch at Rome as Poet-Laureate, as tradition affirmed that Virgil and Horace had been crowned there before him. A royal author, James I. of Scotland, in the early part of the fifteenth century—a period when royal authors were not quite so common as they are nowadays—uses the same phrase in reference to Chaucer himself and to Gower. In his poem of the "King's Quhair" (that is, "The King's Little Book"), he speaks of these two as his "maisters dear":—

"Superlative as poetes laureate  
In rhetoric and eloquence ornate."

The royal criticism is somewhat indiscriminate. Gower, that worthy but exceedingly long-winded old verse-producer, is no doubt valuable to the philologist and to the antiquarian, but as a poet he is naught. Yet he has in some measure contributed to the gayety of English readers, for did he not induce Mr. Russell Lowell to write of him:—

"As you slip to and fro on the frozen levels  
of his verse, which give no foothold to the  
mind, as your nervous ear awaits the inevitable  
recurrence of his rhyme, regularly pertinacious  
as the tick of an eight day clock and  
reminding you of Wordsworth's

'Once more the ass did lengthen out  
The hard, dry, see-saw of his horrible bray,'

you learn to dread, almost to respect, the powers of this indefatigable man. . . . You cannot escape him. Dip in at the middle or at the end, dodge back to the beginning, the patient old man is there to take you by the button and go on with his imperturbable narrative. . . . Gower had no notion of the uses of rhyme except as a kind of crease at the end of every eighth syllable, where the verse was to be folded over again into another layer. He says, for example—

"This maiden Canacee was hight,  
Both in the day and eke by night,"

as if people commonly changed their names at dark.

Thus this "superlative laureate" has not wholly lived in vain.

But there was another, and a slightly more formal way in which the term "Poet-Laureate" was used. Skill in the production of artificial Latin verse is not even now without some slight reward at the Universities; in earlier times, if it were joined with some proficiency in grammar and rhetoric, it could command a special degree of its own. The man who excelled in it, who could write in praise of his University, or produce his hundred lines on any other topic acceptable to the authorities, might receive the degree of "poeta laureatus." Thus we find Caxton, in the preface to one of his translations from the French, speaking of "Mayster John Skelton, late created poete laureate." This Skelton, a learned man, whose work belongs to the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., seems to have been particularly proud of his title as Poet-Laureate of the University of Oxford; and, indeed, he held the degree from Cambridge as well. He heads his Latin verses with the title "Poeta Skelton Laureatus," and in one of his English pieces he says:—

"A kyng to me myn habyte gave,  
At Oxforth, the Unversyte,  
Avannced I was to that degre;  
By hole consent of theyr senate,  
I was made poet lawreate."

But what an extraordinary laureate he was. Whatever may be the value of his Latin verse, his English writings are not above doggerel, though he is full of vigor and coarse humor. His attacks on Wolsey, when the Cardinal was at the height of his power, show both that Skelton was above fear, and that it was no duty of the Laureate in his time to seek for favor at Court. This "poeta laureatus" has thus described his own poetical style:—

"For though my rime be ragged,  
Tattered and jagged,  
Rudely raine-beaten,  
Rusty and mooth-eaten,  
If ye take wel therewith  
It bath in it some pith."

Pith? yes; poetry? no. Skelton has no idea of literary form, though there is one little piece of his for which, even on the literary side, a good word may be said. But Skelton's Works, like Gower's, have found their way to the

shelves of the antiquarians, not quite so deservedly as Gower's.

All this, however, has little or nothing to do with the Laureateship in the modern sense of the word. We pass from these early writers, and come to what the last English Laureate has styled "the spacious times of great Elizabeth." Here the title begins to show itself in something imperfectly approaching the sense in which it was afterward understood. There are first two or three writers who may be called vague, shadowy Laureates, connected with the Court in a fashion, but with no definitely fixed official position. Of these vague Laureates, the first is one of the greatest names in English poetry. It would be pleasant to think of Spenser as Poet-Laureate to Queen Elizabeth, and there are those who do so; but strict criticism cannot allow the claim. It is true that Spenser became a courtier, and flattered the Queen in the extraordinarily exaggerated style of the time, and that when he dedicated the first three books of the "Faery Queen" to Elizabeth she gave him a pension of £50 a year. It is true also that Spenser speaks of himself as the wearer of the laurel-leaf. In one of the sonnets to the lady who was to become his wife, he says:—

"The Laurel Leaf, which you this day do wear,  
Gives me great hope of your relenting Mind;  
For since it is the Badge which I do bear,  
You, bearing it, do seem to me inclin'd."

But this is nothing more than the usual formal reference to the laurel as the poet's special tree. No such office as that of Poet-Laureate, as it is now understood, existed in Elizabeth's time, and few poets who have flattered a sovereign have had such bitter experience of the fickleness and cruelty of a Court as Spenser. Like some of his more formally appointed successors, he was indeed buried in Westminster Abbey. Yes; but he had died of starvation.

Passing over the second name in this vague list—the name of Samuel Daniel, a very worthy writer both in verse and prose, but of whose so-called Laureateship literary anecdote has nothing to say—the third shadowy Laureate is no less a man than Ben Jonson. In

his case, the vague office is already becoming a little less vague, for he received from James I. royal letters patent appointing him to the post, with a salary of 100 marks a year. But as Ben thought this salary too low, he wrote in rhyme, "The Humble Petition of Poor Ben," praying King Charles, the "best of monarchs, masters, men," to let the marks be changed into pounds. The appeal was successful, and to the £100 was added a yearly grant of a tierce of Canary, the wine Jonson loved best. This wine was to come from the King's stores at Whitehall, and to be delivered to the poet at such time as he might wish it. He was made City-chronologer too, with another salary of 100 nobles a year. All this was not bad for a man who had started in life as a bricklayer. Jonson is the only Poet-Laureate who, in his own words, was "brought near the gallows," for he fought a duel with a fellow-actor, and, though he was badly wounded himself, he killed his man. In one respect Jonson resembled, or rather excelled the first great real Laureate, Dryden; for he changed his religion twice, from Protestantism to the Roman Catholic Church, and then back to Protestantism again. On the occasion of his return to his first faith, he is reported to have drained the whole chalice of wine at the Sacrament, as a proof of the sincerity of his repentance. Ben was always very fond of wine.

What was Jonson's work as so-called Poet-Laureate at the Courts of James I. and Charles I.? As Court-Poet it was not his business to write odes for royal birthdays or marriages; but he produced a large number of masks, splendid entertainments in which magnificent scenery, music, dancing, songs, and the poet's wit and invention combined in flattery of the sovereign and the Court. These things were not generally left to be represented by professional actors; the parts were taken by the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, and of course the pieces were not performed at the public theatres. They were for the King's palaces or the houses of the great. It was fashionable in those days to be servile to Royalty, and it made no difference to the courtly writer

whether the sovereign happened to be a woman like Elizabeth or a man like James.

With Jonson, the shadowy line of Laureates comes to an end, but many years passed before the real line began. The great Civil War came in the way, and Court masks and melodies were things of the past. The imagination refuses to conceive the Puritan republican Milton acting as Court minstrel to his Highness the Lord Protector Cromwell. Milton might, out of his own heart and belief, address a sonnet to "Cromwell, our chief of men," but it was not the time or place for official and pensioned celebrations. The strict line of Laureates in the modern sense of the word, with the obligatory official duties from which the poet was hardly released till Wordsworth was appointed in 1843, dates from the restoration of Charles II.

Of the first Laureate in this strictly official line, Sir William Davenant, there is, as Laureate, nothing to be said. His successor was a very different man. The first great Poet-Laureate—and if we omit the "shadowy" Spenser and Jonson, only three great English poets have been Laureates from the time when the office was founded in 1660 till the death of Tennyson in 1892—was Dryden. Dryden's place in English poetry is a high one; but what is there specially to be said of him as the Laureate Poet? It can only be replied that, great as his name is in other departments, as Laureate it is little more than a pitiable one. To begin with, it is rather curious to remember that the Laureate of Charles II. had gained his first poetical success by his metrical praise of Oliver Cromwell. At the Restoration, however, Dryden at once changed his tune and had a new song to sing. It is not necessary to believe that there was any real insincerity in this. But the fact remains that, on the Restoration, Dryden welcomed Charles in a strain of the most exaggerated flattery, going so far in absurdity as to say that the whiteness of the cliffs at Dover (where Charles landed) was a sign of England's repentance and sorrow. Dryden burned his literary incense again at the Coronation in the same exceedingly wasteful manner.

This was laying a foundation for Court favor; and as the King liked the poet's plays, and Dryden had powerful friends, his succession to the post of Laureate was natural enough. Davenant held the office for the first eight years of the reign; two years were allowed to pass before the office was filled up, and then Dryden stepped in. Things began pleasantly for him, for in addition to his annual £200, he was paid £400 for the arrears of the two years during which the office had been vacant, and these sums of money were of course far more valuable then than they are now. But this cheerful state of matters did not last. The King did, at some unknown date, grant Dryden another £100 a year, but the Treasury was too often in a crazy condition, and all his payments fell into arrears. For so long a period as four years he did not receive a penny. His complaints were very urgent and bitter. They may have been natural enough, but there seems a want of manliness about them. In the preface to one of his plays Dryden says that he subsists wholly by the King's bounty; rather a humiliating, and, of course, an exaggerated statement. He continued to flatter Charles in his plays, and when the King ended his "unconscionable" delay in dying, the Laureate duly came forward with the official lamentation. Dryden, who had been so bitterly reproaching the Government for their failure to pay him his pensions, now, of course, discovers that Charles was the "great encourager of arts." Yet, even in this utterly extravagant eulogium of the virtues and merits of Charles II.—for Dryden does not hesitate to compare Charles to the King of kings—he cannot quite keep those unfortunate pensions out of his verse. He tells how the Muses (his own among them) had greeted the King's return:—

"And such a plenteous crop they bore,  
Of purest and well-winnowed grain

As Britain never knew before:  
*Though little was their hire and light their gain,  
Yet somewhat to their share he threw:  
Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,  
Like birds of Paradise that lived on morning dew.*

Oh, never let their lays his name forget!  
*The pension of a Prince's praise is great.  
Live then, thou great encourager of arts,  
Live ever in our thankful hearts."*



Charles was not without a sense of humor, and it is just as well that he was unable to read this.

And now Dryden was Laureate to a new king. It decidedly seems a little unfortunate that as Dryden changed his politics when Charles II. came back, so he changed his religion when the Roman Catholic James II. succeeded his brother. Charity must make the best of this that it can. The extravagant ode on the death of the late king had equally extravagant praises for the new one. But how did James show his gratitude? He would not renew the £100 pension which Charles had given to Dryden, and he was mean enough to cut off the butt of Canary which Ben Jonson had obtained for the Laureateship. The special salary of the office was of course paid. But Dryden soon turned Roman Catholic, and then the extra £100, with its arrears, was restored to him. This is not quite pleasant. The poet's fortune, however, was not to last long. There could not be a Popish Laureate when William of Orange had driven out James. Dryden had to go. The Lord Chamberlain, Dorset, when compelled to remove Dryden from his post, acted most generously to him from his own purse; yet Dryden was always complaining of injustice, and in this matter presents a spectacle which is very far from an edifying one. Such was the end of the first great English Laureateship. It is in no way a very dignified story; and those who think most highly of Dryden's poetical genius could wish that he had never had anything to do with the laureateship at all.

It is not particularly easy to shed tears over Dryden, but if we admit that there was some tragedy in his career as Court poet, we are now on the high road of comedy with his successors. We leave a great writer, and come to a dismal procession of poetasters, a dreary succession of wretched scribblers. And the first name in this almost contemptible list is that of a Mr. Shadwell. This was the man whom William III. delighted to honor. Though, indeed, the poor king was forced to it, for the Court poet must now be a Whig, and this was the best Whig at hand. The appointment was made entirely for po-

litical reasons. The only atom of literary interest about it is that Shadwell had been one of Dryden's bitterest opponents, and that the great Laureate must have felt an additional mortification when he was pushed out of his place by a man whom he had crushed by his overwhelming satire years before. The second of these tedious drivellers was one Nahum Tate, a man whose "New Version of the Psalms" (done in conjunction with Dr. Brady) has saddened generations of church-goers. Here is the "Grand Chorus" of one of poor Tate's official odes:—

"Happy, happy, past expressing,  
Britain, if thou knowest thy blessing;  
Home-bred discord ne'er alarm thee,  
Other mischief cannot harm thee.  
Happy, if thou knowest thy blessing,  
Happy, happy, past expressing."

And this is the best Tate could do for Queen Anne on New Year's day 1703:—

"Sound thy loudest Trumpet, Fame,  
The joyful Jubilee proclaim,  
Through Europe's sighing plains  
And nations long oppress;  
Tell 'em Britain's ANNA reigns,  
Britannia's ANNA reigns, and Europe shall  
have rest."

Fame no doubt did "tell 'em," as the Laureate elegantly phrases it; but the nations knew far too much to pay any attention. The battle of Blenheim was fought the next year.

This poor creature Tate was forced to give up the laureateship when the Hanoverians came in. He died in 1717, in the Mint, where he had gone to seek shelter from extreme poverty. The next of the sorrowful company is Nicholas Rowe, a dramatist, and of course a Whig. Of him as Laureate there is absolutely nothing to be said, unless it be to contrast his almost secret burial in the Abbey with the famous funeral of Tennyson. A London newspaper of December 27, 1718, wrote:

"Yesterday was Se' night, at Night, the corps of the late Nicholas Rowe, Esq., late king's Post Laureat, was carried from Exeter Exchange by the Company of Upholsterers, and privately interr'd in Westminster Abbey, among those of the Poets, and close by the side of Old Parr, who was 152 years of age when he dyed. The Bishop of Rochester performed the funeral service, because they were school fellows at Westminster School, when Dr. Busby was then precentor."

One specimen of Rowe's official work will do. He begs the new year, 1716, to—

"See thy George, for this is he!  
On his right hand waiting free,  
Britain and fair liberty:  
Every good is in his face,  
Every open honest grace.

Thou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy race."

"Thou great Plantagenet" is good.

There are no words to be said of the twelve years' laureateship of Rowe's successor, the very deeply buried Rev. Laurence Eusden. Because George I. died before he got to Osnabrück, this wonderful Laureate contrives to compare the heavy old Hanoverian to Moses. We come to Colley Cibber. But first a curious little incident comes in, just to give a touch of quaintness and oddity to the very melancholy business which the laureateship had now become. Dr. Johnson's wretched friend, Richard Savage—wretched through his own faults and dissipations—was in his chronic state of destitution, and the vacant office was a great temptation to him. When Eusden died, Savage exerted himself so eagerly to get the post that George II. actually promised it to him, but the king found that he could not keep his word. The Lord Chamberlain insisted on having Cibber. Then Savage did a rather odd thing. As he could not be the King's Laureate, he resolved that he would be the Queen's. He wrote some verses on the Queen's birthday. Caroline replied that he might do the same every year if he liked, and that he should have a yearly present of fifty pounds. Savage chose for himself the eccentric title of "Volunteer Laureate." Cibber very justly told him that the title of Laureate was a mark of honor granted by the King, and that no one had a right to assume it for himself. Savage might, in fact, just as well style himself "Volunteer Lord," or "Volunteer Baronet." But Savage cared nothing for this, and till the Queen died, seven years later, he remained (in his own estimation) Volunteer Laureate, produced his yearly verses, and pocketed his yearly present.

Colley Cibber, a man of somewhat higher mark than his four immediate predecessors, was one of the too numer-

ous laureates selected, not for their poetry, but for their politics. Of course such selections were practically unavoidable. Cibber has his importance for the historian of the stage; as Laureate he is only interesting for what two far greater men than himself—Pope and Johnson—had to say about him. Pope, who, very unjustly, in later years made Cibber the King of Dunces in the second form of the "Dunciad," had his fling at Cibber as soon as he was spoken of for the laureateship:—

"Great George, such servants since thou well  
canst lack,  
Oh! save the salary, and drink the sack."

Pope kept pegging away against poor Cibber. A poor Wiltshire laborer named Duck had written some verses, and the Queen, wisely or not, had granted him a house and an annuity. So Pope produced his epigram *On the Candidates for the Laurel*—

"Shall royal praise be rhym'd by such a  
ribald  
As fopling Cibber or attorney Tibbald?  
Let's rather wait one year for better luck:  
One year may make a singing Swan of  
Duck."

Cibber himself tells us that Pope wrote the following epigram on the appointment:—

"In merry Old England, it was once a Rule,  
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool.  
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to  
know it,  
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for  
Poet."

Once again Pope returns to the charge, in very poor rhyme:—

"Tell, if you can, which did the worse,  
Caligula or Grafton's Grace?  
That made a Consul of a horse,  
And this a Laureate of an ass."

This is rather poor fooling. Cibber's Laureateship only becomes at all entertaining when we come to what Dr. Johnson has to say about it. "Colley Cibber, sir, was by no means a blockhead," Johnson once remarked to Boswell, and Johnson's decision on such a matter is conclusive, for if a man was a blockhead, Johnson was never shy of telling him so. But if Cibber was by no means a blockhead, he was by no means an ideal Poet-Laureate. His odes are simply stupid, and his friends

adopted a very poor line of defence, when they asserted that Cibber deliberately meant them to be so. Johnson knew better :—

"His friends gave out that he intended his birthday Odes should be bad ; but it was not the case, sir ; for he kept them many months by him, and a few years before he died, he showed me one of them, with great solicitude to render it as perfect as might be, and I made some corrections, to which he was not very willing to consent. I remember the following couplet in allusion to the King and himself :

'Perch'd on the eagle's soaring wing,  
The lowly linnet loves to sing.'

Sir, he had heard something of the fabulous tale of the wren sitting upon the eagle's wing, and he had applied it to a linnet."

And again Johnson says :—

"I remember when he [Cibber] brought me one of his Odes to have my opinion of it, I could not bear such nonsense, and would not let him read it to the end, so little respect had I for that great man."

It is very amusing to picture Johnson in company with Cibber, correcting a birthday ode in praise of George II., a king for whom Johnson never had a good word to say ; against whom, indeed, in conversation, he, as Boswell tells us, at times, "roared with prodigious violence." And in fact Johnson had his own epigram on both King and Laureate :—

"Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,  
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign ;  
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing ;  
For Nature form'd the Poet for the King."

Here is a specimen of the sort of thing that Cibber was capable of producing in his official capacity. He is celebrating the King's birthday :—

"With Song, ye Barrons, lead the day !  
Sing ! Sing the Morn, that gave him  
Breath,  
Whose Virtues never shall decay,  
No, never, never taste of Death."

This of George II. !

And when New Year's Day 1731 comes round, Mr. Cibber, "Servant to His Majesty," reflects as follows :—

"Britannia, pleas'd, looks round her Realms  
to see  
Such various Causes of Felicity !  
To Glorious War, more Glorious Peace succeeds,  
(For most we Triumph, when the Farmer feeds)."

"When the Farmer feeds" ! This

is the way poetry expresses itself in the hands of a Colley Cibber.

The dreary line of mediocrities was destined to be continued, though on the death of Cibber, there was, for a moment, a chance of something better. The post was offered to Gray. Under the Georges, the office was held to imply an Ode on the New Year, and an Ode on the King's birthday. This is what Cowpers scornfully alludes to when he says of kings and their laureates that

"While they live, the courtly laureate pays  
His quit-rent ode, his pepper-corn of praise."

Gray was told that if he would accept the office, he might leave all this annual drudgery alone. But Gray would have nothing to do with the Laureateship on any terms. He refused contemptuously :—

"Though I well know the bland emollient saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me, 'I make you Rat catcher to His Majesty, with a salary of £300 a year and two butts of the best Malaga ; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things,' I cannot say I should jump at it ; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office and call me Sinecure to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me ; but I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations ; for my part I would rather be sergeant-trumpeter or pin maker to the palace. Nevertheless, I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. . . . Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a Poet Laureate."

As Gray declined the job, destiny called in a Mr. William Whitehead. Though Gray had been told that he might make the office a sinecure, Whitehead was informed that the taskwork must be performed. Gray's friend, Mason, advised Whitehead to do the

work by deputy; there were plenty of needy poets, he said, who would be glad of a few odd guineas. But Whitehead plodded through the business himself. Of course, his productions are worthless; the strain of these things is nonsensical beyond endurance. A man who insists on saying that because the 4th of June is the birthday of George III., the zephyrs, therefore, rise from laughing fields, the warbling larks and wood-birds wake their tuneful throats, the streams murmur, the flocks that rove the mountain's brow, and the herds that play through the meadows, all agree to proclaim that this is really Nature's holiday—well, a man who can say all this, is, as Voltaire said of Habakkuk, capable of anything. Whitehead got his Laureateship from the Duke of Devonshire, the then Lord Chamberlain. He writes:—

"The following fact is true,  
From nobler names, and great in each degree,  
The pension'd laurel has devolv'd to me.  
To me, ye bards; and what you'll scarce conceive,  
Or, at the best, unwillingly believe,  
Rowe'er unworthily I wear the crown,  
Unask'd it came, and from a hand unknown."

"A hand unknown;" yes, the Duke of Devonshire can hardly have known what he was doing. There is a touch of humor in Whitehead when he says he did not *ask* the office. He went on producing his annual twaddle for nearly thirty years. Among his verses is a little piece entitled: "A Pathetic Apology for all Laureats, Past, Present, and to Come;" a poor little production, but showing that even Whitehead had some scorn for the trade which he plied.

From Whitehead to Warton. Warton, of course, is not a man to be despised; but his Laureateship is only an amusing episode at the end of his career. His real work was historical and critical, and had nothing to do with the annual turning out of mechanical odes. But there is some entertainment about Laureate Warton. To begin with, Warton had been doing the jobs of the office long before he actually possessed it. When George II.'s foolish son, the Prince of Wales, died in 1751, Warton broke out into metrical cant about a nation's tears, the fact

being that the nation did not shed, or affect to shed, the most perfunctory tear on this particular occasion. There was a rhymester who knew far better what the nation thought:—

"Here lies Prince Fred,  
Who was alive and is dead:  
Had it been his Father,  
I had much rather;  
Had it been his Brother,  
Sooner than any other;  
Had it been his Sister,  
There's no one would have missed her;  
Had it been the whole generation,  
Best of all for the Nation:  
But since it's only Fred,  
There's no more to be said."

The writer of these lines never became Poet-Laureate.

Warton, however, did, and he is ready to afford us another few minutes' diversion. The "Rolliad" is not much remembered now, and it hardly has much claim on remembrance. But more than a hundred years ago, when Whitehead died, it gained for itself a very fair share of popularity. Its authors produced a series of mock odes, supposed to be written by possible candidates for the laureateship. They thus prefaced their work:—

"In order to administer strict and impartial justice to the numerous Candidates for the vacant Poet-Laureateship, many of whom are of illustrious birth, and high character: Notice is hereby given, that the same form will be attended to in receiving the names of the said Candidates, which is invariably observed in registering the Court Dancers. . . . Each Candidate is expected to deliver in a *Probationary Birth-Day Ode*, with his name, and also personally to appear on a future day, to recite the same before such literary judges as the Lord Chamberlain, in his wisdom, may appoint."

The candidates duly appear; men mostly forgotten nowadays. The vote fell for Warton, and so "a little, thick, squat, red-faced man . . . presented a piece of paper for the royal acceptance," setting forth, "that the petitioner, Mr. Thomas, had been many years a maker of poetry, as his friend Mr. Sadler, the pastry-cook of Oxford, and some other credible witnesses could well evince. . . . That he had entered the list," and so forth. The election was confirmed. There is much feeble fooling in the "Rolliad," but the story of the laureateship in the eighteenth century is such an exceedingly dreary



affair that the slightest relief is welcome.

Warton himself, however, as Laureate, affords far better fun than all his critics. Listen to this man. Here he is on one of the King's birthdays :—

"As when the demon of the summer storm  
Walks forth the noontide landscape to deform,  
Dark grows the vale, and dark the distant grove,  
And thick the bolts of angry Jove  
Athwart the wat'ry welkin tide,  
And streams the ariel torrent far and wide."

Well, what is it all about? Why, demons go about deforming the landscape and making themselves generally objectionable, simply because an old man, who happened to be a king, was unwell; and when the old man gets better, the demons retreat to their proper department, which in common decency they ought never to have left. It is painful to see demons wandering about in this vague and evidently useless manner. Enough of Warton as Laureate.

We come now to what may perhaps be regarded as the tit-bit in this extraordinary collection of rhymesters, for we have arrived at Mr. Henry James Pye. This poor man only hangs on to memory because Byron was unkind enough to mention him. Byron, angry with the *Edinburgh Review* for its criticism of his juvenile poems, replied with his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." In response to mere verbal criticism he wrote :—

"But hold!" exclaimed a friend—"here's some neglect:  
This—that—and t'other line seem incorrect,  
What then? the self same blunder Pope has got,  
And careless Dryden—"Ay, but Pye has not :"  
Indeed! 'tis granted, faith!—but what care I?  
Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye."

And again, in his "Vision of Judgment," Byron makes the ghost of George III. exclaim, when Southey begins the recitation of his incomparably stupid poem of the same name :—

"What, what!  
Pye come again? No more, no more of that."

George in the flesh would not have been satisfied with a mere "What,

what!" for he always repeated his ejaculatory remarks three times. This curious "triptology," as Horace Walpole called it, descended to the king's son, the Duke of Cambridge. He employed it equally at church or at the opera. "Let us pray," said the clergyman. "Aye, to be sure," responded the Duke from his seat, "why not? let us pray, let us pray, let us pray!" On another occasion, when the commandments were being read, the Duke was heard to remark: "Steal? no, of course not; mustn't steal, mustn't steal." At the opera one evening he was disappointed by the absence of beauties. "Why, I declare there are not half-a-dozen pretty girls in the house—not half-a-dozen, not half-a-dozen, not half-a-dozen."

The lowest depths had now been reached. To sink lower than Pye was simply impossible. Byron, in a half ironic fashion, spoke of himself as the possible next Laureate. In 1812, before Pye's death, Byron met the Regent at a ball, and the Regent talked poetry. So Byron writes to Lord Holland :—

"I have now great hopes, in the event of Mr. Pye's decease, of warbling truth at Court. . . . Consider, one hundred marks a year! besides the wine and the disgrace—but then remorse would make me drown myself in my own butt before the year's end."

When Pye departed, however, there actually was a chance that a great name might have come to redeem the Laureateship from the contempt into which it had deservedly fallen. It would have been only the first great name since Dryden's, and, curiously enough, it was the name of Dryden's editor and biographer. For the post was offered to Scott. But Scott would have none of it. He wrote to the Duke of Buccleuch about the proposal, and the Duke frankly replied that he should be mortified by seeing Scott hold a situation, "which, by the general concurrence of the world, is stamped ridiculous. . . . The Poet-Laureate would stick to you and your productions like a piece of *court plaster*. . . . Only think of being chanted and recitativated by a parcel of hoarse and squeaking choristers on a birthday, for the edification of the bishops, pages, maids of

honor, and gentlemen-pensioners ! Oh, horrible ! Thrice horrible !”

The great men, of course, would have nothing to do with the place. Scott generously recommended Southey and Southey accepted. After all, with Southey as Laureate, are we on a much higher level than with Pye ? Southey with all his admirable qualities as a man of letters, was very little of a poet, even when he chose his own subjects, and worked for his own pleasure. His official productions are beneath contempt. But to do him justice, it must be remembered that he took the office partly because the small pension attached to it would enable him to do something more for the support of his family. And he also believed that the annual odes would not be required. He was to write, he thought, or to be silent, as the spirit moved him. He soon found out his mistake. He had to perform what he himself calls the usual *Odeous* task. Of this industrious versifier's ludicrous performances in this direction, one, the most ludicrous of all, still hangs on to memory, for Byron has willed that it should be so. Southey positively wrote a “*Vision of Judgment*,” celebrating the apotheosis of George III. in heaven :—

“Thou art released ! I cried : thy soul is delivered from bondage !

Thou who hast lain so long in mental and visual darkness,

Thou art in yonder heaven ! thy place is in light and in glory.”

Southey, in his vision, finds himself in a vault. George gets out of it, and in some mysterious manner makes his way to the New Jerusalem—

“O'er the adamantine gates an Angel stood on the summit.

‘Ho !’ he exclaimed, ‘King George of England cometh to judgment !

Hear Heaven ! Ye angels hear ! Souls of the Good and the Wicked

Whom it concerns, attend ! Thou, Hell, bring forth his accusers !’”

Washington's spirit meets George's at the gate of heaven, and much unendurable twaddle is the consequence. Of course the king goes inside, while ministering spirits clap their pennons, and hallelujahs are tiresomely frequent. The whole thing is sickening. This is Southey as Poet-Laureate. Of course, this preposterous nonsense would not

now be known even by name, if Southey had not managed to connect it with a far more illustrious name than his own. In his preface, Southey fell foul of Byron. Byron replied with another *Vision of Judgment*, in which Southey and his hero George appear as figures, who, as Carlyle said of something else, are enough to make, not only the angels, but even the very jackasses weep.

With Southey's departure, the line of mediocrities ends. And the relief is of a twofold character. For not only does a real poet accept the office, but, as Laureate, he positively writes nothing whatever. When Southey died in 1843, it was generally felt that the post was due to Wordsworth, if he would accept it. Of course, there were alternatives. Tennyson was already thought of. In Bon Gaultier's “*Book of Ballads*,” there is a very flippant piece supposed to be written by Tennyson on Southey's death.

“Who would not be  
The Laureate bold,  
With his butt of sherry  
To keep him merry.

And nothing to do but to pocket his gold ?”

The same caricaturists press even such an unpoetical character as Macaulay into the competition :

“‘Now glory to our gracious Queen !’ a voice was heard to cry,

And dark Macaulay stood before them all with frenzied eye :

‘Now glory to our gracious Queen, and all her glorious race,

A boon, a boon, my sovran liege ! Give me the Laureate's place !

‘Twas I that sang the might of Rome, the glories of Navarre ;

And who could swell the fame so well of Britain's Isles afar ?

The hero of a hundred fights’— Then Wellington up sprung,

‘Ho, silence in the ranks, I say ! Sit down, and hold your tongue.’”

But Wordsworth was the only writer who was seriously thought of. A very few days after Southey's death, he was asked to accept the position. At first he refused. He was too old, he said, and not fit for producing ceremonial verse. But Peel himself stepped in, assuring Wordsworth that the office was to be a purely honorary one, and that nothing whatever would be required from him. Then Wordsworth

accepted; and he was a silent Laureate.

To go to Court, Wordsworth must have a Court suit, and he possessed nothing of the kind. So he went to Rogers, and with much difficulty was squeezed into Rogers's clothes. He told an American friend how the Queen received him:

"The reception given me by the Queen at her ball was most gracious. Mrs. Everett, the wife of your Minister, among many others, was a witness to it, without knowing who I was. It moved her to the shedding of tears. This effect was in part produced, I suppose, by American habits of feeling, as pertaining to a Republican Government. To see a gray-haired man of seventy five years of age, kneeling down in a large assembly to kiss the hand of a young woman, is a sight for which institutions essentially democratic do not prepare a spectator of either sex."

Wordsworth's seven years of office passed over in silence, and at length we arrive at Tennyson.

The vacancy on Wordsworth's death was not filled up with anything like the general consent which had greeted Wordsworth's own appointment. Browning was mentioned. Leigh Hunt was disappointed that the post was not assigned to him. It was hinted that as the sovereign was a woman, a woman-laureate would be in keeping, and Mrs. Browning's name was suggested. Finally the post was offered to Rogers, a man of nearly ninety years of age. The Prince Consort wrote to him:

"MY DEAR MR. ROGERS.—The death of the lamented Mr. Wordsworth has vacated the office of Post-Laureate. Although the spirit of the times has put an end to the practice (at all times objectionable) of exacting laudatory Odes from the holders of that office, the Queen attaches importance to its maintenance from its historical antiquity and the means it affords to the sovereign of a more personal connection with the Poets of the country through one of their chiefs. I am authorized, accordingly, to offer you this honorary post, and can tell you that it will give Her Majesty great pleasure if it were accepted by one whom she has known so long, and who would so much adorn it; but that she would not have thought of offering it to you at your advanced age if any duties or trouble were attached to it.—Believe me always, my dear Mr. Rogers, your truly,

"ALBERT."

Rogers, however, very naturally felt that he was too old to accept even a merely honorary post. Who, then, was to have it? Years before, there

had been an attempt to get a pension for Tennyson. Milnes, afterward Lord Houghton, was often consulted by Peel on matters of this sort. One day Carlyle said to Milnes, "When are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?" Milnes replied, no doubt jestingly, that if his constituents knew that he was getting a pension for a poet of whom they knew nothing, they would think it must be for a poor relation of his own. Then came Carlyle's reply: "Richard Milnes, on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is *you* that will be damned."

Whether Milnes was frightened by this prospect, or not, he certainly applied to Peel. Peel had not read a syllable of Tennyson. But Milnes showed him "Locksley Hall," and "Ulysses," and the pension of £200 was immediately granted. And, now, on the death of Wordsworth, another Prime Minister has to admit that he knows nothing whatever about Tennyson. Lord John Russell wrote to Rogers:

"As you would not wear the laurel yourself, I have mentioned to the Queen those whom I thought most worthy of the honor. Her Majesty is inclined to bestow it on Mr. Tennyson; but I should wish, before the offer is made, to know something of his character, as well as of his literary merits. I know your opinion of the last by your advice to Sir Robert Peel, but I should be glad if you could let me know something of his character and position."

This is indeed quaint. But no doubt Rogers was equal to the situation. More than six months passed after Wordsworth's death before the office was filled up, but the offer came to Tennyson at last. He has himself given a curious account of the way in which he received it. He told his friend Mr. Knowles:

"The night before I was asked to take the Laureateship, which was offered to me through Prince Albert's liking for my 'In Memoriam,' I dreamed that he came to me and kissed me on the cheek. I said in my dream, 'Very kind, but very German.' In the morning the letter about the Laureateship was brought to me and laid upon my bed. I thought about it through the day, but could not make up my mind whether to take it or refuse it, and at last I wrote two letters, one accepting and one declining, and threw them on the table,

and settled to decide which I would send after my dinner and bottle of port."

It is rather curious that Tennyson, in his first appearance at Court, exactly followed Wordsworth's precedent. He dressed at Rogers's, and wore the old poet's Court suit just as Wordsworth had done. "I well remember," says Sir Henry Taylor, "a dinner in St. James's Place, when the question arose whether Samuel's suit was spacious enough for Alfred." But the Laureate managed to make it do.

Of Tennyson, merely as Laureate,

there is fortunately little to say. He did not write much in his official capacity. The "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" would probably have been written even if Tennyson had never had anything to do with the Lord Chamberlain. It was not because he was a Laureate that Tennyson was a patriot. His other pieces on royal weddings and so forth are slight and unimportant. They have the factitious exaggeration which is inseparable from such things, and nothing more need be said about them.—*Temple Bar*.

### A CHARLATAN.

BY MAY KENDALL.

"AND what some of you will be thinking," said the phrenologist, as he surveyed his audience, "is that I am a charlatan. A man who goes about pretending to tell people about their skulls, but it is the money out of their pockets that he wants—trust him for that! There are persons who if they know nothing about a subject—phrenology, physiognomy, medical electricity—always call it a fraud! They say the man only wants to make money. They think that putting down other people as frauds and fools proves that they themselves are wise and generous!

"I have been called a charlatan for twenty years. I have been buffeted from pillar to post. And why? Because I believed in my phrenology, in my medical electricity, heart and soul. If I had believed in them a little less and in our British god of respectability a little more, I should have made my fortune. But I am going to stay among you, in your beautiful cathedral town, for some weeks, so that you will have an opportunity of making up your minds about my character. I do not expect you to trust me all at once. I notice about cathedral towns that they are so full of old things, old churches, walls, castles, colleges, they cannot make room for what is new, for kindergartens, for gymnasiums, for free libraries; and as for ideas, those must have grown very old in the world outside before they can venture into a cathedral

city! But I will be satisfied if only some of you come to believe that phrenology will aid you in forming a beautiful character. I know that many will never be convinced of the reality of my science. They call me impostor, because they have no truth in themselves; and when they come to me, I tell them this from the development of their skulls. They go away so indignant at being defrauded; they expected to have all the virtues for half a crown! But I will not deceive a man about his character for a million half-crowns. I will tell him what his mental and moral qualities are in reality, whether he leaves me as an enemy or he leaves me as a friend!"

And Herr Paul's eyes flashed; he looked as if he were addressing an imaginary enemy. He was a slightly built man, with an eager, worn face, somewhat mournful eyes, but a remarkably sweet and sunny smile. He had a habit of forgetting the topic on which he had promised to discourse, and darting away to the discussion of problems which lay nearer to his heart. For, ardent phrenologist as Herr Paul was, he was a yet more ardent social reformer, and regarded the vices and follies of the age as most bitter personal antagonists, against whom he must strike a blow in season and out of season. As he seemed to have as much nervous energy as three ordinary men, the blows were always being



struck, against the liquor traffic, against materialism, against Ritualism, conventionality, insincerity, and Mammon worship. He went on now in a raised voice.

"It would be strange indeed if the brain and skull did not alter with the character. Why, there is not a line in a man's countenance that does not change as he changes. In every face in this hall, the life you have led for the last ten years is plainly manifest to all who have eyes to see—the whole life, wrong side up and right side up. Some people should be labelled, 'Right side up, with care!' It is very inconvenient for them that the face reveals *all* sides of the nature. Oh, and those people hate phrenology, because the shape of the head also reveals the whole man! The man who is two men—one in church, the other outside—has many things to say of phrenology; it is impious, it is fatalistic, it is fraudulent. If ever he calls me anything better than 'impostor,' I shall know that I am on the downward path."

And Herr Paul turned to the blackboard and proceeded to sketch types, and give his audience much practical information, only breaking off for one most vehement, and apparently uncalled for, onslaught upon Ritualism, which, as he had been given to understand before he came, was prevalent in Axbury.

"There may be good people among the Ritualists," he added magnanimously. "They are materialistic, shallow, prejudiced; but I find also in myself some prejudice in dealing with them. It is difficult to allow sufficiently for their environments, for the natural shape of their skulls, for their not having seen a phrenologist in their youth, and been told what organs to cultivate! For these things I try to make allowance, but when all the allowance in the world has been made the Ritualist is yet sadly deficient in his reasoning faculties. And in this cathedral city I should not be honest if I did not warn you against all the tinsel Christianity of to-day; where the clergyman cannot even walk by himself from the desk to the pulpit. No, he must have a man to lead him! And if your Bishop would only come to me

for a phrenological examination, I would tell him that he is substituting a material cross for the Cross that every follower of the Master must bear in his own heart, and he is burying true spiritual life in the dust and ashes of an outworn symbolism. How dare he call himself a Christian who leads away the people from worshipping the Father in spirit and in truth?"

Two young curates, who had wandered in by mistake, but felt it beneath their dignity, perhaps, to enter upon a public discussion with a phrenologist, rose hastily and left the hall. There was a certain triumph in the look Herr Paul cast after them, also a certain regret. The man exulted vehemently in the free expression of his opinions on any subject whatever; but yet he hated to alienate people. His first desire was to help them.

The rumor of his spirited attack on the Bishop spread rapidly, and brought two or three men of another class to hear him, men whom it was easy to distinguish from the audience, which consisted chiefly of tradespeople. The phrenologist spied them at the first glance. He knew that they had come to hear him denounce the Bishop and patent theology, and his eyes shone.

"I am ready for you, my good gentlemen," he said mentally. "I will not preach to you about the Bishop—I will preach to you about yourselves."

And he did. The topic announced on the bills was "Memory;" but Herr Paul, as has been observed, was always ready for a parenthesis, and now that he had his sceptics before him he meant to tell them what he thought of them. He was discussing the memory of children and the Kindergarten system, when he deviated suddenly and began to speak of religion as distinct from theology. He used no new argument, but there was a force of fervor and sincerity in his rapid words that somehow impressed people. Presently he had forgotten his audience completely, and was passionately uttering his own deepest convictions.

"Some of you think there can be no religion without a belief in the devil," said he. "As a rule, when people are great believers in the devil, they only mean to throw the blame on him of

their own laziness and wickedness. Ah, if he is worse than we are, he must have much of which to repent! But the less we think about him the better. He has nothing to do with religion. Religion is what gives men spiritual life, not spiritual death.

"But there are some who have no conviction that spiritual life exists. And when they hear me tell the people to cultivate this faculty, that faculty, they say, 'Ah, that phrenologist is a shrewd fellow; he can read character—we do not know how, but read it he does! But when he tells us to make our skulls different he laughs in his sleeve, for he knows that the stupid man is stupid still, the drunkard is drunken still. He knows that as a man's brain is, as his hereditary characteristics are, so is he!' But, my friends, Heaven forbid that I should mock the most depraved in holding out fresh hope to him, because I know he has bad traits that it will take him all his life to alter. He cannot alter them alone—he must have the grace of God. It will not make him good all at once, oh no! There is no turning a sinner into a saint out of hand. He must go the long road back that he has come in the wrong way. But God will help him to go back and to begin again, and who knows how long he may have to work in? I do not believe a man's life ends with his few years on this earth. I believe character will go on shaping itself eternally. But it is not a matter only of brain tissue. We have discovered so much about ganglions, about fibres, about gases, we think there is nothing else. But to all these things there is a spiritual side—they are a part of the divine life, and a higher-power can alter them. Ah," suddenly becoming aware of unmistakable signs of disapproval among his audience, "you do not all like what I say. Some of you will shrug your shoulders, but you cannot shrug your souls away. They may be so small you do not notice you have anything of the kind. You may laugh at the idea of having a soul—too absurd, too unscientific! But it is there all the same."

"Prove it!" suddenly exclaimed a member of the audience.

For a moment Herr Paul surveyed

the speaker, even more intently than he had yet done. Then he spoke.

"I cannot prove it to you," he said, calmly.

"Ah," returned his opponent, "I thought not."

Herr Paul nodded amiably.

"I think, from your physiognomy, you are a doctor," he remarked.

The other looked up in some astonishment, rapidly succeeded by contempt. He supposed that the phrenologist had seen him before, and was making use of knowledge already acquired to enhance his own reputation for sagacity.

"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance," he said curtly.

"Nor I of yours," replied Herr Paul.

"But there is a certain type of doctor it is easy to distinguish. You have studied the nervous system minutely in men and animals?"

He had not intended to hint that his adversary was a vivisectionist; but a curious smothered murmur in the audience showed him that the chance thrust had gone home. The stolid British mind which tolerates fox-hunting draws the line at vivisection, and rumors of Doctor Beighton's adherence to the detested school had helped to make him unpopular in the city. The Doctor also heard the murmur, and looked up with stormy eyes.

"I think I am not accountable to you for my studies," he said, with strained calm.

"Not at all. I merely wished to draw an illustration from the optic nerve. You have patients in whom this nerve is dead. You may tell them by the hour of the beauties of this world we live in, and they will not realize the meaning of your words. To them all is darkness; yet it would be idle to condemn the world on the evidence of the blind. Now there are likewise men in whom the spiritual nerve is dead. Their bodily senses may be trained and keen; they can detect the finest gradations of color, the most trifling differences of form and size. Their organs of observation are often wonderful; but of nothing which they inspect so minutely do they perceive the divine significance. They lose sight of the whole in its minutiae.

Everything is full of divinity, of thought, of purpose, of creative imagination, yet they look through the lens and say, 'Where is God? It is all a mistake; we cannot find Him. Here is cellular tissue, vascular tissue; here is a nucleus within a nucleus—protoplasm—no God!' And the same with the soul. They study nerves and ganglions till humanity is dark to them. They dissect all; what but a living, combining self-consciousness that endures through change could ever take its dwelling-place to pieces and put it together again? We must have souls before we can look for them! But no—they cannot see the wood for the trees! Light is not light any more; it is oscillation in the ether. And what is ether? I find 'ether' as hard to understand as they find 'soul!' They have ceased to believe in God, but they believe in the atom. The universe is nothing but atoms vibrating, and life, mind, consciousness, and right and wrong, these are complex modes of vibration that come out of the simpler modes—for it is wonderful what the atoms will do when they are left to themselves! They cannot comprehend that atoms are only an aspect of thought which we have no right to invest with divine attributes. It is no wonder they wish for proof of the soul's existence. They have no souls any longer. They have drowned them—in molecules!"

Then the Doctor arose in wrath.

"I won't argue," said he, "with a d—d charlatan!"

He marched out of the hall, his friends following him. Herr Paul's eyes followed him, too, rather wistfully, though in the tumult that filled the place the cries of "shame" were for the Doctor, and the applause was for him.

"There is good in that man," he thought to himself. "He has no acquisitiveness. A man with acquisitiveness never swears in a public building; he is afraid of damaging his practice. This one is afraid of nothing; I like that in him. I am afraid I irritated him more than I need have done."

Then he turned to the audience.

"When first I began to lecture," he said, "I was too much afraid of being blamed, too eager for approbation. I

could not get over it that people called me a rogue and an impostor; I nearly made myself ill with brooding over it. And then it came to me, what did it matter what those who knew nothing of me thought about me? No, I would only be ashamed when I had to call myself charlatan. And now let me tell you about the doctor who has just left the hall, giving the door such a bang. I want to tell you he is a man who paints himself blacker than he is, and people believe him, and fight shy of him. But that will not do, for the more that man is trusted the better he will be, and the more he will let his natural kindness have sway. But the less he is trusted the worse he will be. Now, we live together in the same town to develop in each other the qualities which we lack, but we do not do this by castingsour looks at each other, and hearing idle tales, and passing them on. No, indeed, we first help people when we believe in them!"

The applause which broke out again was unanimous. His audience had begun to like the fiery, impetuous foreigner, so vehement, yet so kindly, who, when they came for private examinations, "read them straight off like books," and had a most mysterious power of divining, not only their own virtues and defects, but their grandfathers' and grandmothers'.

Nevertheless it was not, Herr Paul discovered, an easy thing to make phrenology pay in a cathedral town. The masses came to his lectures and thronged the free seats, of those for which many tickets had been given away, and were examined in public at the close of the lecture for nothing. But the classes who had the money refused to come near him, in a place where they were so well known, for phrenological examinations and charts. When he had stayed a fortnight he knew that he should lose heavily by his rash venture. He was not easily disheartened, but he could not escape some moments of depression, and one night, before he started to his lecture hall, the cloud was darker than usual. It came to him how little the people really believed in him, the people, whom he had loved with his whole heart, whom he had sought to help most

faithfully and earnestly for many years, whom he had never flattered, but told hard truths about themselves, for he was a reformer to the core, and not a demagogue. He passed his hand wearily over his brow. Would he see the Local Veto Bill carried before he died? Would his ideal home by the sea for his dear working men and women ever be built, where they might go to rest, away from crowded London, and Liverpool, and Sheffield? Would the world come to believe in phrenology, in medical electricity, in religion? The three were never far apart in his mind.

He turned as the landlady came to the door with a note.

"I found it in the letter-box," he said. She retired, and he opened and read the missive, which consisted of five words:

"Herr Paul is a quack and an impostor."

"It will be from that masher who quarrelled with me in the hall last night because I spoke against gambling," he murmured, as he tore it up. He tried to speak lightly, but his heart was heavy, and he caught himself wondering how many people would stand up for him through evil report and good report—a line of meditation which he was wont steadily to avoid. Very well, it did not matter.

"These old cities are slow to move," he thought, as he put on his well-worn overcoat. "The religion is all gone into the stones of the cathedral."

Then he went out into the summer night.

The street through which he passed to the hall was busier than usual. There was a concert in the city that night, which would interfere with his audience, such as it was, and cabs and carriages were rolling rapidly in the direction just opposite to his. But, he reflected sagely, one would not wish to deprive the people of concerts!

In front of him there was walking a little girl with a dog, whom she held by a long band tied to his collar, and whom she addressed as "Shan." She looked about twelve, and, save for the dog, she was alone. Herr Paul watched her with kindly interest, as he always watched children, and remarked, mentally, that her mother must be a sensi-

ble woman, for she was prettily yet simply clad. She was a pretty child, too, with a bright eager face, as she turned it to the dog, and brown hair with a ripple in it. She reminded him of some one he had seen lately, but for the moment he could not trace the resemblance. He had ample opportunity for watching her, for the dog, apparently, was unaccustomed to being taken for a walk in the public street. The horses and carriages excited him to the last degree, and he kept pulling hard at his cord, and making plunges in all directions.

Suddenly his leash snapped. The next second he had darted away into the road, and his little mistress dashed after him, with a cry of terror, for it seemed to her that he was about to be run over. And Herr Paul dashed after them both.

They could not have chosen a worse moment for attempting to cross the street. Two carriages, late for the concert, were driving very rapidly, and the coachman of one of them was looking another way. Herr Paul flung the child out of danger, but in another second he himself was lying motionless among the horses' hoofs. "Shan," quite safe on the opposite side, was barking impartially at horses and carriages, and at the people who came to the rescue just too late. The phrenologist heard the barking and the tumult, and then there was a great lull, which lasted a long while.

When it ended he was lying on a bed in a large pleasant room, and looking up he saw three faces, all of them familiar. One was that of a Sister from a hospital in the city, which he had visited only the other day in the course of his wanderings about the old place—and he had seen there, too, the face of the consulting surgeon, which was now bending over him. Then he raised his eyes to the third watcher. It was Doctor Beighton, who had called him a charlatan in the hall, and as he saw him he understood. That was the child's father.

"How is the little girl?" said Herr Paul, looking up into his face.

"She is all right," answered the doctor, in an odd, constrained voice. "You saved her life."



"I am so glad," said Herr Paul, with his sunny smile. "If to-morrow you would only bring her to me—I have already studied her physiognomy in the street—but I would like to examine her more closely."

He paused. Slight as was the change in the face into which he was looking, it did not escape him. The man had learned to read shades of expression as other men read printed words. He glanced rapidly from face to face.

"Ah, I see!" he said. "It misled me that I felt no pain. I am dying, is it not?"

No one spoke; but the Sister, with a look full of reverent compassion, bowed her head. The surgeon, turning away abruptly, stared out into the garden, where twilight was beginning to fall; but Doctor Beighton, on the other side, stood impassive, with a strange, dazed expression. There was silence till Herr Paul spoke again.

"I should like," he said, in a low voice, but very emphatically, "to see her now."

In five minutes more the Sister and the consulting surgeon had left the room, and Doctor Beighton and his little girl were alone with Herr Paul,

who, resting his hand lightly on the child's brown hair, conducted his last phrenological examination.

"She is a little shaken," he said, in the quiet and reassuring tones which always comfort children. "But she will be all right to-morrow. You must never set this little maiden to an office or any sedentary employment; she has far too much activity; she must lead a busy life. She loves children, you can make of her a good teacher, an excellent nurse; she has much kindness, strong affection; she has self-respect and decision; she will think for herself; she has veneration—from the mother!—she must rather more develop concentration; and hope, for she desponds too easily. But she will make a good woman."

Once more the beautiful, kindly smile illumined his face.

"Good-bye, my dear!" he said.

Then he turned to the father. His voice was failing, but he spoke with sudden emphasis.

"You will cultivate," he said, "Spirituality, Reverence, *Faith!*"

It was the last word of the Charlatan.  
—*Longman's Magazine.*

## KAIKAI.

KAIKAI was my first case, and I owe him a debt of gratitude that cannot be repaid by this paltry attempt to rescue his memory from immediate oblivion, for he imparted to the early months of my official career a liveliness that outweighed the discomfort of exile in an out-district. When we first met, a few days after my arrival on the scene of my labors, I was fresh from England, ignorant of the language and customs of the people I had been sent to manage; and the guardianship of Kikai was a liberal education in itself. He laid the foundation of all the knowledge I ever acquired about his people, and the physical geography I learned while I was running after him lasted me my stay in the country. He was a great untamable soul, a Prometheus unbound, that would have left his mark

upon the valley history if he had lived a generation earlier.

Kaikai was born of poor but reputable parents: his father was the hereditary priest of the heathen temple of Singatoka. For generations his fathers had been the medium of intercourse between the people and their gods—between the living and the spirits of their dead ancestors. They used to sit at the door of the thatched temple, and receive the offering made to the god. In return they used to shiver and foam at the mouth, and declare the oracle in a squeaky falsetto. When thus possessed they pulled the wires of the tribal policy. The utterances of the gods by their mouths being in singular accordance with the interests of the aristocracy, the chiefs in their turn were pious and regular in the matter

of offerings. Almost daily, pigs, with their hind legs broken to prevent them from straying, were turned loose in the sacred groove, and Kaikai's fathers waxed in substance. In the course of nature Kaikai would have succeeded to the sacred office, and this truthful history would never have been written, for of all human institutions the priesthood in Singatoka seemed the most necessary and the most permanent, and in none of the last old priest's inspired prophecies was there any hint that doom was about to fall upon his office. Yet so it was.

Before the old man died there had been the war, and the foreigner had come, allied with the men from the Eastward, all mad with blind and impious rage against the gods, and had burned the temple, and had taught the people—aye! even the elders of them—to howl empty songs after the foreign fashion to the white man's god, and to do other foolishness with money and a basin. So when Kaikai grew to manhood, full of the craft and subtlety of his fathers, but with his father's occupation gone, he naturally fell to hen-stealing, and thus it was we met.

My first case called for no complicated sifting of evidence, for Kaikai pleaded guilty to having stolen two turkeys belonging to a storekeeper. He even admitted, when pressed upon the point, that he had been three times convicted for a similar offence—that he was, in fact, a hardened stealer of hens as my native police-sergeant alleged. "He was our heathen priest, sir, and that, perhaps, is why he is a hen-stealer!" Clearly, the prison had no terrors for Kaikai, and so, though I am no lover of the lash, I sentenced him as a "rogue and vagabond" to an aggregate sentence of two months with a whipping of ten lashes. He was removed before he recovered from his surprise, and I could see the glint of the scissors as the police sheared his head to the scalp on the doorstep of the courthouse. After court he sent a message that he wanted to see me. I met him at the door of the police-quarters—a powerful, thick-set man, a shade darker than his fellows, with eyes set deep and far apart in his head, a broad forehead, and square, resolute jaw; altogether

he had a more intellectual head and face than any other Singatokan I had seen. He was perfectly respectful, but he spoke as a man who is conscious that the demand he is about to make is reasonable and well within his rights.

"I have heard, sir, that you ordered me to be beaten"—(the interpreter conducted the dialogue). "It is my wish that you change your order. Imprisonment is nothing to me, but I cannot undergo a beating. How would it be if I labored twice as long in prison instead of being beaten?"

I pointed out that the sentence of the court once pronounced was as immutable as the courses of the stars, but he begged me to believe that the matter was capable of argument.

"I will endure a year—two years, even—working in the prison, but a beating I cannot endure; and I fear, sir, that unless the sentence is altered I may run away, for beating is not good for me."

The penalties of breaking jail were sternly explained to him, and he was removed in custody.

There was no lock-up. The whole station had cost the Government only £30, and the money had all been sunk in grass huts, leaving nothing over for doors. The only building with a door within a radius of ten miles was my storehouse. That certainly had a door with a padlock; but to incarcerate Kaikai among my tinned meats and beer would be worse than shutting up a fox in a henroost. The prisoners of the provincial jail hard by slept in the prison shed or not, as they liked, and worked out their punishment by catching fish for the ladies of the Roko's kitchen. For a prisoner resolved upon escape, such a place of confinement was obviously inadequate. To Suva jail, five days distant by land or water, must Kaikai be sent for punishment, and he must be kept somehow until an opportunity for sending him arose. I made my native sergeant responsible for him that night, and went to bed.

In the morning he was gone. It was no time for idle recrimination. The sergeant had slept at his side; in the morning he awoke and found himself alone, and a pair of broken handcuffs were picked up in the station square.

That was all. But he (the sergeant) asked only for one man and a rope, and upon his head would it be if he did not bring him back before sunset.

In the silent hour between the trade wind and the land breeze, while there was still light enough to see a screw-pine against the gray sky, Kaikai was again before me. In his dusky features I thought I read a calm determination that recked nothing of such trifling checks as a re-capture, but this might have been the effect of the failing light. The sergeant and his satellite had beat the country-side until, toward evening, they found a lonely pool inviting them to bathe. There was something spashing in the water, and they crept up softly to reconnoitre. It was Kaikai, disporting his burly limbs in the bath and blowing like a grampus. Between them and him lay his clothes, and the bone of a stolen ham that had been his mid-day meal. The pursuers captured his loin-cloth, and hid themselves to await developments. When Kaikai came out to dress there followed a scene that I shall not attempt to describe, and two clothed policemen might have been seen speeding over the hills in pursuit of a naked fugitive. Then the sergeant, whose wind was impaired by the ease and comfort of official life, cunningly bridged the increasing interval between pursuers and pursued with his throwing-club, and Kaikai bit the dust. He bowed to the force of circumstances, and allowed himself to be bound and led back without opposition. He spent the night handcuffed on either side to a policeman, and in the morning he was led to judgment for breaking his confinement. He addressed the court with calm dignity. It was true! but there was a cause. It was the beating—a form of punishment to which he could never submit. Let the magistrate be fair-minded, and exchange the beating for a year's imprisonment, and he would never escape. Otherwise, it might occur again. He was led back with an augmented penalty, never again to be uncoupled from his policeman till put on board a vessel bound for Suva.

For two whole days he stayed while I strove in vain to charter a cutter to take him to the capital. On the third

he took his policeman with him to bathe. As they stood on the brink of the stream, Kaikai consoled with his guardian on the cruel necessity that forced him to enter the cold water when he might be enjoying a cigarette on the bank. "It was nothing to him (Kaikai), of course, but he could not help pitying the discomfort of a gentlemanly policeman who was bound eternally to a lowborn convict like twins of a birth, when with the turn of a key he might have rest combined with security. But this young magistrate treated his police like children, pretending that he could not trust them." So shrewdly did he play upon the man's vanity that the key was turned, and the end of the handcuffs transferred to the prisoner's other wrist. To the connecting-chain the policeman fastened a rope, and tied the free end securely to a tree. Then he went a bare five paces to fetch a dry banana leaf for a tobacco-wrapper. When he came back the rope was lying in the water. Had Kaikai drowned himself? Panic stricken, he jerked the end, and it came up empty. Kaikai had vanished. The wretched policeman rushed off in vain pursuit, imploring his absent friend to return and all would be forgiven. On a rock hard by he found the handcuffs battered and broken.

For the next ten days Kaikai was at large. I heard of him occasionally as frequenting his village at nights and spending the day somewhere in the bush, but the police could never find him because rumors had reached them that he went about armed with a mission axe, and thirsted for policemen's blood. One night a messenger came to tell me a weighty secret. Kaikai was asleep in a certain house in Singatoka, and might be betrayed if a Jael could be found. My sergeant, when consulted, thought that a Judas would be better, and cheerfully offered himself for the post. Taking with him a friend, who, he assured me, was cursed with an exuberance of personal courage that he had been trying for years to discharge, he went off with a pair of handcuffs and a candle-end, and a short club concealed in the back of his shirt. The unconscious Kaikai awoke as they went in, but they soothed him with

soft speeches, telling him how strongly they approved of his attitude in the matter of flogging, and reprobated the whole bench of magistrates to which I was the newest and least promising addition. Then they all three swore blood-brotherhood and went to sleep. In the morning Kaikai awoke, stretched himself, cleared his throat, girt his sulu round him, and moved toward the door. The sergeant and his courageous friend, who had been shamming sleep, were before him, and barred the door with their bodies. Kaikai took in the situation without emotion. He simply reached for his axe that was stuck in the thatch, and swung it above his head, saying, "Out of the way, both of you!" Then he walked out, and the sergeant and his bold friend were found some time afterward among the bananas, looking, so they said, for Kaikai—at least, this was the account of a bystander; the sergeant's story was different.

Thenceforward the fugitive became bolder. He even took his meals in the village, and thus again he fell into my hands. Before breakfast one morning a spy came breathless to whisper that Kaikai was eating in the Buli's house five miles distant. In three minutes I was trotting along with handcuffs and a tether-rope jingling from the dees of my saddle, and an active young policeman running at my stirrup. We stopped outside the village to reconnoitre, unobserved of any but the pigs, and my spy walked boldly into the house as if he had come to share the meal. In a few moments he came back to say that Kaikai was eating yams close to the back door, and that our only chance was for me to ride to the front door at full gallop while the policemen embarrassed his escape from the fear. I moved my mare among the houses until I could see a bullet head in the vista of the two doorways of the house two hundred yards away. I rammed in the spurs and scattered the pigs on the *rara* at a hard gallop. I flung myself from the saddle and through the door almost with the same motion, leaving my mare to bolt for home or eat the banana shoots as she liked. My man was half out of the back door with his mouth full of yam,

but here he met my ally, and in his momentary hesitation I got my arms round his greasy neck. He grunted, spat the yam at the policeman, and fell to yelling at the top of his voice. He was strong, but I had my knees against the lintels of the door, and so I got him down on his back on the mats, and he surrendered. We apologized to our hosts for disturbing their breakfast, and formed a homeward procession followed by all the naked children in the village and half the pigs. Kaikai led the cortège, handcuffed with his hands behind him and fastened to my saddle with a rope. His anxiety about the teeth of the fierce beast that snorted so close to his bare shoulders evidently drove out for a time all thoughts of escape.

It was no use waiting any longer for a passing vessel. Until Kaikai could be lodged safely in Suva Jail I should know no rest. Besides, after this last capture he was resigned almost to penitence, and he was scarcely more likely to escape when travelling along the coast under escort than when living in a grass hut on the station. He was brought up and warned that any further attempt to escape would simply increase his punishment, to which he answered sadly, "It is true!" as who should say, "Would that I had realized it long ago!" Two policemen were picked for the escort—the one for his intelligence and the other for his muscle—and Mind was given authority over Matter. Kaikai was led out handcuffed and roped to the escort, who undertook to land him safely in Suva on the fifth day. They set out full of high hope, full of confidence in themselves and in each other. Alas! that such enthusiasm should have been so rudely dashed! Six miles out they came to the river Singatoka, and demanded a canoe in accordance with their instructions. Every dug-out capable of floating was up the river for a festival, and if they waited for a canoe they must wait for two days. The swim was nothing for a Fijian—a paltry half-mile—but it was clear that Kaikai could not swim with comfort in handcuffs. Mind accordingly unlocked them, tied one end of the rope round Kaikai's neck, and gave the other to Muscle to hold between his



teeth. For the first hundred yards or so they swam side by side; then Kaikai began to forge ahead. As he turned round to encourage his escort his face suddenly froze with horror, and he shouted "A Ngio! A Ngio!" ("A shark! A shark!"). Neither Mind nor Muscle stopped to look; they dropped the rope and swam for their lives. Kaikai did the same, and to swim the faster he undid the rope from his neck. It was then seen how much faster than his escort he could swim, and when he waded ashore his guards were still striking out in mid-stream. He even found time to wish them farewell before plunging into the bush. As he knew every inch of the country and his escort did not it was useless to pursue, and Mind decided upon retreat to the station. That night the criers proclaimed through the villages a reward for the body of Kaikai, and the people muttered remarks disrespectful to a Government that couldn't keep a prisoner when they had got him. Feeling themselves absolved from any obligation to help the authorities, they fed Kaikai and made life pleasant to him; and thus it might have been till now had not the "young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love." The beloved object was not unappropriated, and the husband, returning from his plantation in the evening, thought that sympathy with misfortune could be perfectly genuine without embraces. Revenge, too, in this case would be not only sweet but profitable. He took two trusty friends into his confidence, and lay in wait in the path along which Kaikai was wont to go to his assignation. They leaped upon him, bearing him down with their united weight, and carried him bound into the village. There they divided the blood-money between them at the rate of six and eightpence apiece. That night I chartered and victualled a cutter, and in the early dawn Kaikai was taken on board and manacled to a stout ringbolt in the deck. When I had satisfied myself as to the strength of the fastenings, I pocketed the key and went on shore; they might loose him as they pleased in Suva, but on the voyage at least he would touch the soft hearts of his guards in vain. A week

later I was given the jailer's receipt for the body of Kaikai testifying to the interesting fact that he was "sober" when he was delivered to him, and I slept that night in calm security, for doubtless by that time the flogging to which Kaikai had so deeply rooted an antipathy had been impartially administered.

That was on a Tuesday. On Wednesday morning at breakfast-time my usually stolid sergeant ran in with evil tidings bursting out of every pore. "Sir," he cried, "I have just seen Kaikai dressed in the habit of a local preacher!" I was too much startled even to think of the Society for Psychical Research. Had Kaikai sent his spirit to impersonate him in order to complete my discomfiture? But the sergeant scouted the idea of supernatural agency. It was Kaikai in the flesh that he had seen, wanting only a book of devotions to complete his clerical attire. He had cheerfully wished the sergeant good morning, and seemed to be at peace with all the world. The sergeant's sense of the deficiencies had been so outraged that he had not stopped to question him; and therefore, until Kaikai could be interviewed or next mail arrive from Suva, his miraculous escape must remain a mystery.

Further tidings followed hard on the heels of the sergeant. The villagers had made a feast to Kaikai, and the maidens had danced in his honor. He was friendly to all, but a little supercilious, as befits one who is on the high road to be a national hero. Not until three bowls of yankona had loosened his tongue-strings did he vouchsafe an explanation of his re-appearance. He had enjoyed the hospitality of the Colonial Government for one night only. On the morrow he was ordered to fall in with the road gang. Even this he did, being in all respects conciliatory; but when they came to serve out pick-axes and shovels he felt that he had been humbled enough. They had told him, moreover, that a tail or two was wanting from the cat, and that he must wait a day while they plaited new ones before his cup should be full. So, in the face of the whole gang, warders and all, he said, "Forgive me, but I am going," cleared the stone wall at the

back of the jail, disappeared into the forest, and stopped to listen to his pursuers. They were running straight up the hill in the thick bush—almost abreast of him indeed—and they would probably run like that till they reached the Waimanu road. In the meantime his sulu did him no credit. It was dirty, and had S. G. conspicuously branded across the breech. He must have a new outfit before starting on his travels. So he ran downhill toward the town, skirting the Polynesian settlement, dropped into the road at Nambukulon, walked briskly past two policemen, and made for the store of an Indian. The Indian had a pigtail and no calves to his legs, and was even in other respects altogether contemptible; but there were sulus and shirts hanging in his doorway far too good to be the property of any Indian, pigtailed or no.

It chanced that this Indian was transacting a matter of business with a neighbor in mid-street—probably the neighbor owed him money—at any rate, they were both shouting and gesticulating to each other in the middle of a crowd, so Kaikai unobtrusively took down a white shirt and sulu, and reached to the counter for a black satin tie such as the local preachers use. Then he went back into the bush to dress, and listened for the Indians when they should find out what he had done. As a local preacher, Kaikai scarcely knew himself. He felt at once that he had mistaken his vocation. The stiff front seemed to tap all the sources of the pent-up eloquence of a heathen priest. That, of course, was what he had been bred for before the luckless turn of the wheel made him a hen-stealer. But this was no time for moralizing. He walked boldly now to Walu Bay, passing on the way a jailwarder running to Suva with the news of his escape. In Walu Bay there was a canoe belonging to a native minister from the other side who had gone into town to buy a bottle of kerosene for the Sabbath. There is, as Kaikai knew, a community of property among ministers of the Gospel, and Kaikai as local preacher was in far greater need of the canoe than was its owner. So he took it and paddled himself out into the har-

bor. As he rested on his paddle the shouts of his pursuers sounded from the hillside musically in his ears. He landed near Namuka Island, ungratefully kicked the canoe out into the current, and started on his forlorn tramp. It was almost a royal progress. At each village he told a different story, paltering, alas, with the sacred truth, but improving so artistically with each narration that at the end he had almost come to believe it himself. The usual official notice offering a reward for the apprehension of an escaped prisoner, medium height, powerful frame, short hair, dark skin, tattooed with "A. A." on the right forearm, proved the truth of the first part of the story, and a lachrymose Indian and the pieces of a broken canoe gave some color to the latter portion; but, for the rest, it must be remembered that Kaikai was by heredity a liar. To the elders of his native village Kaikai spoke of me without animus, as of one to whom respect was due but whose duties lay in a different sphere from his. "It no longer concerns the magistrate. It is their affair in Suva. He has done with me; therefore, what reason should I have to fear him." Next morning, for the sixth time, I found myself on Kaikai's trail. The promise of reward brought many volunteers. We surrounded the village, and went into the house and captured him in all his finery, without the shadow of resistance. He was surprised, of course, but not cast down. The flogging had now come to seem so far off that imprisonment had lost its terrors for him. Again he was conveyed to the capital, chained to a ring-bolt in the deck of a cutter. Again I breathed freely, taking comfort to myself that I had posted to the jailer a gentle sarcasm upon the security of his arrangements. Three weeks passed; my duties took me through Nandronga to Fort Carnarvan in the mountains. One evening as I went the rounds I heard the word "Kaikai" in the babble of conversation in one of the barrack houses. Was the word an adjective or a proper name? I called out the corporal and asked him. He looked

\* In the local dialect *Kaikai* means "strong."

like a man who would fain not betray a confidence; but, when I pressed him, he said reluctantly that Kaikai had been seen on the road below the fort that evening, dressed in the uniform of a soldier. So he was out again. This time, at least, I would wash my hands of him. Two of the men had met him in the road, and recognized him. He told them he was carrying a message to me from the magistrate on the Rewa. But when they offered to conduct him to my presence he would fain be excused, giving a variety of reasons for putting off the interview. He had undergone his flogging, and had even worked some weeks in the road gang; but he found the life irksome, and he left it. This time he stole a new sulu, and exchanged it with a Polynesian for an old one, vandyked round the bottom like the uniform of the armed constabulary. Then he stole a turkey-red cummerbund, and he would even have stolen a uniform belt if he had had time. As it was, he put on the largest turban he could find, and took to the bush as he was. On the first day he reached the Rewa station, walked boldly into the magistrate's house, saluted, and stood at attention. He was under orders, he said, to carry despatches to Fort Carnavan. His despatches? He regretted to say that he had lost them in swimming the river. His belt? That, too, had been swept away by the flood. The *locum tenens* at Rewa, who liked not the insolent ways of the gay and licentious soldiery, bade him be gone, and the journey from the station to the fort across the mountains had taken him two days.

I was tired of Kaikai. He had become monotonous, and I pursued him no more. I heard afterward that he was caught, and made to serve out his time; but I was transferred to another district, and saw nothing of him for two years.

Long afterward, when I was in Suva, a boat pulled up from Navua with the mangled, but still living body of a native burglar. A store had been set on fire and broken into, and the European store-keeper roughly handled. The contents had been looted and the burglars had got safe away; but the native police discovered the culprits, and suc-

ceeded in arresting all but one. That one eluded arrest for several days, but at last the pursuers came upon him in the bush, and, because he would not surrender, had brought him down with throwing-clubs and battered his helpless body as he lay upon the ground. Then they brought him to the hospital to be mended.

The other four culprits were tried, and, before sentence, were asked by the court whether they had anything to say in extenuation. "Sir," said their spokesman, "the root of this matter was Kaikai. He seduced us to do this thing. We therefore are innocent. It was on this wise. Kaikai came into our house in the evening and said, 'Erone, let us have prayers.' So we had prayers. Then Kaikai said, 'How would it be to go and break open the white man's store?' And we said, 'It is well.' So we went to the store, and when we came near, Kaikai said, 'How would it be to set the store on fire, and then perhaps the white man will come out?' So we set the store on fire, and presently the white man did come out. Then Kaikai said, 'Let us trample on him.' So we trampled him under foot, and then we took his box of money and ran toward the river, and when we came to the river, as the box was so heavy, Kaikai dropped it in"—it was afterward found there—"and then we all went home."

"And what did you do then?" asked the court.

"Kaikai read prayers."

There was no hope for Kaikai. His arm was broken, his thigh-bone smashed in two places, and his skull fractured, and all this had been done four days before he reached the hospital. It was so extraordinary a case of vitality that, when I heard of it, not knowing who the patient was, I went to see him, and in the wretched remains of humanity, strapped up and bandaged almost beyond recognition, I saw and knew the features of Kaikai. He was wasted to skin and bone, poor fellow, and weakening every hour; but he was conscious and recognized me, and I think was pleased that I, with whom the earlier stages of his career had been so much bound up, should have come to see him in the last. He lived four

days, and was buried in the hospital cemetery, and I was just too late to attend his funeral as chief mourner. And so, when his companions in guilt came to be sentenced, they suffered alone, for Kaikai, who had seduced

them, had gone to stand before another tribunal, where, I think, hereditary tendencies and personal bravery must count for something.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

## THE TORN CLOAK.

BY MAXIME DU CAMP.

### I. THE VOICE OF THE BELLS.

Up in the belfry the bells were talking to each other. The two youngest were in a bad temper. "Isn't it time to go to sleep?" they said. "It is nearly midnight and they have already rung us twice, pulling us in the dark as if it were broad daylight and we were ringing for Sunday mass! Men are walking about in the church. Are we again to be tormented? Can't they let us alone?"

The eldest bell made a jarring noise, as if in anger, and said, in a voice deep though a little cracked, "Be quiet, little ones, you talk nonsense. When you went to Rome for consecration you vowed to do your duty; do you not know that the first hour of Christmas Day is just about to strike, and you must ring for the birth of Christ?"

"It is so cold," one of the bells replied.

In a severe tone the old one answered, "Do you think, then, that He was not cold when He came into the world naked, weak, and wailing? Would He not have suffered on the hills of Bethlehem if the ass and the ox had not kept Him warm with their breath? Instead of grumbling and complaining make your voices all the sweeter in remembrance of the song with which His mother put Him to sleep. Be ready. I see they are lighting the tapers; near the altar of the Virgin they have made a manger, the banner has been brought out, the beadle is bustling about, the priest has put on his embroidered alb, I hear the sound of *sabots* approaching, it is the villagers coming to prayer, the clock unwinds its chain, the hour is going to strike: Noël! Noël! Let us ring in full peal,

so that none can say we have not called him to the midnight mass."

### II. THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

For three days it had been snowing; the heavens were gloomy, the earth was white, the North wind went moaning through the trees, the pond was frozen, and the little birds were hungry. The women, covered in their mantles of brown wool edged with a border of black velvet, the men wrapped in their cloaks, had gone slowly into the church. Kneeling, they bowed their heads and listened to the priest, who repeated, "The Lord hath said to me, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee." Every one responded in a low voice. The incense was burning, and some Christmas roses had been placed before the shrine, which was lighted up by tapers.

At the entrance of the church, behind the pillar, where the basin of holy water stands, a child was kneeling, with bare feet, for he had removed his *sabots* that he might not make a noise. Clad in a blue cotton blouse, in spite of the rigor of the season, with his cap in front of him and his hands clasped, he was praying: "For the soul of my father, who is no more; for the life of my mother, who is ill; and also for myself, for Thy poor little Jacques, who loves Thee so much, O my God, I implore Thee!" He was weeping, he seemed lost in the fervor of his prayer. During mass he remained on his knees and only rose up when he heard the priest say the closing words.

The congregation met again under the outer porch, every one lighted his lantern, the women fastened their mantles around them, the men turned



up the collars of their cloaks. "Brrrr ! How cold it is ! Are you coming with us ?" one of the boys said to Jacques.

"I have not time," he answered, and began to run. Far off he heard the village folk singing as they wended homeward the favorite Christmas carol of old France :

*"He is born, the Babe divine !  
Blow, ye pipes ; all music sound !  
He is born, the Babe divine !  
Let us keep this joyful time."*

### III. THE TEARS OF MARGARET.

Jacques arrived at his cottage, which was built in a hollow of the rock at the foot of the hill, and at the end of the village. He opened the door softly and walked on tiptoe into the room, where there was neither fire nor light.

"Is it you, little one ?"

"Yes, mother."

"I have prayed while you were praying, as I could not go to church. You ought to get some sleep ; lie down, my child. Do not trouble about me ; I want nothing, and if I am thirsty I have water within reach."

In a corner of the room, near Margaret's bed, Jacques threw himself upon a heap of ferns and dried grass, drew over him a shred of coverlet, pillowed his head upon his arm and went to sleep. But Margaret did not sleep. She dreamed ; she wept without making any noise, that she might not wake her child ; she clasped her hands in despair and said to herself : "What will become of us ? I cannot go about earning money, two years' taxes are not paid, the tally of the baker is covered with notches, and they are going to refuse us all credit. Jacques has a good heart, but he is only just twelve years old, and too small to earn wages. What is going to become of us ? Alas ! if my poor husband had not died ! When he left us he took all the welfare of the house away." Then, with her head upon the pillow, the tears trickling down her wasted cheeks, and pressing her hand upon her breast where fever burned, she remembered her lost happiness and wept more than ever.

Her husband, Grand Pierre, had been a good man ; hard-working and honest he had won the esteem of all except the

tavern-keepers, with whom he was never seen. When the conscription called him away he was placed in the train of military equipage because he was used to horses and was a good driver. Afterward he often spoke with pleasure of the time when he was in the service.

On his return to the village they made much of him. He had known Margaret as a child, he found her now a young woman, fell in love and married her. They were poor, but happy in their married life, for they were industrious, honest, and loved each other. For eleven years their happiness continued, and then misfortune entered the home. Grand Pierre earned a living as a carter, and one night, as he was driving a wagon heavily laden with blocks of granite slowly homeward, being tired with the day's work, he fell asleep. The horses stumbled and he was thrown from his seat ; the wheels of the cart passed over him, crushing him to death. A few hours later he was discovered on the roadside, lying on his back, with his arms crossed and his cloak torn and stained with blood.

Jacques had just reached his tenth year ; he did not understand the greatness of the trouble which had come upon them, but he cried when he saw his mother cry. From the day when Grand Pierre was carried off by death ill-fortune had been upon the cottage which was formerly so happy. It was more than poverty ; it was distress. It was for this that Margaret sobbed all the Christmas night.

### IV. DISTRESS.

In the dawn Jacques rose ; he yawned, shook off the sprigs of dry grass left in his hair, and looked at his mother. She was lying in bed with flushed cheeks, eyes half-closed, and pallid lips. On seeing her son she nodded to him.

"Have you slept well, mother ?"

"Yes, dear child, very well. I feel better, but I am rather cold ; make a fire for me."

Jacques looked in the corners of the room, opened a cupboard, slipped into a little store room where they used to keep their provisions, and then he said, "There is no more wood, neither faggots nor sticks."

Margaret raised her eyes to heaven, "What is to be done?" but forcing herself to smile, she added, "It does not matter, little one, I am not so cold as I thought."

Jacques had seated himself on a large paving-stone which was used as a stool, and was knocking a nail in the sole of his *sabot*. He put on his shoes, pulled his cap down over his ears, and said to his mother, "I am going to the mountain to find some dead wood."

"But it is Christmas Day!"

"The priest will pardon me."

"Little one, it is forbidden; you know it. This is not Saturday, which is the day for getting in the broken branches."

"That does not matter, mother, the keeper will not see me; I shall be back directly. While you are waiting draw the coverlet over your shoulders to keep you warmer."

Margaret still hesitated. At length she said, "Go then, my child; God will bless you because you love your mother."

Little Jacques put his big knife in his pocket, threw over his shoulder a cord to tie up the sticks he was going to gather, and opened the door. A squall of wind laden with snow drove him back and whirled itself round about the room.

"What weather!" said Jacques.

"Oh heavens!" cried Margaret, "it is a white deluge! Listen to me, little one; you are not clothed to meet this bitter storm. Open the chest where I have put away poor father's clothes until you should be big enough to wear them; give me his cloak, the cloak in which they carried him home on that day of the accident; you shall wrap it round you, it will keep the cold out. One sick person in the house is enough."

Jacques took the cloak which was folded up in the chest and whereon lay a branch of consecrated box-wood. It was one of those ample cloaks of wool and goats' hair, striped in black and white and with a small velvet collar and a copper clasp. On the cloth were dark-colored stains. Jacques put it on, but it was too long, and dragged behind him. Margaret turned up the hem and wished to fasten it to the body of the cloak. She looked for

some pins, but the hovel was so poor that there were none. Jacques, who was ingenious, picked up from the hearth some thorns of the wild plum, the remains of a burned faggot. With these the cloak was fastened up. Jacques put it on. Just when he was going and his hand was on the latch, Margaret called him back, "If you pass by the Trèves crucifix, do not forget to say your prayers."

#### V. OLD MONHACHE.

Jacques walked on; not a soul was in sight; all was gloomy and deserted. Snow was falling and seemed to glance along horizontally, so rudely was it driven by the North wind. On the topmost branch of a poplar covered with frost a raven croaked. Now and then little Jacques stopped to clear away, with a sharp blow of his heel, the snow which had accumulated and hardened under his *sabots*. He was not cold, but the cloak seemed heavy. He went along bravely, for he was a fine little fellow, with a good heart and a firm will. He had already gone far on the way, and was on the point of reaching the first slope of the mountain where the forest begins, when he stopped, petrified. Before him was the keeper, who, with his cotton cap under his three-cornered hat, sabre at his side, and the badge of "the law" upon his belt, appeared all at once at the turning of the road.

He was a man known as Old Monhache, the terror of the urchins of the village. When he caught them stealing apples, shaking plum-trees, beating down walnuts, he seized them by the ear, swore at "those wicked rascals," and took them to the mayor, who condemned the delinquents to a paternal thrashing. Jacques was then at bay when he found himself face to face with this pitiless officer of the law.

"Where are you going to now, my Jacques, in this beastly weather?"

Jacques tried to think of some excuse to explain his journey through the snow, but he remembered that his father had once said to him, "You must never tell a lie," so, though his heart beat quickly, he answered, "I am going to the mountain to fetch dead wood,

because we have none to make a fire with, and mother is ill and cold."

The keeper let fly an oath which he would have done better to keep back, and his mustache quivered; rubbing his eyes, he said, "It is strange how the North wind stings the eyes." Then looking at little Jacques with an expression which was not stern, he added: "So, my Jacques, you are going to the mountain, then we don't go the same road, for I am going to the plain. I shall not come across you, but when I return, if I meet you, be sure that I shall shut one eye and stop up the other. I was a friend of Grand Pierre, who was an honest man. It grieves me to know that his widow is in trouble. To-day, because of Christmas, we have a bit of pickled pork in the pot; have no fear, I will go to Margaret, and take her a piece of it. It is a bad season to get through, my Jacques, but I've seen worse than this. Keep up your heart! If you ever repeat what I've said to you, I will pull your ears."

The good man went on shrugging his shoulders, with a gesture half vexed and half resigned. He had not gone ten steps when he stopped and called out: "Ho! my Jacques, go into the Grivelles copse; it is there you will find the most dead wood."

## VI. THE FAGGOT.

"All the same," thought Jacques, as he went along, "Old Monhache is not so bad as they say."

He clambered up the mountain, which was difficult for his little legs, and the snow made it still more difficult. He stopped to take breath, and in spite of cold and the North wind he wiped his face before going on. Every now and then he heard a sort of moaning in the distance; it was a branch of fir cracking beneath the weight of snow. Not a blackbird nor a fluttering jay in the trees, not even a little mouse running along the hill-slope, only some intrepid sparrows searching for food, and looking like little black spots on the white ground.

In a low voice Jacques sang thoughtfully:

"*He is born, the Babe divine.*"

On he went, with great difficulty; bending forward, stumbling, sinking to his knees in the snow, yet not despairing, and even laughing when his foot struck against a hardened rut which he could not see, and he fell headlong! On again, only a little farther now! There at hand is the Grivelles copse, where Old Monhache said the dead wood might be found. And, indeed, there was plenty!

Above the heather and the brambles the snow lay in ridges, across which the fallen branches might be seen projecting. Little Jacques put himself to work. Ah, how he toiled! He had thrown off his cloak to be freer in his movements; his legs disappeared in the snow, his hands and arms were drenched and benumbed with the cold, while his face ran with sweat. He stood upright, surveyed the heap of wood already collected, and felt glad as he thought of the beautiful blaze he would make when he got back to the cottage. He might well have wished to pull down some bracken here and there to make his bed a little softer, for it was badly stuffed, but he dared not, and, besides, he had not time—his mother is at home, and sighs beneath her coverlet as she hears the raging of the North wind.

Jacques has gathered all the dead wood he can carry, adds another branch or two for good measure, and ties up the faggot carefully, so that no twigs may escape on the road; then putting on his cloak, lays the bundle on his back, and, leaning on a stick he has cut, betakes himself to the shortest road leading to the village. His legs tremble a little, for the bundle is heavy and the snow is deep; he often stops and leans against a tree to rest himself.

## VII. THE GRANITE CRUCIFIX.

Going on slowly, but without stopping, he came to the cross-ways. The place was called Trèves; formerly, in Roman times, its name was *Trivium*, because three roads met there; the Latin word was afterward Gallicized, and became Trèves. Of old, an altar, dedicated to Mercury, the protector of roads, the god of merchants, and the patron of robbers, had stood there.

Christianity threw down the pagan altar, and replaced it by a great granite crucifix, on the base of which, worn away by lichens, a date can be deciphered, A.D. 1314. During the Hundred Years' War the statue was thrown down, but when peace came it was rebuilt, and has ever since been held in veneration throughout the district. There is no peasant who does not salute it, and even the veterinary, who likes to scoff at the parsons, dare not pass it without raising his hat.

High up on the pedestal, with hands nailed to the cross, His head crowned with thorns, and side pierced with the spear-thrust, the Christ spreads His arms, and seems to bid the world take refuge there. He looks a huge figure, and in the folds of the drapery fastened around Him the wrens have made a nest that no one has ever disturbed. The face is turned to the east; the eyes, distended with suffering, are looking to heaven as if searching for the star that led the wise men and appeared to the shepherds of Bethlehem. At the side, a rowan tree has been planted, whose red berries recall the drops of blood which fell from the divine face.

Margaret had a particular attachment to the Christ of Trèves, because the men who had carried home the body of Grand Pierre, had stopped, tired and sorrowful, at this spot, and had prayed for the repose of the soul of him whom Death had just taken. This was why she had said to her son, "If you pass by Trèves, say your prayers there."

#### VIII. HOW COLD YOU ARE!

Jacques had not forgotten his mother's words. He put down his faggot, took off his cap, and, kneeling down, began to pray, while the wind in a mournful voice accompanied him. He repeated the prayers he had learned in the Catechism, with other words that came warm from his heart. While praying he gazed at the face of the Christ smitten by the snow. The mouth was half-open, the eyes uplifted, giving to the countenance a look of infinite sadness; two icicles, like frozen tears, hung from the eyelids; the wasted body lay outstretched upon the cross

in the last pangs of death. Little Jacques suffered with that suffering, and he wished to console Him on whom he called.

When he had finished praying, he shouldered the faggot once again, and went on. Just as he was leaving the cross-roads he turned back and looked at the Christ, whose eyes seemed to follow him. The face was less troubled, and a peaceful expression was upon the features. A gust of wind swept by and stirred the snow that had accumulated on the arms—one would have said that the figure shivered. Jacques stopped. "O my poor, good God," said he, "how cold Thou art!" and he came back close to the crucifix, to the very spot, without knowing it, where the body of his father had rested on that sad night two years ago.

He threw off his cloak, and, climbing on the pedestal, assisted by the protruding drapery about the figure, was able to reach the shoulders of the Christ, and wrap his cloak around them. He shook from it the thorns, pulled down the hem that Margaret had pinned up, and arranged it so that the statue was almost entirely covered. "At least," said he, "Thou wilt be no longer cold." The icicles hanging from the eyelids melted gently, and slipped like tears of gratitude down the granite face.

Jacques made off running; the North wind blew behind him and went through his cotton blouse. He crossed the hill at a gallop like a colt let loose, feeling the faggot, hard and prickly, bumping on his shoulders, and bruising them. Panting, he stopped at the foot of the hill near the ravine, which was protected from the snow and screened from the wind by the shelter of the firs. Oh! how tired he was! He descended into the ravine, and sat down to rest himself but a moment, before rejoining his mother. He stretched himself at full length, and laid his head on the faggot. "I must not go to sleep," he said, "I must not go to sleep," and saying that he fell asleep.

#### IX. THE CLOAKS ARE EXCHANGED.

When little Jacques awoke he looked around him, and was much astonished. The ravine, the snow, the forest, the



mountain, the gray sky, the icy wind, all had disappeared; he looked for his faggot, and could not see it. He thought he was dreaming, and rubbed his eyes. The country where he was he had never seen, never even heard speak of. It was lovely to the sight; he could not tell its substance, nor measure its extent, nor comprehend all its beauties. The air was cool, and laden with exquisite odors, and there came forth from it a harmony which ravished the heart. Jacques rose, his feet moved over an elastic and transparent ground, which rose with his every step, as if to save him fatigue. A luminous halo played around and enveloped him. Instead of the torn cloak that he had placed on the shoulders of the Crucified he was clothed in a mantle the color of spring, bestrewn with stars, and without seam, like the robe for which lots were cast on the hill of Calvary. His hands, his poor little hands, swollen with chilblains, cracked with the cold, disfigured by hard work, had become so white and so soft that they resembled the wings of a swan. Jacques was amazed, but he had no fear, nor any feeling of dread or trouble; not only was he calm and collected, but he felt light, as if disencumbered of a burden he could not remember having borne, and he was full of happiness.

"Where am I?" he asked.

A voice, more melodious than the whisper of the breeze, replied: "In the house of My Father, where come the just, and where men of good-will live forever."

Then, standing before him, Jacques saw, through a mist of light and azure, the great crucifix of Trèves, the granite crucifix. Grand Pierre's-cloak, the torn cloak, floated from His shoulders; at His feet were scattered the thorns which Margaret had used for pins. While preserving its homely appearance, the cloak was now transparent as a cloud, and through it shone rays as of sunlight, while the thorns sparkled like precious stones. It was indeed the Christ to whom Jacques had given help, but a superhuman beauty lighted up His face, and an eternal spirit animated His features: about Him aerial songs were heard. Jacques threw him-

self upon his knees, and fell on his face before Him.

"Raise thyself, dear child," the Christ said to him, "thou hast had pity on thy God who suffered, thou hast stripped off thy cloak for Him, in singleness of heart thou hast done it because thou art good, and that is why I have given thee my cloak in exchange for thine; for of all the virtues, the highest and the rarest is kindness; it surpasses wisdom, understanding, and knowledge. Henceforth thou art forever the guest and the friend of thy God."

Jacques made a step toward the dazzling vision, and stretched out his arms in supplication.

"What dost thou wish?" said the voice.

Very-softly, as if he dared not utter his prayer, Jacques murmured, "Mother."

The Christ remembered that His mother, fainting and choked with tears, had fallen at the foot of the cross; and He bowed His head to reassure little Jacques.

"He," said Christ, "who has suffered for Me, has redeemed himself and may redeem those whom he has loved; Jacques, thy prayer is granted."

A rustling of wings was heard and a smile of joy lighted up the face of Christ. Jacques prayed, but his prayer resembled nothing that he had ever uttered before; it was a song of ecstasy which broke from him spontaneously.

Far away on the horizon clearer than crystal, Margaret was seen approaching amid a wheeling vortex of white wings. She was no longer pale, thin, and sad; she shone with that inward light which is the beauty of souls and is alone imperishable. The angels placed her before Christ; kneeling and covering her face with her hands she adored Him in whom she had believed. When she raised her head she saw two others kneeling beside her; one was little Jacques, the other Grand Pierre. All three shared in one embrace and in one transport of gratitude. Tears flowed from the eyes of Christ because He was happy.

#### X. THE VOICE OF THE BELLS.

Up in the belfry the bells are talking to each other. The two youngest

are in a sulky mood and say, "The people of this village are fools, they cannot live in peace. Do they think that we are not tired with the work of yesterday?—The midnight mass, and matins, and the mass at daybreak, and the third mass, and the high mass, and vespers, and the angelus, and all the additional chiming, and even that is not all; and now to-day they must begin again. They pull us, they disturb us, they swing us; first the knell for the dead, then the funeral service, then the burial. It is too much; will they never leave us in our place in peace? Our clappers are no longer equal to it, and our sides are black and blue with so many strokes. What is the matter with these peasants that they are crowding to the church in their Sunday clothes? Old Monhache has put on his most scowling face, his mustache is fierce, he passes his hand across his eyes, he has put on his three-cornered hat ready for the fray, the children must be upon their guard or there will be thrashings in the family! Down below there are two coffins, one big and one little—they are going to put them on a wagon drawn by oxen; what difference can that make to us, and why are we made to ring so much for these folk?"

The old bell, wise and full of experience, reproved them: "Be silent, fool-

ish ones, you have not even the dignity of your office; you are consecrated bells, you are church bells, your voices resound over the land and fly to heaven. To men you say, "Watch over your immortal souls," to God you say, "O Father, have pity on human weakness." Instead of being proud of your mission, thoughtful, and discreet, you prattle like little house bells, and you reason like the bells upon a hawk. Be not vain of your brilliant complexion and your clear voice; in my youth I have been even as you, and later on you will be like me. Age will darken your tint and the toils of duty will make your voice hoarse. When for years, years, and still years, you have rung for feasts of the church, for marriages, for funerals and baptisms; when you have sounded the tocsin for fire; when you have roused the alarm as the enemy approached, you will no longer complain of your destiny; you will know the things of earth and divine the secrets of heaven; you will learn that tears here below are often smiles above.

"Ring softly, softly, without sadness and without fear, that the sound of your voices may be like the cooing of doves, and through your lamentation may be heard a song of hope; for a torn cloak may become the mantle of a blessed immortality."—*Good Cheer.*

## CHARACTER SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

### THE SOLDIER'S STRATAGEM.

ABOUT twenty years subsequent to the "War of Liberation," as in Germany is the name for that triumphant series of victories by which the Allied Powers finally broke the tyranny of Napoleon Bonaparte, there were some military manœuvres in Silesia which brought together a number of officers and men who had taken part in the struggle.

It was natural that when they gathered together in the evenings, in the garden of the little hostelry where they had quarters, stories should pass be-

tween them of what they had seen or heard; and so it happened upon a fine summer's evening, that one of their number told the following tale:

It was after the great victory of Leipzig, but before the final overthrow of the tyrant at Waterloo. The Allied Powers had struck one great blow; but still Napoleon's power was great and his resources appeared inexhaustible. Although upon the battlefield of Leipzig the three sovereigns, Alexander of Russia, Francis of Austria, and Frederick William of Prussia, had knelt down together in the sight of all the

army (Greek Church, Roman Catholic, and Protestant side by side, regardless of creed) to give thanks to the God of Battles for the blow victoriously struck on that day, yet the wonderful genius of Napoleon seemed to triumph over all obstacles and to defy defeat. It was not, therefore, an unbroken career of victory that lay before the Allied Armies; and, notwithstanding the fact that they were now upon the offensive rather than the defensive, and that they were preparing to carry war into the enemy's quarters, yet from time to time they experienced small reverses, and had to act cautiously and warily in the pursuit of their wily foe.

It came about, therefore, that somewhere during these two years of fighting, the exact time and place I do not know, the Allied Armies were in temporary retreat before that of the French, and were anxiously looking for a place where they could make a stand in order to meet their foes with some chance of giving battle successfully.

But they were very hard pressed, and above all things needed time in which to draw up the troops and get them into battle array. The scouts in the rear having given notice that the French army was fast approaching, some decisive measure had to be taken to hinder it, if possible, from overtaking the retreating ranks of the allies, and, therefore, the following order was given.

A Russian regiment of infantry, under the command of Colonel Razoumikhine; a battalion of German artillery, under the direction of its major; and a small troop of cavalry, headed by a young captain, also a German—were told off to remain behind the main army in a small wood through which the rear of the Allied Armies was passing, and to hold in check the advance of the French troops; while their compatriots drew up in battle array on a plain a few miles distant, where they would have a chance of meeting their foes successfully.

It was hoped, when the order was given, that the main body of the French army was still at some considerable distance, and that the regiments seen by the scouts were but the advance columns, who would be likely to be

easily held in check by a small body of determined men, and might fall back upon the main body, or await their advance.

The order hastily given was promptly obeyed. The regiment of infantry, together with the smaller companies of artillery and cavalry, remained in the wood, while the rest of the army marched rapidly onward. The Colonel and the Major were inspecting their resources and taking counsel how best to accomplish the object they had in view, when the scouts sent out to discover the exact position of the enemy came flying back with terrible news.

"It is the whole body of the French army!" they reported. "It is no advance column, as we thought at first. The whole strength of the army is there. And they will be upon us, at their present rate of march, within an hour!"

"Take me to see them!" said Colonel Razoumikhine, biting his long mustache, and the scout conducted him to a small eminence from which could plainly be seen the steady advance of a large army—such an army as would sweep away from the face of the earth the small handful of men posted to check its advance.

With a very grave face the Colonel rode back.

"There is but one thing to do," he said. "We must instantly march away after the main body of our army. To stay here is impossible. It means simple annihilation for every man among us, while our mission would remain unfulfilled. We can no more hold back that advancing army than a child can stem the advance of the on-coming tide by its barrier of sand and stones! We must retreat. There is no time to lose. We must join the rest of the army and give them notice of this."

But the German, Major Hermann, looked the Russian full in the face and said quietly—

"You are talking nonsense, my friend. Our orders were to remain here and hinder the advance of the French army, and here we must remain till our work is done."

"So would we, with all my heart, was there but the ghost of a possibility of doing it. But there is not."

"That has nothing to do with us," returned the Major calmly. "With results we have nothing whatever to do. We are here not to reason, but to obey. Not an inch do I stir out of this wood, be the end what it may."

"It is you who are talking nonsense now, Major," answered the Russian impatiently. "That order was given under a misapprehension. Only a madman would stand by and see his brave soldiers massacred, for that will be their fate if they stay here, when, by a timely retreat, they might do good service to their cause, as my soldiers will most certainly do if they join the rest of the army. Use your reason, man. Can we afford to have one of our finest regiments of infantry cut to pieces? Would that serve the cause in any way? Can dead men fight for their country and their religion? Be reasonable, man; be reasonable. I take the responsibility of this step. Let us instantly push on after the rest of the army, give them news of what we have seen, and do our share in the battle that must follow. So can we serve the cause, and only so. Stand not arguing longer, but give the word for an instant retreat."

But Major Hermann's face looked as if carved in flint.

"I will certainly argue no more," he said. "Here have I been bidden to make a stand, and out of this wood I do not stir until I have carried out my orders. I am in my place to obey and not to reason or argue. That is my last word."

The Colonel was biting his mustache in fruitless irritation.

"Go your own way!" he cried angrily. "See your brave fellows cut to pieces before your eyes if you will be such a mad fool! No man has ever called me coward yet, or dared to say that I feared danger or death: I would give my life gladly a hundred times over for the cause if any good could come of it; but I will not stand by to see my men butchered in cold blood before my eyes. That is not what was meant by our commanders. I go, and I take my men with me, and so I serve my country best."

"Over you, Colonel Razoumikhine, I have no authority," answered the

Major quietly. "If you choose to go, I cannot stop you. All I say is that I and my men remain here and carry out our orders. Go your own way, and I go mine."

"Obstinate!" muttered the Colonel as he turned impatiently away; but he saw that words were wasted on the German, and he refrained from speaking more.

In ten minutes more he had all his regiment in marching order, and the word was given to march as rapidly as possible after the main body of the army.

The Major sat looking quietly on, his face set and stern; but he spoke no word, for he had no authority over the Russian Colonel and his men.

At that moment up rode the young Captain of the cavalry.

"Major," he said, "the Colonel is in the rights of this. It is sheer madness to stay. We shall simply be cut to pieces to a man. I am going off with him, back to the main body of the army. It is useless to wait here to be butchered, seeing that to carry out our orders has become impossible. Surely you must see that for yourself! Surely you will come with us!"

The Major turned upon the youth with eyes that flashed keenly beneath their bushy brows.

"No, sir," he answered sternly, "I will not go with you! Nor shall you stir a step out of this wood, where we were ordered to remain. Be very sure of that!"

The lad fell back a pace and looked at the Major in some dismay. He was very young, as in times of warfare it often happens that captains are. He had a bright, open, boyish face and fair curly hair framing it. Doubtless he was the pride and the joy of some fond mother and sisters. Was it altogether strange that the love of life should burn hotly within him?

"But, sir," he expostulated, "the Russian Colonel is going. He says it is madness to remain. I have my men all drawn up waiting the word of command. I did but come to ask you to listen to reason and to join us."

But something in the stern look of the Major caused the lad to pause and falter in his speech. He could not fin-



ish the sentence he had begun. The words died away on his lips.

"Do you think you are going to leave this wood?" asked the Major grimly.

"I am going with Colonel Razoumikhine," answered the Captain with would-be determination.

"No, you are *not*!" thundered the Major, with the flash in his eye that had overawed young Wagner before, and which fairly blazed upon him now.

"No, you are not. You are going to obey orders, you and your company, and remain here till our duty is done."

"But, Major—"

"Silence, sir! It is not for you to speak. It is for you to obey. Over you I have authority. I have none over Colonel Razoumikhine. If he goes, he goes—I cannot help it. But you!—do you think I will permit you to stir a step without leave? Dare to give the word to your men—dare to disobey your orders, and I will have you shot dead before you have taken ten paces away. Now, sir, you have heard my word. Take your choice!"

The Captain looked in the face of the Major, and knew that he meant every word that he spoke. Nay, more: something in the intrepid courage and resolution of the veteran awakened in the heart of the youth all the martial fervor which had been for a moment quenched by the prospect of a helpless and indiscriminate slaughter. A sudden light leaped into his eyes. He threw up his head, and his answer was spoken in a very different tone.

"Major, you are right, and I was wrong. I am ashamed I ever let such a thought enter my head. Let me stand by you to the last—that is all I ask. I will answer for my troopers. Let the Russians go too—if they will. I and my men are yours to the death!"

The Major held out his hand, and for a moment the two met in a close grasp of brotherhood.

"Well spoken, my brave lad," was all he said. "Tell your men that we Germans at least will stand firm and obey orders. Then come back to me: for we shall want all our wits about us if we are to live through the next hour."

"What does it matter if we live or

die, if only we do our duty to the last?" cried the lad, as he galloped away.

The Major looked after him with an almost tender light in his steadfast eyes.

"Good lad!—brave lad!" he muttered to himself. "I would I could at least save him. He has the making of a fine officer in him. I would save him for his country if I could!"

Then he fell into a deep reverie, looking straight before him as he sat a little apart on his horse. His men were getting ready their guns. There had been no panic, no excitement among the artillery. They were quietly watching the retreat of the Russians, as though it had no concern with them. Yet they knew that now only a handful of cavalry and this battery of artillery remained to face the fierce onslaught of the whole French army!

Captain Wagner came riding back after a brief time.

"The men are content to remain," he said briefly. "We shall have no trouble with them."

"Good!" answered the Major approvingly. He still remained for a few minutes quite still and quiet, and then said suddenly—

"How many trumpeters have you?"

"Four," answered the Captain promptly.

Again the Major remained musing for a brief while, and then, suddenly coming out of his reverie, he spoke in the clear decisive way characteristic of him.

"Wagner," he said, "there is but one hope for us in the face of our hopeless position before a whole army. By force we can do nothing. We must therefore seek what stratagem will do. Call up, then, your trumpeters. Tell them to ride hither and thither about the wood, and to blow all manner of signals—one answering the other, first here, then there, then yonder. Let them gallop their fastest from place to place, signalling as they go—that it may seem, perhaps, as though a great army were lying concealed here. Do you take me?"

"Yes, Major. It shall be done!" cried the youth with brightening eyes.

"I would we had a dozen, but we

will see what the four can accomplish."

All fear was past when there was anything to be done, and in a moment he had ridden back to his troop to give the necessary instructions.

As for the Major, he addressed his men in similar terms. He ordered the guns to be horsed, and instructed the drivers to gallop hither and thither about the wood, that the very earth might seem to quake beneath the tread of the horses and the weight of the moving guns. Then he instructed them to emerge at intervals a little distance from the wood—sufficiently to show the scouts that guns were to be posted in such and such a spot. That being done, they would retire again into the wood—as though just drawing back into shelter, then gallop away to another spot and practise the same manoeuvre there.

"If we can make it appear that we are ten times as many as we are, possibly they may hesitate to attack us," said the Major in conclusion. "Now, men, you have your orders. Do what you can. Nothing save a ruse can avail us; but armies have been saved before now by stratagem, and we at least will try it."

The men caught at the idea with enthusiasm. To wait there to be massacred almost in cold blood by an overwhelming body of the enemy's force was one thing; to have work to do, and to do it with a chance of success, was quite another; and in five minutes more the wood seemed absolutely alive. Blasts from the trumpets awoke the echoes, here, there, all over. The thunder of horse-hoofs, and the clatter and jingle inseparable from the moving of heavy artillery made the ground shake beneath the feet of the bystanders. The horses, too, seemed to enter into the spirit of the scene, and galloped with a right good will under the urging of their drivers. The horses of the cavalry caught the infection, and small bands divided and rushed hither and thither through all the little wood, showing themselves first here, then there, riding boldly out into the open in full view of the enemy's scouts, as though to take notes of the position of the advancing army, and evincing an

air of cool intrepidity which suggested the idea of immense reserve of power, then retiring again, to appear at some other point—they or their comrades—just after the fashion suggested by the veteran Major.

As for the trumpeters, they were blowing all manner of signals from every corner of the wood, as though a whole army was setting itself in battle array. The gunners did as the Major had bidden them—showed the muzzles of the guns first here, then there, as though every outstanding knoll of the wooded belt held its battery of artillery.

For almost an hour this sort of thing went on, and the Major began to wonder why they did not hear the tread of the advancing army. He galloped his horse toward the little eminence which commanded the line of the enemy's advance, and where a gun had been permanently planted, and surrounded by a few horsemen—to give the impression as though some general was watching and directing proceedings from thence—and, as he commenced the ascent, a scout he had posted there to bring him intelligence came riding down to meet him.

"What are they doing?" asked the Major. "Are they advancing upon us?"

The man saluted and answered:

"They have stopped this last twenty minutes. We saw their scouts riding toward the first ranks, and almost immediately a halt was called. Since then there has been no further advance. The scouts have been riding cautiously about, but Captain Wagner, and a small body with him, rode out toward them, and they fled healer-skelter down the decline. Since then the hinder ranks have ceased coming up. The whole army remains motionless in that plain below. I was about to bring you word of this."

The Major's heart swelled within him. Now had he at least accomplished to a certain extent the task with which he had been entrusted. The advancing army had been checked. Every minute's halt was so much gain to the Allied Armies, who were perhaps by this time taking up the strong position where they had decided to halt

and give battle. Doubtless the ruse practised by himself and his brave men would shortly be discovered. It was still probable enough that they might pay for their temerity with their lives; but what mattered that so long as they had done what was entrusted to them to accomplish?

For another long hour the Major stood watching the motionless mass of men upon the plain a little below him, and during all this time the manoeuvres which he had directed were carried out with more or less of vigor. As time passed by, he directed that there should be somewhat less signalling and motion—it must appear now as though the army holding the wood had got into position, and was quietly awaiting the moment when they would open fire upon the advancing ranks of the foe.

There was considerable to-ing and fro-ing among the scouts and the messengers of the French army. The Major saw at last that something was being arranged, and watched with breathless expectation for the moment when the advance would be made.

Captain Wagner had behaved with the greatest spirit and intrepidity in preventing the close approach of any of the French scouts, and riding down upon them—first from one place and then from another, whenever they ventured to approach too near. But still it was possible enough that some of their number had contrived to obtain a clearer insight into the situation, and had returned with the news that the wood was only occupied by a mere handful of men. It could only be a matter of time, thought the Major, how soon the ruse was discovered; but he knew that the Commander-in-Chief, or one of the Sovereigns themselves, would send post haste to draw them off from their perilous position the moment the armies had taken up firm ground and could await the advance of the French. All hinged upon whether this summons of release should come before the French discovered their mistake.

Yes, the closely serried ranks were getting into motion. Of that there could be no doubt. The Major set his teeth and his eyes gleamed strangely under their bushy brows.

"My brave fellows!" he said almost sadly, "I would I could have saved you. But all that we can do now is to sell our lives as dearly as we can!"

But hardly had these words been muttered through his shut teeth before he uttered a startled cry of astonishment.

"They are not advancing!—they are retreating!" he exclaimed. "We are saved! We are saved! They are taking another route. They believe that a strong force—the whole army, perhaps, is concealed in this wood. Were we so many as they believe, we could mow them down with fearful loss. We are saved! Those brave fellows will not have to pay for their bravery with the price of their lives!"

At that moment up galloped Captain Wagner, his face, which was deeply flushed from exertion, shining with the exultation of victory and triumph.

"Major! Major! they are retreating!" he cried with almost boyish enthusiasm. "Was ever such a thing before?"

But then, as the Major turned a kindly face upon him, and uttered a few brief but trenchant words of commendation for his conduct and that of his troop, the lad's face suddenly changed, and he said with drooping head—

"If only I had not tried to play the coward at the outset! Major, I think I would cut off my right hand to wipe out the memory of that disgrace!"

"Nay, boy; nay," said the elder officer kindly. "It was a natural qualm. We cannot all be seasoned in one campaign, and the Colonel had much reason on his side, albeit I have always held that the soldier has nothing to do with reason—his duty is just to obey. But you have learned your lesson, boy; you have learned your lesson. And it is one that once learned will not be forgotten."

"I am sure it will not," answered the Captain fervently.

There was no mistaking that the French army was in full retreat. The little wood echoed to the sound of the huzzahs of the Germans, as they watched the countermarch which was their own salvation. The next thing was to rest and feed the gallant horses, who were almost worn out by the

strenuous exertions of the past hours, and the men were equally ready to bivouac in the wood, before rejoining their comrades.

The Major and the Captain, after having eaten and drunk, wandered about until the men should be ready for the march, and as they approached in their pacing the opposite confines of the wood they saw a little group of horsemen approaching.

Captain Wagner shaded his eyes with his hand, and exclaimed in a few moments :

"Why, it is the King himself ! and with him the Emperor Alexander ! They dismount from their horses and approach alone."

The two officers saluted respectfully as these Sovereigns came up to them. Both knew them well by sight, although they had never been brought into personal contact before.

"What has happened here?" said King Frederick William. "We are told that the French army is falling back. We have heard no sound of skirmishing. What has occurred to change their purpose? What men have you with you here in this wood? And what have you done?"

"May it please your Majesty, we have here a battery of artillery and a single troop of horsemen under the command of this brave young man, Captain Wagner. Our orders were to strive and hold the wood against what was supposed to be a few advance regiments of the army, until our own had taken up its position. But we quickly perceived that it was not only an advance guard, but the whole French army that was bearing down upon us, and therefore to engage would be useless and hopeless. Our only chance lay in strategy."

"What strategy?" asked the King quickly; and the Major modestly told his story, and explained exactly what had been done. He spoke little enough of his own share in it, but gave warm praise to the young cavalry Captain, who stood beside him with glowing face. The Sovereigns listened with rapt attention, throwing in here a quick question, here a pertinent remark, but without losing a word of the narrative as it proceeded. The face of

the King was full of satisfaction and approval, but upon the Emperor's brow a cloud slowly gathered.

"You say that your artillery and this young Captain's troop of cavalry were all the force you had here?" he questioned at last in a quick, stern tone.

"Yes, your Majesty," replied the Major.

"Hum!" returned the Emperor. "I thought that a Russian regiment of infantry was also told off to remain here and hold the wood. Why do you not speak of them? What part did they take?"

The Major's face changed in expression. He had answered before with all frankness and readiness. Now he seemed reluctant to speak.

"Major," said the King, a little sternly, "the Emperor must be answered."

Then the Major spoke, and spoke with a repressed urgency that was in great contrast to the quiet calmness of his manner before.

"May it please your Majesty," he said, "the Russian regiment *was* here; but when the news came that it was the whole army advancing, our case did indeed seem perfectly hopeless. What was to be done? We knew that had this thing been known half an hour earlier this duty would never have been put upon us. The regiment was the flower of the Russian infantry. To lose it would be a terrible blow to the army. The Colonel, who loves his brave men, could not face the thought of seeing them helplessly slaughtered like so many sheep. That was not war—that was massacre—and it seemed our only fate. For himself he had no fear. He would have laid down his life for the cause a dozen times over. But his men—his heart bled for them. By their life they might still serve the cause. Their slaughter would be a heavy blow to it. We took counsel together, and he gave the word to march after the rest. He knew that that is what would have been ordered had all been known; and as for the idea of this ruse—that had not yet entered into our heads. We thought only of being killed to a man here in the wood."

"But you stayed—you and Captain



Wagner," said the Emperor, whose face looked as if carved in flint.

"Your Majesty, our companies were small and of no great importance. They could be spared. Their loss would strike no blow to the Allies. And hardly had the Russians marched away before this thought entered my head of striving to trick the enemy, whom it was hopeless to think of otherwise holding in check. The brave Captain here seconded me ably and well, so that, as you see, we were successful beyond our wildest hopes. We strove to hold them in check for a few hours, but we never thought of turning them back."

The Emperor, whose face was still very stern and set, and who was biting the ends of his gray mustache, now had his note-book in his hand.

"It was the regiment commanded by Colonel Razoumikhine, was it not?" he queried, and as the Major gave a silent assent, they all heard him mutter, as he made an entry in his book:

"That regiment must be decimated; and the first to be shot must be the Colonel."

Captain Wagner turned a little pale, and fell back a step. The Major stood where he was, his eyes fixed full upon the Emperor, who presently met the glance fixed upon him, and said, his face softening, and taking a new expression—

"You are a brave man, Major. I would my own Colonel had been such as you. Ask something of me for yourself—no matter what. I desire the pleasure of conferring some favor on you."

"May I indeed ask a favor of your Majesty?" queried the Major.

"Do so, I desire it of you," replied the Emperor.

"Then," answered the Major quickly, "I earnestly pray you to pardon Colonel Razoumikhine and his brave men. Let them live to serve your Majesty and the cause. Pardon this one act of disobedience—for the circumstances were terribly hard. Forgive them, and spare them! If your Majesty is good enough to desire to do me a favor, that is the one I would ask."

There was a softer light in the Em-

peror's eyes. His stern face had taken a different expression. Detaching from his coat an order that he wore, he fastened it with his own hands upon the Major's breast; and as he did so he said—

"Not only are you a brave man, Major; but you have a good heart. For your sake and at your request I will pardon the Colonel and spare the lives of himself and those I had doomed to die with him. It shall not be said of Alexander of Russia that he denied the boon asked of him at his own request by the bravest soldier it has ever been his lot to meet!"

The story thus related by an elderly officer in the garden of the little inn that warm evening was received with enthusiasm and acclamation by the company gathered round the table. Although the speaker had not been there at the time, nor was personally acquainted with the gallant Major, the hero of the story, he had served in the Allied Armies during the War of Liberation, and had heard every detail of the successful stratagem from men who had been under the orders of the Major at the time.

At a table a short distance off, but well within ear shot, sat a bent old man, with something military in his aspect. His back had been turned to the company during the recital of the tale, but nevertheless he had evidently listened to it with profound attention, as some of the young officers had casually observed.

At the close of the tale wine was called for, and when the host brought it out, one young soldier sprang to his feet, and waving his glass above his head cried lustily—

"Three cheers for the brave Major! Let us drink his health, gentlemen!" and in a moment the whole company was on its feet.

"Aye, let us drink his health here in Silesia!" cried the officer who had told the story, "for if my memory does not deceive me it was from Silesia that he came. Here is to the health of the brave Major, if he be living yet—and all honor to his memory if he be passed away. And may Germany never want such men as he to lead her sons to vic-

tory or death when she has need of them!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Honor to the brave Major! Here is to the health of the Major! Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" cried the soldiers as they filled their glasses and waved them above their heads before drinking their toast; and it was only when they resumed their seats again, that one among their number observed that the old man at the next table had kept his seat despite the general enthusiasm, and was leaning his head upon his hand as though somewhat overcome.

"Come, sir," cried the young officer. "Will you not join our toast, for the glory of Germany and your own countryman? You have the air of a soldier yourself. Perhaps you have borne arms for your country in your day. Come and join us in drinking a brave man's health; for I am sure you must have heard the story, and that your heart will echo our words of praise," and so speaking he filled a glass and held it out to the old man.

The latter rose and came slowly forward. There was no mistaking him when he stood up. Aged and worn and feeble as he now was, and bearing the scars of many wounds, he was every inch the soldier, and it did not take a very keen eye to see that he owed his present enfeebled condition as much to wounds received in battle as to the flight of time.

He came and leaned his hands upon the table, and looked with a strange

expression upon the ring of expectant faces round him. Something in his aspect arrested instant attention. Nobody spoke, but all eyes were fixed upon the fine old face that quivered for a moment, and then grew quiet and calm.

"Gentlemen," said the old man in a clear voice, "I have indeed heard your story, and I thank you for it, sir," he said with a slight bow toward the senior officer, who had told it. "You can little know, indeed, with what feelings I listened to it. But, gentlemen"—and here his hands, which had been toying with the button of his overcoat, and which he now unfastened sufficiently to show that upon the inner one he wore pinned a peculiar order, unlike any which the younger soldiers had ever seen before—"let me tell you this one thing: when the Emperor of Russia, in the wood that day, pinned this order upon my breast with his own hands, my heart did not beat with so much pride and joy and love for my country as it did just now when you stood up with such generous acclamations. Gentlemen, I thank you for them. I know that when Germany next wants her sons to fight for her, there will be no lack of brave and generous men to lead her sons into the battle!"

And the old man turned away with a face that quivered with emotion.

It was Major Hermann himself.—*Leisure Hour.*

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

It is a sign of the times that University College, Oxford, has appointed a lecturer in English language and literature.

THE following arrangements have been made by the committee of the Carlyle's House Purchase Fund for Wednesday, December 4th, the centenary of Carlyle's birth. A loan collection of portraits, pictures, MSS., and other memorials pertaining to, or associated with, Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle will be opened at Carlyle's House, Cheyne Row, at eleven a.m., and will remain open for about a month. A meeting will be held at Chelsea Town Hall

at five p.m., when the keys and title-deeds of the house will be handed over by the committee to the trust. Mr. John Morley will preside, and Mr. Augustine Birrell and others will also speak.

AN important feature of *Cosmopolis*, the new magazine which Mr. Fisher Unwin announces will commence issue on January 1st, under the editorship of M. Fernand Ortman (of the *Temps*), is that of periodical "chroniques" of literature, politics, and the drama. The "chroniques" will be nine in number, dealing with the literature, politics, and drama of

England, France, and Germany. Each chronicler will write in his own language, as a specialist, and his remarks will be confined to his subject in so far as it affects the country which he represents. On the English side Mr. Andrew Lang has promised to contribute the literary, Mr. Henry Norman the political, and Mr. A. B. Walkley the dramatic "chronique." On the French side M. Émile Faguet has promised to contribute the literary, M. F. de Pressensé the political, and M. Jules Lemaitre the dramatic "chronique." On the German side Dr. Anton Bettelheim is to supply the literary, Dr. Paul Nathan the political, and Herr Manthner the dramatic "chronique."

MR. HALL CAINE's visit to America is to be commemorated by the publication of an *édition de luxe* of "The Manxman," illustrated with forty photographs of scenes in the Isle of Man, which the author has himself selected. The publishers are Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., who originally issued the book in the United States; and the number of copies is limited to 250, all signed by the author.

ABOUT four months ago a literary expedition started from St. Petersburg under the auspices of the Geographical Society of the capital, for the purpose of collecting Russian popular songs in the provinces. Upward of one hundred songs are said to have been already secured, of which several date from a remote age, and possess considerable interest from both a literary and a musical point of view.

A COLPORTEUR was recently arrested in Galata District, Turkey, for selling the Epistle to the Galatians, on the ground that it was a seditious document. The Turkish authorities called for a certificate of the author's death, to assure themselves that the document was not of recent origin.

THE Schiller-Archiv at Marbach has lately received an interesting collection of letters and manuscripts, amounting in all to 790 numbers. Among the former are included 34 letters by the poet himself; 127 by his wife, Charlotte von Schiller; and 53 by some of his most distinguished contemporaries. Dr. K. Steiner, of Stuttgart, is the generous donor of the valuable collection.

THE British Museum has acquired an interesting letter of J. S. Mill's addressed to Carlyle when his "History of the French Revolution" was published, and Mill was at work on his "Logic." It describes his life at the In-

dia Office, and explains how he found leisure for his own studies when the contents of one Indian mail were disposed of and another had not arrived.

AT the annual meeting of the Académie Française, which was held last week, no less than six prizes were awarded to authors of works on English subjects—the highest (2000 francs) to M. J. J. Jusserand, for his "Histoire Littéraire du Peuple Anglais," of which an English translation is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

IN the Life of Professor Huxley, which is in course of preparation by Mr. Leonard Huxley, son of the late distinguished scientist, there will be embodied a considerable number of letters on subjects social and political, as well as scientific, addressed by the professor to an extensive circle of correspondents. In his epistolary work—and, as far as circumstances permitted, Professor Huxley replied personally to all communications addressed to himself—a genial courtesy and tolerance are evinced that were not always conspicuous in the professor's controversial writings.

THE catalogues of rare, choice, and curious books, issued from time to time by Charles Scribner's Sons, are always of interest, as showing what is in demand in the United States. No doubt the most valuable lot here is the complete series of the publications of the Grolier Club, to which no price is affixed; but there are also twenty-two of the issues of the Kelmseott Press. To some the most desirable would be a ms. diary of Nathaniel Hawthorne for the year 1858; to others a copy of the first edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield." The only English authors that appear in collected sets are Harrison Ainsworth (dear at the price), Froude, and Stevenson; but there is also a set of six of Thackeray's rarer opuscula. The bindings, we observe, are almost always English—Bedford, Rivière, and Zaehnsdorf—though several of the Grolier Club volumes have been bound in Paris.

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, of Olney, the latest biographer of Cowper and of De Foe, is steadily pursuing his work in connection with the Life of Charles Dickens, upon which he has now been engaged for a considerable time. While some friends of Dickens have attempted in various ways to discourage the preparation of a new Life of the novelist, numerous friends and admirers of Dickens have, on the

other hand, furnished Mr. Wright with valuable assistance in preparing the biography.

THE next volume of the popular issue of the "Eminent Women" series will be "Elizabeth Fry," by Mrs. E. A. Pitmar.

THE total number of matriculations at Cambridge this term has been 868, showing a decrease of nine. But if we compare—as the Registry does—the twelve months of the calendar year, the decrease amounts to 41. It would be invidious to single out those colleges which have specially fallen off, but we may mention the non-collegiate have advanced from 37 to 51, including at least 10 natives of India.

THE existence has just been made known of a long series of literary letters, addressed during the early years of the present century to George Thomson, the publisher of that "Miscellany of Scottish Song" to which Burns contributed. Unfortunately, the series does not go back to the lifetime of Burns himself; but there are interesting letters by his widow, his brother Gilbert, and his son James Glencairn. The later correspondents include Byron, Walter Scott, Moore, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Joanna Baillie; and also Haydn, Beethoven, and Weber; while Dickens comes in as having married a granddaughter of Thomson. The letters are to be printed in the *Glasgow Evening News*, beginning with this week.

UNDER the general title of "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times in America," Mr. Murray is preparing (in conjunction with Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons) a series of volumes, the aim of which is not only to present carefully studied portraits of distinguished American women, but to offer as a background for these portraits pictures of the domestic and social, instead of the political and other public, life of the people in successive periods of national development. The project thus includes a series of closely connected narratives, for which use has been freely made of old letters, wills, inventories, bills, etc., from which have been gleaned many details of the daily life of colonial and revolutionary days. In addition to these, diaries, memoirs, autobiographies—in fact, all sources—have been drawn upon for material to add to the truthfulness and attractiveness of the picture. Puritan England under James I. will be depicted in Mrs. Earle's "Margaret Winthrop," who did not reach New England until some time after her husband, the gov-

ernor. The hospitality displayed later by the landed gentry of Virginia will be shown in the lives of Martha Washington and of "Dolly" Madison, as well as the official and semi-official functions over which they presided in Philadelphia, New York, and Washington.

The part played by Boston women in the movement which culminated in the Revolution is indicated in Miss Brown's life of Mercy Otis Warren, while various aspects of Knickerbocker life—both the town life that centred in Bowling Green, and the manor life of the valley of the Hudson—will receive treatment.

#### MISCELLANY.

CRIMINALITY OF CHILDREN.—Montaigne has said that lying and obstinacy grow in children just as their body does. The moral sense is certainly wanting in children in the first months or even the first years of life. For them, right and wrong are what is permitted or forbidden by the father or mother, but not once do they perceive independently that a thing is wrong. "This age is without pity," said La Fontaine, faithful portrayer of nature. Cruelty, in fact, is one of the common characteristics of children. Says Broussais ("Irritation et Folie," p. 20), "There is scarcely a child who does not abuse his power over those who are weaker than he." Such is the first impulse, but the cries of the victim check him unless he is born to ferocity, until a new instinctive impulse leads him to commit a new abuse. In general he prefers wrong to right; he is cruel rather than good because he thus feels a greater emotion and can feel his own unlimited power, and therefore he is seen to break inanimate objects with delight. He delights in torturing animals, in drowning flies, he beats the dog, and he smothers his bird.

Even that fundamental principle of megalomania and of criminality which is excessive vanity, self-absorption, is very great in children. In two families in which the principles of equality are maintained by the parents, the children even at three years of age observe the pretended artificial distinctions of social classes and treat with haughtiness the poor, and with deference the children of their own age whose parents are rich or titled. The same thing, for that matter, is also seen in animals; for instance, in the watchdog that barks at persons in shabby



clothes. All children, from the age of seven or eight months, like to show off their new shoes or hats, and get angry when they are taken off. Many children, even those who afterward show little intellect and slight precocity, at nine or ten months of age are wont to cry if they are not dressed in some particular pretty gown; especially does this passion extend to red shoes. One who lives among the upper classes has no idea of the passion babies have for alcoholic liquor, but among the lower classes it is only too common a thing to see even sucking babes drink wine and liquors with wonderful delight, and to see parents enjoy seeing them get drunk. Nor do we find lacking in early years, even at the age of three or four, obscene tendencies, though limited by incomplete development.

Now when the child becomes a youth, largely through the training of his parents and of the school, still more so by nature itself, when inclined to the good, all this criminality disappears, just as in the fully developed fœtus the traces of the lower animals gradually disappear which are so conspicuous in the first months of the foetal life; we have a genuine ethical evolution corresponding to the physical evolution. But in some unfortunates this evolution does not take place, just as in physical monsters there is arrest of physical development or of foetal evolution, and then the criminal tendencies become more marked than in the majority of youths, often breaking out in terrible atrocities and obscenities, and persisting ever after. A child, five years old, intelligent and wide-awake, seeing blood flow from his little brother's nose, knocked him off the chair and, plunging his hands in the blood, cried: "I want to kill this baby, I want to see his blood, I want nothing else." Asked whether he would be willing to kill his mother, he answered: "I can't just now, I shall wait till I am bigger." Another bright child, eleven years old, had struck and threatened a comrade, then he killed him with blows from a sickle, not stopping till tired out, then threw the body into a ditch, where he washed himself, and pretended that they had been attacked by a peasant and confessed only when he was promised immunity. Cruelty was observed in the earliest youth of Caracalla, of Caligula, and of Commodus, who at thirteen had a slave thrown into a furnace for a trivial reason; of Louis XI. and of Charles IX. who had animals tortured, and of Louis XIII. who crushed slowly between two stones the head

of a little bird, and became so irritated against a gentleman whom he did not like that to calm him down they had to pretend to kill the gentleman. When he became king he delighted to watch the agony of Protestants condemned to death.

Now these criminals are recognized even from their earliest days, because they have extraordinary anomalies of the face and of the skull, asymmetry, macrocephaly, exaggeration of the length or breadth, strabismus, ears badly placed or too large, enormous jaws, bad conformation of the teeth, especially of the incisors, now too large, and again too far apart, nose flat and crooked, hair abundant on the forehead, an exaggerated development of the body (a child of seven having the stature and weight of one of nine), strength precocious, left handedness more common, and above all great dulness of the senses. The sense of touch instead of marking one or two millimetres is so dull as to give four millimetres or more. The sensibility to pain is very slight. The sense of odors and colors is imperfectly developed. There is then a criminal type, so that your intuition leads you unconsciously to shrink from a person who has the face of a thief, and I have heard the case of a woman who, a few days after the birth of a niece who afterward became a great criminal, said on seeing her eyes, "She looks as if she were going to murder us all." Recently the notorious Craveri was loath to rent a room to a man who had made a sinister impression on her, and who afterward killed her. I explain this fact scientifically, by maintaining that in the strata of our brain there must exist elements of the sensations experienced by our progenitors, sensations which are reawakened as soon as the causes are represented which first awakened them.

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It is worth while to study the inclinations which predominate in these individuals, in order to be able to direct them and guide them in a special direction. Above all, withdraw them from those fields in which their criminal activity would most develop, especially as they would infect the innocent. When at last no measures will longer avail, and when vice has become crime, and habitual crime, procure their isolation as if they were lunatics, so as to spare society a series of misfortunes, the family greater disgrace, and the judges an activity often useless. Human justice examines only 50 per cent. of those who

become guilty, and of these does not punish 25 per cent., and punishes them inefficaciously, often sending them back, especially if young, to their wicked deeds, frequently several-times a year. That is why crime triumphs every day, and all that we do serves only to aggravate it. And thus we suffer from the harm the criminal does us, and suffer for the expense of investigations to find him out and to convict him, without all this preventing us from being injured again by him in the near future. If the teacher, by pointing out the future criminal, prevents his maturing in the bosom of society, he will do a holy work and one truly useful to humanity.

**THE FRIENDS WE NEVER SEE.**—Among the commonplaces of sentiment to which most of us give occasional utterance, one to which a more than common pathos and sincerity belong, is the lament that in the busy or frivolous bustle of life, we so seldom see the friends we value most. All sorts of people express this regret in all sorts of different accents, and with all sorts of different explanations of the fact that lies behind it. Perhaps we hear it oftenest from the lady of fashion who likes to remind the acquaintances she meets, at least every other day, that there are people she never meets who are far more dear and precious to her than any of the butterfly friends with whom she appears to be on terms of such happy and altogether satisfying intimacy. "Dear me, yes," one hears her saying, "London society is of course very delightful. There is nothing more delightful. One hears everything and sees everything and meets everybody—everybody except, of course, the half dozen people who are the only people one really cares for. Why is it, I wonder, that the people everybody cares for most are not to be met in society?"

Why, indeed? The question is a very large one, admitting of many answers. Though, as a matter of fact, the cynical reply that of course the people worth caring for do not care for society, and the skeptical retort which denies that the lady of fashion really wants to meet anybody in society who is not always there—are the only replies that are ever given. And they, like most cynical and skeptical views, leave the root and the heart of the matter untouched.

It is as little true, as it is little courteous, to say to the lady who buzzes from party to

party, lamenting that she does not meet everywhere the great, the good, and the wise with whom she thinks she would like to exchange ideas:—"You are a hypocrite, and you know yourself for one. You go into society for what society can give you: and what society gives you is all that you want. You are a butterfly among butterflies, and you meet in society exactly the people you want to meet—the people of your own kind, the people who admire you, and whom you admire. The other people, whom you profess to care for, are to be found in their own place, and if you went less into society you might have time to go to see them. But you prefer the society of the butterflies, and you seek it because you prefer it; and your lament for 'the friends you never see' is only one social affectation among many."

Alas! for life and society, the truth of the matter is no more reached by the sceptical retort than by the superficial complaint. Though there are many butterflies in society, society does not consist exclusively of butterflies. The good, the pious, the useful, and sincere contribute their contingent to its gatherings; and the lament for "the friends we never see" is heard quite as often from them as from the frivolous and the insincere. Indeed it is heard quite as often from those who never go into society at all, and—such is the irony of life—these hermits generally believe that the reason why they do not see their best friends is that something—generally duty—hinders them from going into society. To them the butterfly lady who flutters from party to party, enjoying herself exceedingly among her acquaintances, and regretting that she never sees her friends—is enviable just because they imagine her in continual enjoyment of the opportunity their own exile from society seems to deny them, of frequent intercourse with the friends they care for most, or would care for most if they had but the chance of improving acquaintance into friendship.

The question of "the friends we never see" goes really much deeper than any mere society question. Almost all of us who are capable of the constancy and intelligence in affection that go to the making and keeping of friends worth having, realise soon after we have left our first youth behind, that the friends whose influence we know to be the best upon our lives, and whose present sympathy and support we believe to be most necessary to us, are the last people with whom the drift of circumstances makes it possible for us to live.

Either our friends go abroad and we stay at home ; or we go abroad and they stay at home ; or they advance to success, high place, social distinction and importance, while we remain obscure and undistinguished. Sometimes, in the case of women, it is marriage and domestic duties that seem to come in the way of friendship. Sometimes it is simply professional work, the necessary devotion of time to bread-winning labor ; sometimes it is philanthropic and charitable labors that withdraw people from social intercourse.

The causes are many, and they affect all sorts and conditions of people pretty equally. The busy are withdrawn by their business ; and the idle, who alone are free to go to several parties every afternoon and evening of their lives, are debarred from meeting their particular friends at those parties, by the fact that their friends are not able to be there. For, after all, frivolous people are not necessarily insincere when they pine for the society of those who are not frivolous. The company of the grave and solid is as necessary to the happiness of the social trifler as is the substantial trunk of the forest tree to the creeping plant that clings to it. And, when at last the triflers weary of uninterrupted trifling, and "take up" serious pursuits, attending lectures or joining philanthropic societies, though they begin work with a "set," they shortly find that the lightness of their dispositions and the frivolity of their motives will not bring them any exemption from the law by which men and women are all, more or less obviously, condemned to live their lives alone. Very soon their set disperses, and they are left alone with their good work or their study—the only choice given them being whether they will return to society where their chosen friends are not to be met, or stick to the new pursuits from which the chosen friends have drifted away. And after all, what is the principle at the bottom of this law of circumstance, or is there really any principle involved in it ?

We think there is, and a very simple and obvious one. It is perfectly true that society is the last place where one can count on meeting the people one cares most about ; though it is not true that nobody worth caring much about goes into society. The people worth caring about, and the people somebody cares most about, are of course the same people, though cynical chagrin is very fond of suggesting that they are not. And they are invariably

the people who have a great deal to do that really must be done, and a circle of people depending upon them for all sorts of vital services ; and the due rendering of these services and the discharge of these duties, though it does not necessarily involve a renunciation of what is commonly called society, does inevitably limit the number of possible appearances to be made in it, and put quite out of question those delightful little arrangements made behind the scenes for meeting here and there and everywhere, which are the delight of idlers who have nothing to do but to idle, and who can therefore time their appearances at any or everybody's party so as to coincide with the appearances of their particular "chums." The busy person, the useful person, the person really necessary to society, is forever debarred from the delights of these little plots and conspiracies. Such people go to their parties when they can, considering only how to finish that bit of work and keep that business appointment before or after it. They arrive probably just as the idle acquaintance, who was "dying to have a chat with them," is obliged to run away to catch up the thread of half a dozen other little chats that have been prearranged with other professional idlers. They leave it as the friend they would have liked to meet is coming in, and all they get out of their party is what they got out of their business appointment—the satisfaction which comes from "sense of duty done." More than anybody else present, they have done what formal invitations ask us all to do, conferred the "honor of their company" on their hostess, but they have done nothing more. It is the idlers, the triflers, the frivolous crew, so easily dismissed by the uncomplimentary phrase, "people nobody cares to talk to," who contribute the gayety, the laughter, the life, the color and the movement, which make up the general *bien-être* of the scene, from which the important person "everybody wants to talk to" tears himself reluctantly away, thinking harsh thought, if not using hard words, about the dignified drudgery that obliges him to exile himself from the pleasantness of society.

But by whatever cause it is that we are cut off from intercourse with the friends our fancy chooses, the lament for them is a sincere one with most of us, and the regret behind it a very real regret. Cynical worldlings may suggest that it is just because we see so little of these special friends, that we are able to go

on admiring them and desiring their presence. Reason may urge that business and duty, the making of money, the winning of fame, the task of keeping up a creditable acquaintance, are the legitimate occupations of life ; which bring a man, if not peace at the last, at least a balance at his banker's, and a respectable reputation among his fellows. Religion may whisper that it is not chance that disposes of the circumstances of our lives, and puts our friends near to us or sends them far away. The natural desire for the friend who is congenial, is stronger than the voice of cynicism, reason, or religion ; and it persists, if not to the end of life, to the day when the spontaneous impulses of character are played out, and the things have happened which turn a man's look backward rather than forward for the rest of his time on earth. Only when we are well on in middle age, and, of the friends we have most wished to live with, a good few have passed beyond the bourne from which there is no returning, do we take to our hearts what of truth was in the counsels of our monitors.

The real reason why we cannot accept the dreary truism—which nevertheless is a very true truth—that as long as we are living our own lives to the full, and doing our own work to the best of our ability, we really get as much good, and almost as much pleasure, out of the thought of our absent friends, as we could out of their presence—is an unacknowledged fear that the “ friend we never see ” may have changed, and be no more the friend we want to see. Sometimes, alas, the unacknowledged fear is a just one. But more often the friend we miss and want is, by the very fact of being capable of inspiring the sense of “ miss ” and “ want,” a person who does not change. So that when chance brings us together again, we see in a flash that he is the same, and gather, in a lump, enough of the true gold of friendship to make up for loss of the small change that might, under other circumstances, have passed between us in the interval. For the friend who is the same to us after long years of separation is not only the same, but, in the expressive slang phrase, “ more so.”

Again, there is the case when we hear suddenly that the friend we have always counted on seeing again by-and-by, is dead. In the first moment the blow is hard to bear—we are indeed amazed that it should fall so hard. For why should we suffer a sense of loss and

maining, simply because we read in the paper that So-and-so is dead, when we had lived so long without seeing him or even corresponding with him ? In the very paradox lies the consolation. Obviously we should not grieve if this sudden news of far-off death robbed us only of a regret and an unsatisfied longing. What we grieve for is the thought and the influence that was always with us, and which seems for the moment taken away by the violence of the catastrophe. But only seems, as we very quickly realize. For in such cases Death takes nothing from us except the shadow of possible change, now grown impossible for evermore. And the friends we never see become ours fully and forever in the moment, and not till the moment, when Death takes away the doubt, however unrecognized, that absence may estrange and time change them into the friends we would rather not see.—*Spectator*.

LITERARY PECULIARITIES : HENRY MURGER.—Armed with a letter of recommendation, M. Mendès visited Murger early one morning, and the following is his account of the interview :

“ ‘ And so,’ said Murger, ‘ you have come to Paris to take a hack at literature ? ’ His voice was somewhat hoarse, but soft, for all that, and there was an expression of bitterness and sadness in it. I replied, ‘ Yes ; and if you will have the goodness to— ’ I could say no more, and so I handed him my manuscripts, tied up with a little piece of silk string. He jumped up suddenly, seized the papers, tore them to pieces, and threw them out of the window. Then he paced the room.

“ ‘ Will you get out of here, boy,’ said he, suddenly, ‘ and never come back to Paris again ! ’

“ ‘ Almost terrified, I walked toward the door, muttering, ‘ Oh, yes ; yes, sir ; I beg your pardon. I did not know— I will leave.’

“ ‘ Then he took me by the shoulder, led me to the sofa, and made me sit down beside him. After a little while he said : ‘ Poor child ! That Rivet is a fool to put such nonsense into your head. But for all that, I must beg your pardon. Stop a moment, and we’ll have a chat. I like Rivet very much. I went to bed late last night. You woke me up, and I was in bad humor. But you write poetry, and want to write romances and plays ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ He folded his arms, and his head drooped.

“ ‘ I am forty-four years old,’ said he. ‘ I



have worked a great deal, I have a great deal of talent, and I am celebrated. You have come to me because you consider that I have a great deal of talent and some celebrity. Look at this chamber where I slept last night. It is not mine ; it belongs to a friend of mine. He sleeps upstairs. You see there is no bed in it. I have a home of my own, but I prefer to stay here, on account of the ringing of the doorbell, which wakes me up every morning. This ringing is done by my creditors. There is a butcher, the fruiterer, and the coal man ; they demand their money, and they are right. They are not rich ; they need their money, and a fellow is ashamed of being unable to pay them. You have read "*Scènes de la Vie de Bohème* ?" Thank you. But what can we do ? We are bound to make fun of sad things. There is the wife, who gets up before you, and who says to you, "Come, come, hurry up, get a move on you ; do something." And she is right. She knows that there are not three francs in the house, and that we will want to have breakfast by and by, notwithstanding the fact that we took supper the night before in the *Brasserie des Martyrs*, or at the *Belle Poule*. It was to escape her tongue this morning that I slept here last night. Now, as for my plays and my books ; I make money by them, do I ? I sold the "*Vie de Bohème*" for 500 francs. I am loaded with debts, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* hardly ever gives me more than 3000 francs for each romance. Of course you expected to find me lodged like a prince, and dressed in Oriental stuffs ; but I sleep on a lounge, like a servant waiting for his master, and to the *conciERGE* of the house across the way I owe for the mending of the overcoat that I will put on by and by on my way to breakfast on credit at the *Brasserie des Martyrs*. Oh ! but I know now what you are thinking of. "What matter about poverty," you say, "when one has glory ?" Glory, my child, does not exist.

"If you had met me at the *Café Veron* with Scholl, or with Lambert Thiboust, or with Barrière, I might have talked to you in quite another tone. When one has had breakfast—because we do manage to get that, God knows how—when a fellow has received an advance from some journal, and he is sure of a good dinner and a seat at a first performance of a piece that a millionaire would pay ten louis for, he is gay and healthy and pleasant ; but now it is morning, and the morning

brings the recollection of the sad things of yesterday. It does not believe in the vanities of the evening. Well, I cannot invite you to breakfast, because, although I have got credit for myself, I have not got sufficient credit to invite a guest. To tell you the plain truth, I advise you to go away and remain far away from us. That is the best advice that I can give you. Skip !" He shoved me toward the door, and I went down the stairs heart-broken."

THE DEATH PLANT OF SOUTH AFRICA.—The full African sun, from a sky of the hardest blue, poured down its fierce rays on the sandy plains beneath, which, already overcharged with heat, reflected them back from its yellowish surface, till the air felt like solid iron bands of heat. From the horizon came bounding along a herd of the jetel or hartebeest antelope, with their beautiful red chestnut skins glistening in the declining sun like the coats of well groomed English hunters. Rapidly approaching they stopped by a patch of nabbuk bushes to eat of the small fruit, which, like miniature apples about the size of nutmegs, had fallen in large quantities to the ground. The leader of the herd mounted a white ant-hill to keep faithful watch over his flock against any approaching danger.

Amid some tall grasses, that lay between the forest and the nabbuk bushes, a lion awoke from his midday sleep ; he stretched himself lazily first with one paw, then with the other, and, with eyes dull from sleep, surveyed leisurely the plain before him. Suddenly he spied the herd of antelopes feeding on the fruit of the nabbuk bushes. At once the loosened muscles became firm, and drawn out like whip-cord, the head rigid and attentive, the body crouched close to the ground, the eyes fixed, bright and cruel ; the tufted tail quivering with emotion, moved slowly from side to side. Softly and slowly he began to move amid the grass that lay between him and the nabbuk bushes ; one clumsy shake of the grasses above him, or the slightest exposure of his body would have given the alarm to the watchful leader of the antelope herd, and a few moments would have seen them disappear on the clear-cut horizon. Moving forward a few paces, with every step considered ; then pausing, as if resting from the extreme tension that this cautious approach caused him, taking advantage of every bit of ground and cover with perfect judgment, the result of tra-

dition and practice, the great beast crept on. The lion at last came to the edge of the grass, a long space separating him from the nearest antelope. Could he spring the distance, or would he fall short, and slink away ashamed of his failure? He paused for a few seconds to collect together all his strength for the final leap; the body crouched close to the ground, and bent backward well over the hind hocks, the head firm and raised, the claws sent into the ground for a better grip, the body oscillating backward and forward a few times, and then with a great roar the tawny lion sprang. He had measured his strength rightly; one great paw came down with sledge-hammer violence on the beautiful head of the nearest antelope. With growls and kind purrings the great beast began his work of destruction. Every now and then, as the lion lay across the mangled body of his victim, he would pause and look around, but with no fear in his look; for what other inhabitant of the waste would contest his ownership? what danger could lie in wait for him? And so he fed without any dread.

As the sun was about to set, a refreshing breeze came whispering from the forest over the sandy plain toward this strange mystery of life and death. Gaining in strength, it drove slowly on the fruit of the grapple plant, whose formidable looking hooks were awaiting to attach themselves to any passer-by, so that it might be conveyed to some spot, where the seed contained within the array of hooks might find suitable lodgment for growth. Rounding themselves into balls, sometimes travelling faster, sometimes slower, sometimes stopping altogether, according to the varying strength of the soothing, refreshing breeze. On they came, dry, roundish balls, innocent-looking enough, and apparently not likely to do harm to anything. At last one lazily rolled under the hind quarters of the lion as he lay occupied with his victim, and unrolling itself, the hooks very slowly got hold of his tawny quarters, at first so gently that the lion fed on unheeding. As the hooks got a firmer hold, they began to curl and creep into the flesh until a sudden grip revealed to the lion that something unusual was upon his quarters. With a deep growl he lifted himself off the carcass of the deer to examine the source of his annoyance. At first he tried to brush off the fruit with a front paw, but the hooks had now got firm hold, and were not to be easily moved. After repeated efforts he desisted,

and smelled it with his nose, not understanding what it was, or why it was there.

The hooks gradually tightening their hold were now giving the lion considerable pain, which caused him to lose his composure somewhat, and with deep angry growls he worked all the harder with his front paws to remove the tenacious fruit. But the more he did so, the firmer it clung, and the worse grew the pain, till, driven to desperation, he seized the fruit in his mouth and tried to tear it away from its lodgment. But the fruit remained firm. Agonized with pain, he now lost his majestic self-control, and with savage mutterings tore away with all his strength. At last the tenacious fruit gave way into the lion's mouth, but, still obedient to its nature, it wound its sharp prongs into the tongue, roof, and throat of the distracted and maddened beast. Then the dreadful death agony began. Growling, moaning, blinded with pain, the noble head jerking rapidly from side to side, the mane flying about in utter confusion, the mouth wide open. Rolling on the ground, standing up, rolling again, running round and round, standing still, lifting his head high up in the air, burying it in the sands; tearing at his mouth with his claws, the weary death struggle went on.

At last the weary death struggle gradually ceased, the convulsions and twitchings grew less and less violent, till perfect stillness stole over that habitation of strength and endurance. The pale light of the African moon shone forth from a clear sky, dotted with innumerable stars. Its gentle beams fell upon the strange tragedy, embracing with its calm light the mangled antelope, the choked lion, the buried seed. It shone on, very still, doing its own work in the midst of the universe of mystery.—*H. B. M. Buchanan, B.A., in the Argosy.*

**IDEAL WIVES.**—Of all branches of criticism that which essays the analysis of woman is, as a rule, the most ignorant and fatuous, and the four literary men who contribute the "Study in Wives" to a recent issue of the *North American Review*, and who do their best to dry-nurse the ideal as an oblation to the spirit of patriotism, are conspicuous examples both of the ignorance and the fatuity. Max O Rell is the only one of these critics who brings to his task any grain of wit or enthusiasm. He is so well pleased with himself and with the wife of his nation that he goes very near con-

vincing us that France alone produces the ideal life-partner. "The politics of matrimony is," he declares, "a science inborn in French women," and we are inclined to think he is right, especially when he goes on to point out that "she understands to a supreme degree the poetry of matrimony," which "has all the more chance to live long in French matrimonial life because our wedding ceremony is not, as in England, the end of courtship but only the beginning of it. In France, when you have married your wife, you have to win her, and the process is very pleasant. I have often told my English friends that if in their country there were not so many kisses indulged in before the wedding ceremony there would be a great many more administered after it. Why is the French woman of forty so attractive? Because every feature of her face shows that she has been petted and loved." Then Max O'Rell goes on to jeer at the British custom of long engagements that bring to both parties disillusionment without real knowledge of each other. In the matrimonial life which follows this probation he pictures them in the evening, "he sulking over a book with his slippers on [what an utter want of respect to a woman!] and she with her curl-papers." A Parisian, on the other hand, gets rid of her curl papers before her husband catches sight of them. She knows with instinctive wisdom that unlovely impressions sink as deep into a man's heart as visions of beauty, and that in such manner a great passion may be worn drop by drop away. "Through French life," to quote Max O'Rell again, "the married woman goes on the principle laid down by Balzac, that a man who penetrates into his wife's dressing-room is either a fool or a philosopher. She does not want him to be a philosopher, and she takes great care that he does not make a fool of himself." For the analysis of "The English Wife" we are indebted to Mr Grant Allen, who writes with the judicial impartiality of one who is not interested in his subject. There is not, he says, one ideal, but three ideals: one for the aristocracy, which neither they nor we believe in; another for the middle-class; and yet another for the laboring class. He describes both the British matron who embodies the aspiration of the great bourgeois mind and the heroic drudge who cooks the scanty dinner and bears the numerous children of the British workman. Each is more wife than woman, and more mother than

wife, and neither arouses in us more enthusiasm than she kindles in the heart of the man whose home she renders respectable. But, granted that all Mr. Grant Allen says is true, he does the English wife less than justice. It is astounding to find so modern a philosopher clinging to the old Adelphi gallery gospel that the upper classes are uniformly vicious and mercenary. "The British aristocrat," he declares, "has no ideals," and then goes on to admit that "his wife is rich or beautiful or both," adding, "he and she go their own ways forthwith, and those ways usually land one or other in the divorce court," which shows that Mr. Grant Allen knows even less about the British aristocrat, the most tolerant husband in existence, than he does about women.

We are not surprised to read in the opening paragraph of Mr. Karl Blind's treatise on "The German Wife," that when a German is questioned as to the charms of his womankind "his thoughts easily go back to Tacitus," and that "our cultured classes are very much historically inclined." It is fortunate for the peace of the latter-day Teuton that his inclinations do not turn to contemporary history, or he would become aware that the women of the Fatherland are to-day the least attractive women in Europe. For if the English woman is apt to wear curl-papers in the evening, the modern German wife wears them all the time. Her personal appearance and her character are those of an upper servant, and her husband regards and treats her as such. In all ranks of society the women spend their lives between the nursery and the kitchen, without even the independence of movement and the love of luxury which redeem the middle class English wife from the eternal round of petty domestic cares. Nor does the average German woman possess that sane and sweet comeliness which makes our women—even in their curl-papers—fair to see. In no other European nation is woman so devoid of beauty and grace as she is in Germany. She has become a synonym of all that is incoherent in form and expressionless in feature. Herein lies the secret of the Teuton pre-eminence both as student and as soldier. Whatever of artistic sensuousness there is in him he satisfies with music, whatever of idealism he feeds with philosophy.

The last of this conjugal quartette is "The Scandinavian Wife," as Mr. H. H. Boyesen sees her. We learn from him that the Norse countries are suffering from a severe epidemic of the New Woman. On the whole, he is

somewhat pessimistic concerning "the fair northern maiden" of the future and her fitness for the matrimonial yoke. Indeed, Max O'Rell's exultant appreciation of his countrywomen is not emulated by any of his companion critics. The capacity to create a genuine ideal is the rarest of all human characteristics. "Not till the fire is smoldering in the grate, look we for any kinship with the stars." Although the student and the dreamer have between them fashioned an æsthetic abstraction out of the ideal woman, the average sensual man neither desires nor pursues her. At no time of life is the average Englishman sufficiently enamored of his visions to believe in their possible realization within his experience. He does not want to domesticate a recording angel or one too bright and good for the darning of stockings and five o'clock tea. In men of this type ideals become mere preferences, such as a bias in favor of deep eyes or a low voice. Their aspirations cease to be ideal in any sense of the word, and that way lies, perhaps, a weak dilution of felicity.—*Saturday Review*.

**A SILENT ZONE AROUND FOG-HORNS.**—Acoustic signals are excellent in the open sea, and for indicating the approach of vessels to the coast in a fog, but unfortunately they do not always fulfil their duty; following some celebrated accidents it has been finally proved that there are around them zones where the sound is not perceived at the sea-level. Shipwrecked sea-captains have affirmed that the sirens that were sounding on the coast have at times ceased to blow, and they have accused the keepers of negligence; on the other hand, after sufficient proof that the siren was working properly, the captains have been suspected of trumping up an excuse to hide their own shortcomings. The explanation is that both sides were quite right. In a communication to the Academy of Sciences the phenomena that has so long deceived everybody is duly set forth. It has been found that sirens are surrounded by a neutral zone in which the sound is not heard at the sea-level. This zone is more or less distant, according to the height of the siren on the coast, and it has a mean width of about 2800 metres (8400 feet). On the nearer side of this zone the sound is of course heard perfectly, but when it is traversed the sound weakens gradually till it becomes scarcely perceptible; then it increases again, and when the zone is left behind the sound resumes its full intensity. Experiments have been made

on this subject with a steam vessel, by causing it to approach or recede from a lightship in different directions and in a straight line. In each course the sound was deadened almost completely in a zone whose central line was about 5000 metres (15,000 feet) from the siren. It is urgent that this phenomenon, so interesting to navigators, should be studied with the greatest care.—*Cosmos*.

**WHAT STICKS HAVE DONE.**—The first head of saffron was smuggled out of Greece in the hollow of a pilgrim's staff; in like fashion silkworms arrived in the south of Europe, the first tulip bulb entered Holland, and the first asparagus made its way into England. The seeds of the melon, apricot, tomato, onion, cauliflower, and quince, were all carried out of the countries that strove to keep the monopoly of them, in the hollow of a staff. The fashion of concealing "portable property" in the walking stick was not confined to the days of the pilgrims; being a useful contrivance, it has survived to the present day. Henry VIII., we read, gave forty-eight shillings for a cane "garnished with golde, perfume in the top, a foot rule, a knife, and a file of golde concealed therein." At one time a sword stick was the constant companion of a gentleman's rambles. A cane, innocent in appearance, sprang at a moment's notice into a formidable weapon—a useful ally at a period when highways and byways were alike unsafe. Pennant, in his "Tour in Scotland" in 1769, speaks of seeing "at a gentleman's house in Glen Lion, a curious walking staff belonging to one of his ancestors. It was iron, cased in leather, five feet long; at the top a neat pair of extended wings like a *caduceus*; but upon being shook, a poniard two feet nine inches darted out." Medicine, surgical instruments, sextants, and theodolites have all been carried in sticks. Sir Christopher Wren's substantial ebony cane was a veritable *multum in parvo*; it had a mariner's compass set in the head, and also held a pen, pencil, protractor, pair of compasses, and measuring rods. Among the quaint memorial sticks kept as relics may be placed one preserved by the pious monks of Tolentino. It purports to be the stick with which the Author of Evil belabored the shoulders of St. Nicholas of that city. The town of Tsaritza possesses one belonging to Peter the Great, which he presented to the governor, saying, "Here is my stick with which I have kept my friends in order. May it serve to protect you against your enemies."